

December

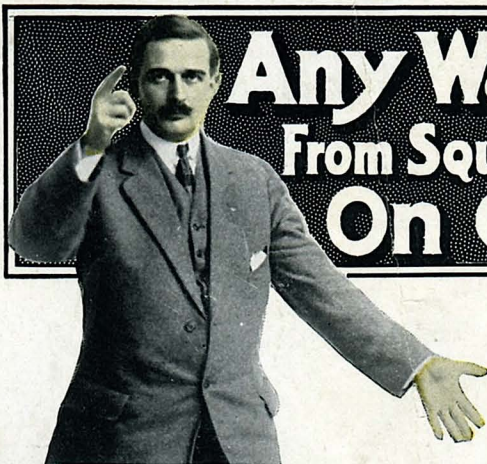
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Julianne Gish

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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IN THIS ISSUE

"Their Favorite Dishes and How They Make Them"

The first story of this new series tells about Essanay's actress-cooks. There are several of them, each one of whom has a favorite dish which she prepares according to a favorite recipe. Essanay actors, to a man, declare that Margaret Joslin makes the best waffles ever, and as for Beverly Bayne's "brownies"—you'll not be content until you've made some yourself. In the January issue we will print favorite recipes of the Jacksonville, Florida, players, who are reveling now in beaten biscuit, real old-fashioned corn pone with bacon, and Lady Baltimore cake. Each successive issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will contain the favorite recipes. Whose would you like to have next?

Reviews of Feature Films

Not a "cut and dried" department, but a *live feature* of every issue in which we will tell you about as many big releases as possible. We will give you the frank opinions of people who are well qualified to pass judgment. Read about the newest and biggest films—*keep in touch with the game*.

Where Shall I Send My Scenario?

So many people have asked us this question that we have started a new department in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE entitled "The Photoplay Market" in which we give full information concerning the companies who will *buy* 'scripts.

These new features, besides a whole big bunch of interviews, stories, special articles and a beautiful Art Section, go to make the best issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE ever on the news-stands.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Home Life of the Movie Players

What is it like? What do they do after they leave the studio? Just what kind of *home life* do they enjoy? In the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE we will begin a series of stories telling just how the movie actors and actresses live during the time that they are able to call their own. This new series will begin with an interview with Ethel Clayton; and this article will be the first of its kind to be published. Miss Clayton was *interviewed in her own home*—she *talked about her home*, she *gave us pictures of her home*.

Where Do They Get the Clothes?

Did you know that the photoplayers must furnish all of the modern dress that they wear in pictures? Their private wardrobes must be practically limitless. They must be able to change from a street dress to a ballroom gown at a minute's notice. Only the "freak" and "period" costumes are furnished by the property room. Imagine the problem they have to solve! Think of the expenditure of time and money it takes to keep up with Dame Fashion! Do you wonder how they do it? Read the January issue and find out! The pictures alone make this feature worth while.

A Corking New Serial

will begin in the January number. It is a story that will hold your interest in spite of yourself. It certainly refutes the statement that "there is nothing new under the sun." It will keep you guessing right up to the end. All we ask is that you read the first installment and judge for yourself!

The January number will contain other new features. For instance, everyone makes New Year's resolutions—photoplayers are no exception. They make all sorts of resolutions; some sensible, some silly, some comic, and some absurd. This will make another story worth reading, and together with the beautiful Art Section and more than a hundred pictures, it will certainly make the January number worthy of your attention.

Order your January copy now. On sale at all news-stands Dec. 10th.

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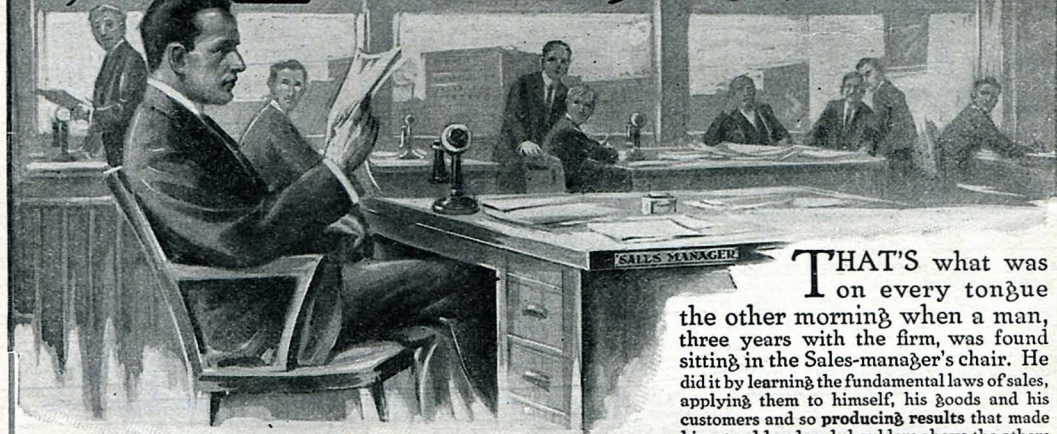
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Pages 7-10

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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



"BILLIE" WEST
MAJESTIC FILMS



GERTRUDE McCOY

left her home in Oxford, Tennessee, to travel with a theatrical company, when but eight years of age. A few years later she was one of the shining lights of Lulu Glazer's Company until she flitted from there to the Eddie Foy Company. Her personal beauty and deep sincerity make an instantaneous appeal. Her entire motion picture experience has been gained as a member of the Edison forces, and they are now featuring her extensively in their multiple reel features.

Photo by Sarony, New York



WILLIAM GARWOOD

American leading man, obtained his early stage training as a member of the Elitch Garden Stock Company of Denver, Colorado. He has also supported Virginia Harned in "Mizpah," Kyrle Bellew in "Brigadier Gerard," and Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby." His debut in pictures occurred about two years ago at the Thanhouser studio; from there he went to Majestic, and then drifted down to Santa Barbara, California, and the American studios.

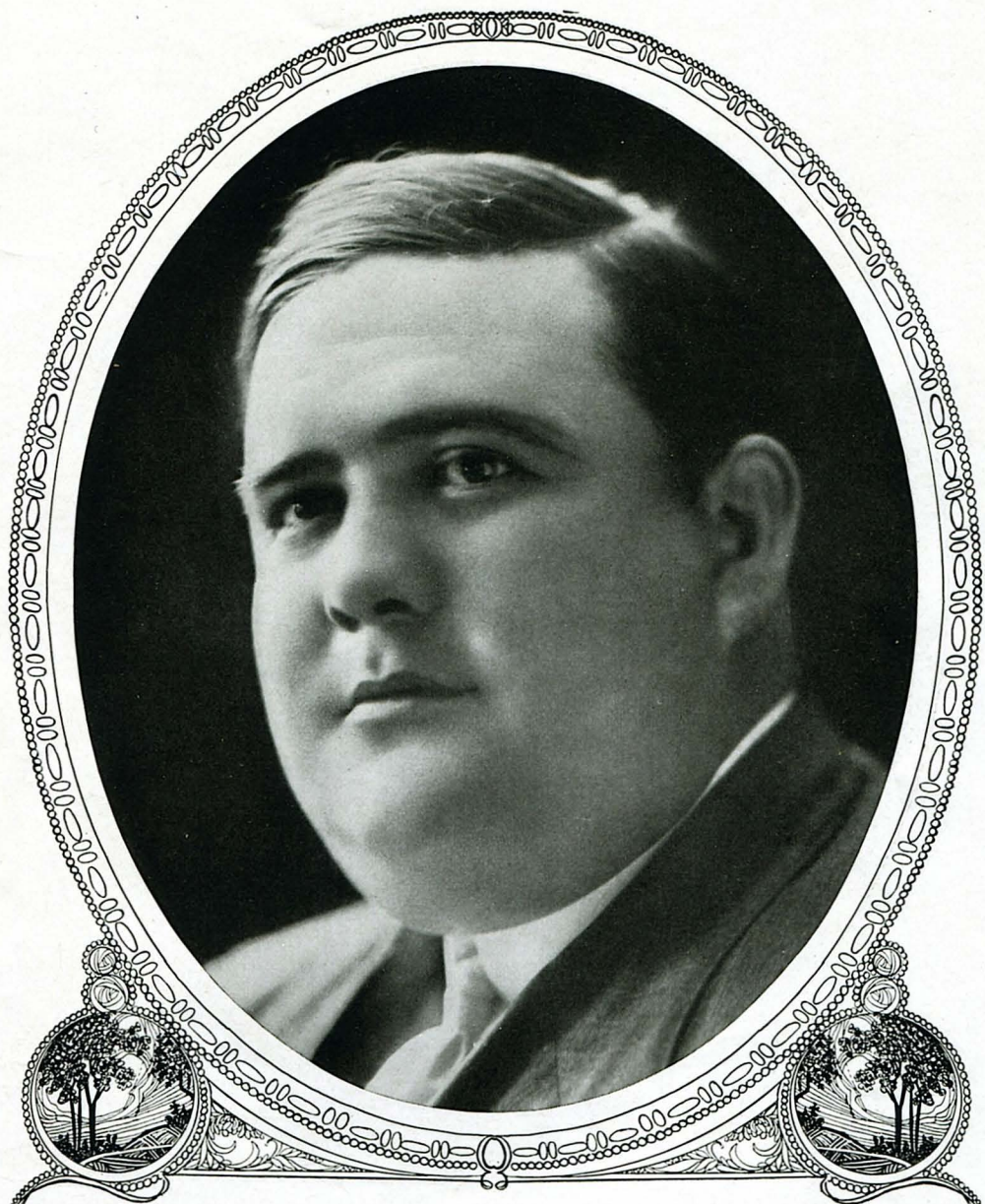
Photo by Matzene, Los Angeles



LOUISE GLAUM

the personification of youth and beauty, began as an ingenue in stock companies playing in and about Chicago. She has interpreted such roles as "Mary" in "The Servant in the House," "Naturich" in "The Squaw Man" and the ingenue lead in "Officer 666." During Nat Goodwin's starring engagement in Los Angeles she was in his company; later she appeared with Max Figman. In pictures she has played leads for Kay Bee, Nestor and Kalem, and is now appearing in Universal films.

Photo by Hoover Art Co., Los Angeles



HUGHIE MACK

likes everybody and everybody likes him, thus disproving once and for all the belief that "nobody loves a fat man." Hughie can't possibly take exception to that reference to his size, for he admits tipping the scales at 318 pounds. In Vitagraph comedies Hughie is always sure of a laugh when he comes on the scene. His popularity is tremendous and his benevolent smile a permanent institution.

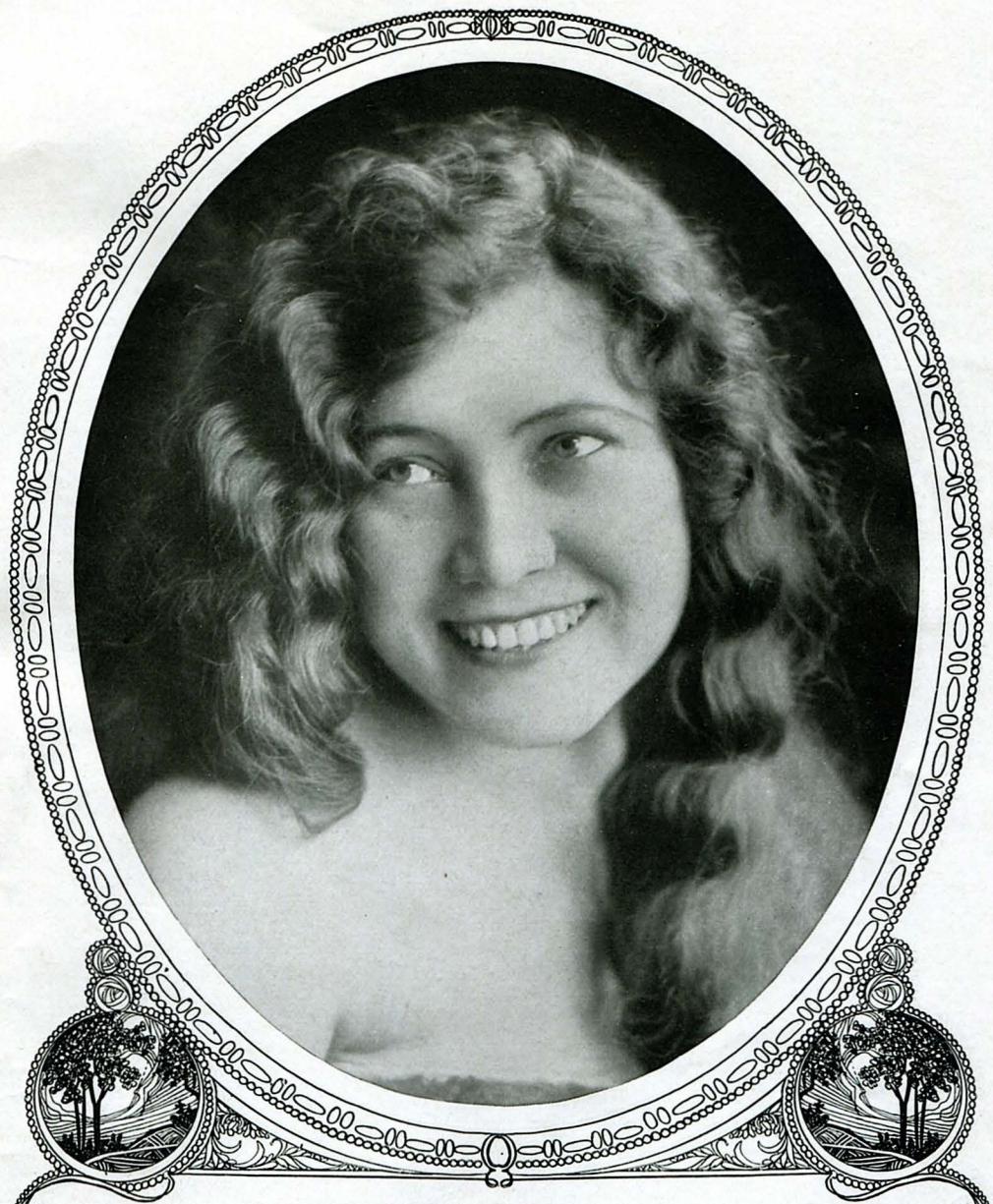
© Vitagraph Co. of America



GEORGE PERIOLOT

was born in Chicago, and while still in his teens joined a local stock company, much against the wishes of his parents. He made good with a vengeance and it wasn't long before he was supporting such stars as Julia Arthur, Otis Skinner, Adelaide Thurston, Maurice Barrymore, and William Gillette. Picture work then lured him away from the stage to do splendid service in Essanay and American films. He is at the present time a Universalite.

Photo by Hoover Art Co., Los Angeles



BYRDINE ZUBER

is the dainty, blonde little girl who will soon endear herself to the picture-going public in films released by the Oz Film Manufacturing Company, which is engaged in filming Frank L. Baum's delightfully fantastic stories. She was chosen from a great number of candidates for the role she interprets in the initial production, and her work in that picture easily proves the discernment of those who chose her.

Photo by Hoover Art Co., Los Angeles



LILLIAN HERBERT

is one of the pretty girls who do so much to make Vitagraph pictures enjoyable. Her playing is unaffected, entirely free from the camera-consciousness that not infrequently spoils the work of other players. Lillian has undoubtedly found favor with the public and the real dyed-in-the-wool fans, who are able to name every player the moment he or she appears on the screen, are keenly watching her work.

© Vitagraph Co. of America



DOUGLAS GERRARD

as every photoplay fan well knows, is the Kalem leading man who is seen opposite pretty Marin Sais, in those stirring dramas which are being produced by Director George H. Melford. His work is always of a high order and he cleverly puts over the most dramatic subjects without any apparent effort. Doubtless hundreds of you will recall his work in such subjects as "The Quicksands" or "The Potter and the Clay," a more recent release.

Photo by Hoover Art Co., Los Angeles



FRANK BORZAGE

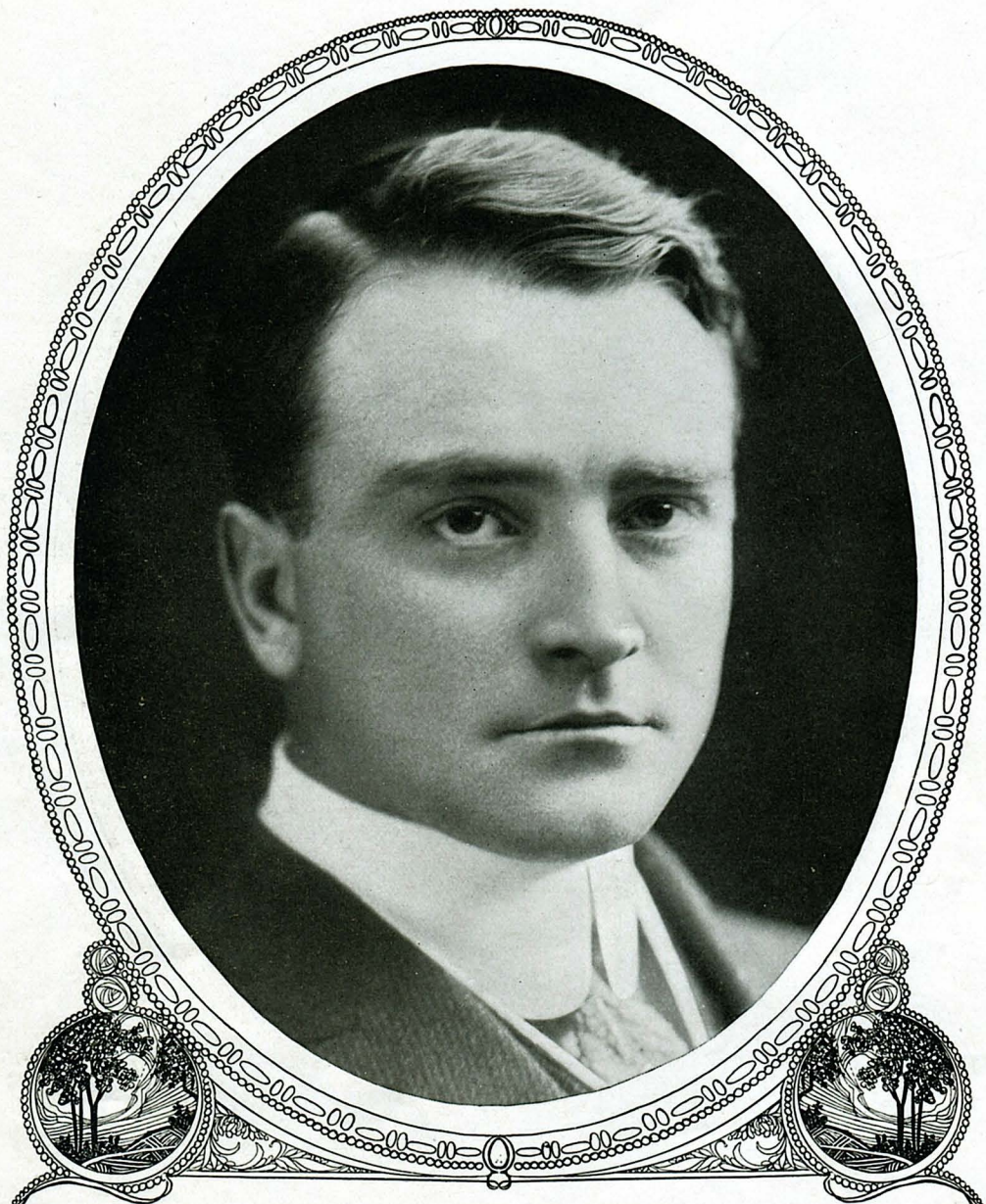
the juvenile lead with the Kay Bee, Broncho and Domino Companies is one of the most daring young players in filmdom. Recently he fought a battle with a lion, with no other weapon than a pitchfork in Thomas Ince's picture "A Romance of the Sawdust Ring." When it was all over, the lion subdued, the heroine rescued and the scene finished, then and then only Borzage showed the strain he had been under.



MABEL FORREST

the little blue-eyed girl, with the blonde curls, whom you have seen so frequently in Essanay films, has recently been promoted to more important roles. From now on you can expect to see her whenever you wish. Some stage experience preceded her picture work, but all of her studio experience has been gained with the Essanay Company. In private life she is Mrs. _____ But—ssh, that would be telling.

Photo by Moffett, Chicago



WHEELER OAKMAN

undoubtedly did the best work of his whole career as "Broncho Kid" in Selig's masterpiece "The Spoilers," although, in his long engagement with the western branch of the Selig Polyscope Company, he has played hundreds of different roles, and every one of them acceptably. Versatility seems to be his middle name, since he can, with equal ease, appear in "heavy" roles, character types or as a leading juvenile.

© Selig Polyscope Co.



ETHEL LLOYD

won many laurels on the legitimate stage before joining the ranks of the screen stars, as she scored heavily with Virginia Earle in "Sergeant Kitty," with Richard Carle in "The Maid and the Mummy" and "The Mayor of Tokio," not to mention her roles with Maude Adams in "Chanticleer" and Henry Miller in "The Rainbow." Wishing to be near home she became a member of the Vitagraph stock and now wouldn't go back to the "legit" under any condition.

Photo by White, New York



ANDY CLARK

is just plain boy, from his heels to his head, though he is a featured Edison star about whom a whole series of motion pictures has been written. He got a chance to do his first work through his acquaintance with Yale Boss which enabled him to enter the studio as an "extra." He scored such a hit that he has been an Edison player ever since. Baseball is his favorite recreation. Andy'd rather play baseball than eat or act any day. He says so himself.

Photo by Sarony, New York



SALLIE CRUTE

is a native of Chattanooga, Tennessee, but the stage claimed her at an early age. She has appeared on the legitimate stage in such important dramas as "The Rosary," "The Climbers," "The Deep Purple," "Within the Law" and "Officer 666," although she prefers drama to comedy. Between scenes in the Edison studio she is often busy plying her needle, as, curiously enough, she has an exceptional talent for exquisite hand embroidery.

Photo by Sarony, New York



MARY PICKFORD IN "BEHIND THE SCENES."

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"THE FILM BOOK"

Vol. VII. No. 1

DEC., 1914

"The Ruin of Manley"

It takes some of us a long time to find the work for which we are best fitted. Manley finally found himself and then nothing could break him.

By ELSIE VANCE

Illustrations from the American Film



"**R**EALLY mother, it's too silly for words to stay in on a day like this to make strawberry jam," Mary Abbott remarked crossly—if it must be told—to her mother, and straightening up from the table where she had been absorbed in pouring hot paraffine into the row of glasses to seal them. "It's too beastly hot and who cares about jam at this time of the year, anyway?"

"It's all very well to talk that way now, but you know that you like jam as well as anyone when winter comes," Mrs. Abbott answered soothingly.

"Oh, I know it mother. But there ought to be some way of making jam at the season of the year when you want it, instead of now when you can have all the fresh berries you want. Just look at that lovely world out there waiting for some one to come out and enjoy it," she went on, walking over to the window and gazing longingly out.

"All right, run along and enjoy it," her mother answered placidly. But that was just the thing that Mary couldn't do. For all that she looked and talked like a petulant child, down underneath she was much more concerned about her mother than she was about herself. When she had come home from her first year at the state university a month before she was dismayed to discover that her mother had grown very frail while she had been away. Or perhaps

it was that she herself had grown more sensitive—more observant through being away for so long. At any rate, she had resolved to shoulder most of the work that summer and to get her mother to rest. But it was almost more than any mortal could do to keep Mrs. Abbott from working.

Now, Mary didn't want to do the work, herself. She had looked forward to the sort of summer that most of her college friends were planning for, but when she saw that it was either herself or her mother who had to do it, she had squared her shoulders and gone at it like a man.

When the end of the jam making was in sight, she managed to persuade her mother to go away out of the hot kitchen and take a nap while she finished up. And when the last shining glass jar had been filled and was standing with countless other jars on the shelf under the window, she stood off and surveyed the result with real pride, then took off her apron and ran upstairs singing. In half an hour she had bathed and put on fresh clothes and was out of doors. She almost ran down the path that led through the orchard, but as soon as she came out into the open she sauntered along aimlessly, apparently without any definite goal.

This studied carelessness of the girl's did not in the least deceive the dark young man who was languidly hoeing his way down a long row of strawberry vines that led toward her. He had been waiting for this moment all day, and so had she. But he, too, assumed an air of indifference, and, without looking up, hoed his leisurely way toward her. Both were enjoying the little comedy, were consciously prolonging the delicious little interval that should elapse before they met.

Suddenly, they were close to each other. They looked up—into each other's eyes. The man drew a quick breath. The girl blushed and dropped her eyes.

Did she know how utterly adorable she was with her white neck showing above her low cut gingham frock, with her pink cheeks and her shining curls? Almost one suspected her of drooping her head purposely, so that her lover would be tempted to kiss the nape of her lovely neck. He did kiss it, softly, and his kiss sent a thrill through her whole body.

"Honey dear, honey dear, I thought that you would never come, and now that you're

here I don't see how I can ever let you go," he said very low.

"You surely wouldn't want to keep me here forever in the hot sun," she answered with mock plaintiveness. "Because I've been fussing all day to get out into the cool and I haven't an excuse in the world for staying here. But," more seriously, "I didn't come out to talk about the heat. I've something very special to say to you. Father—"

"Oh, I know just what your father thinks," the man answered quickly, all his tenderness gone in an instant and intense irritation taking its place. "He thinks that I ought to consider myself the luckiest young man in the world to have the chance to earn fifty dollars a month hoeing his endless rows of strawberries. But I don't. I hate the work. I've been thinking about it for a long time and I've talked it over with Ellen. I'm going to quit and go away. I know that somewhere in this state there's a chance for me to earn a living at something I like to do."

"But that's just the point," Mary answered rather sharply. "Is there any work in the world that you would like?"

As if in answer to her question, a pigeon that had been circling about their heads settled down to the ground. Manley stooped down and picked it up and stood for a moment caressing it. And Mary, too, put out her hand to stroke its burnished feathers.

"How many have you got now, Will?" she asked.

"Oh, about five hundred. More than I have room for, that's sure. But not enough to make it pay. Gee, how I'd like to go into it on a big scale—buy some land and raise them by the thousands. It wouldn't take such an awful lot of money, either. I could use land that isn't good for ordinary farming and I wouldn't try to raise anything else. Believe me, I wouldn't have a strawberry on the place. No sir, we'd buy what we wanted."

Manley's face had lighted as he talked of this one hobby of his; his voice was full of enthusiasm and his whole body straightened up and seemed charged with energy. The girl noted the change and responded to his mood with ready sympathy. But they were rudely interrupted. Mary's father, a rather stout and decidedly irascible man, had come up behind them just in time to hear Manley's last statement.

"I'd like to know where you're to get the money to buy what you want," he said. "You have to work to get things you want in this world, young man. There's no other way to get them. Mary, your mother will be wanting you at the house," he added peremptorily. "And you, Manley, if you are planning to earn your salt today, you had better be going on."

If Mary had been alone, she would have shown her resentment of her father's tone and manner, which was that of a righteous parent toward a naughty child. And, Manley, if Mary had not been present, would have defied Mr. Abbott then and there. But each was anxious to avoid a scene on the other's account, and so Mary turned obediently back toward the house and Manley without a word,

picked up his hoe and went to work again.

As a result of this little scene, Manley went home that night seething with anger and impatience and had it out with his sister. Ellen Manley had taken care of Will ever since their mother died, when she was twenty and he was ten. At first she had taught in a country school until Will was ready for high school, and then she had managed to get work in town for the four years that he studied there. But the tiny cottage where they had lived those first years, was the only place that seemed like home to them, and so they had gone back to it. Will went to work on the nearest farm and things had gone pretty well for a time. The farmer who owned the land was old, and he had held out more than a promise

that, as soon as the boy had acquired the necessary experience and had proved his ability, he would retire and give over the management of the farm to him.

But, when he had a chance to sell his farm at a good price to Mr. Abbott, he had done so and had moved away. The boy continued to

work there, but he soon discovered that under Mary's father, he was nothing but a hired hand and would never be anything else. His love for Mary had held him there all through the winter — that and the fact that Ellen could not bear the thought of his leaving her. And now, at last, he had made Ellen see how intolerable it all was to him and had won her consent to his going away.

Mary, in the meantime, had been turning the situation over in her own mind with the result that she felt

more impatience than sympathy with Will. Mary was not unimaginative, but she was very young. She felt that Will ought to be satisfied to go on working at something he did not like to do as long as she was doing the same thing. Couldn't he see that housework, cooking and dishes, sweeping and dusting, were as irksome as hoeing? Why did he have to go away and spoil everything?

She said something of this to him when they met that evening just at dusk at the edge of the garden, and Manley, who had come to keep the tryst full of love and tenderness for her, and of bright hopes for the future, was hurt to the quick. Before they had time to make it up, while Mary was standing with averted face and Manley, his



And Mary Too, Put Out Her Hand to Stroke Its Burnished Feathers

arm about her was trying to win back her sympathy her father came around the house and called her.

While the Abbotts had never looked with favor upon Manley's suit for their daughter's hand, still, up to this time they had offered no active opposition. But that night after Manley had left the house, Mr. Abbott had begun fidgeting about. Mrs. Abbott had tried to soothe him but without success. He had finally begun to talk in scathing terms of Manley; insisting against all her protests, that he was a lazy, worthless good-for-nothing, and that no daughter of his should ever marry him. He had worked himself into a passion and suddenly he got up and left the room, saying "It is about time he put an end to such 'tom-foolery.'"

It was long before Manley forgave Mary's father the tirade that he launched at him that evening; in fact, he probably never could have forgiven Mr. Abbott if he hadn't been ready with the one answer that could save his pride—the answer that he was going away the very next day. He threw back his head, proudly, and looked up at Mr. Abbott and said:

"I am never coming back until I have made good. But when I do, I shall marry Mary, whether you like it or not."

Without a word or a glance for Mary, who had stood silent and aloof throughout the scene, he had gone away.

Manley and his sister were up a good part of that night making the preparations for his leaving, and after all the plans had been made and everything was ready, he began talking to Ellen about Mary. He felt very bitter toward her; felt that she had failed him utterly at a time when she should have been ready to stand by him, but Ellen somehow, made him see how unfair his attitude was.

"Remember, boy," she said, "that Mary is only just nineteen. You can't expect the understanding of a woman from an impulsive girl. And you, yourself are to blame, too. I know, how hot-tempered you are and how you never want to make explanations. After all, didn't you fail Mary just as much as she failed you?"

Manley was too fair-minded not to admit that it was his fault, but no sooner had he admitted it than he denied it quickly. No, it was neither her fault nor his, it was all her father's fault, he said. "Of course, Mary and I would have made up if we had had the

chance, but I wouldn't even look at her in front of him."

"Then don't go away without seeing her and saying good-bye," Ellen urged. "Stop there when you go past in the morning. I am sure Mary will be awake no matter how early it is."

So, when Manley started out just at day-break, the next morning, he walked through the orchard to Mary's house and stopping under her window, whistled softly to her. Mary, who had hardly slept all the night, heard him, threw on a dressing-gown and crept downstairs and out into her lover's open arms.

"Forget everything I said to you last night, won't you sweetheart?" he whispered softly, holding her to his breast. "I love you; I always will love you. That is one thing you must remember. I am going away to work for you, and when I have made good, I will come back to get you."

She whispered back:

"Of course, I will remember and all the time you are gone, I will be dreaming of you and waiting for you. But don't stay too long."

They stood there clasped in each other's arms, very young and very sad, and yet pierced through with the poignant joy of loving and being loved in return. They were so sure that in just a little while they would be together again, neither of them dreaming that the summer would pass and the winter, and the summer again, before they should as much as see each other.

Mary would have found that year intolerable if it had not been for Manley's sister, Ellen. Even so, she found it the loneliest winter she had ever spent. But every day she managed to slip away and run down to the little cottage for a talk with Ellen and there they would read Manley's letters together. At first, the reports were discouraging. Manley tramped for weeks before he found the chance he was looking for, but finally he did find it. Out of money, he had taken what he supposed was a temporary job with a farmer in a distant county. And he had stayed when he discovered that Jared Smith had a great flock of pigeons, which he had begun raising just for a hobby, and had now tired of. It had finally been arranged that Manley should stay on and work for Smith until he had paid for the pigeons and had saved up enough money to take them away to a place of his own. Manley worked

as he never worked before in his life, and then when the year was up, Jared Smith, who was a "book farmer," a graduate of the State Agricultural School, and young himself (and also happily married), offered to stake Manley in his venture. So, Manley was coming back to buy the land he needed, and, when all should be in readiness, to bring the pigeons to their new home.

Everything went without a hitch. Manley bought his land, rather barren ground it was—along a steep hillside with a narrow but swift river flowing through the valley below. It was just on the brow of the hill on his narrow strip of level land that he placed his coops.

All winter he worked so hard that Mary felt that she had hardly seen him—that she hardly knew him, indeed—so changed was he—so different from the restless discouraged boy he had been the year before.

When spring came, the success of the pigeon farm was assured, and not until then did Mary's father give his formal consent to their marriage, although he had done so implicitly long before. Mary blossomed like a rose with happiness.

One day, about a week before the time set for their marriage, she had started off to see Manley. Just as in the old days, if she wanted to see him during the daytime, it was she who had to go to him. He was not expecting her. This visit was to be a surprise. Ellen was not at the house when Mary got there, but she knew her way about and so she hurried out through the yard towards the bird houses. Just as she came

around the corner of the barn, she stopped short. There was Manley standing in the narrow passage between two of the coops, his back turned towards her, his arms around a very lovely dark-haired girl. He bent to kiss her just as Mary caught sight of them. Mary stopped aghast. No, there could be no mistake—the man was Manley, her lover, and he was kissing a girl she had never seen before. Someone he had met while he was away, probably.

Very well, let him kiss her, Mary said furiously to herself. She, Mary, did not want him. That other girl could have him for all she cared, now that she knew the sort of a man he was.

Just as she turned away, the girl looked up and saw her and blushed rosy red with embarrassment, but she said nothing to Manley and he did not turn around.

That evening, when Manley came to see her, Mary was waiting for him in the parlor. Her father and Edith Field, a distant cousin who was visiting her, were with her. When Manley came, both got up and made excuses to leave, but Mary insisted on their staying.

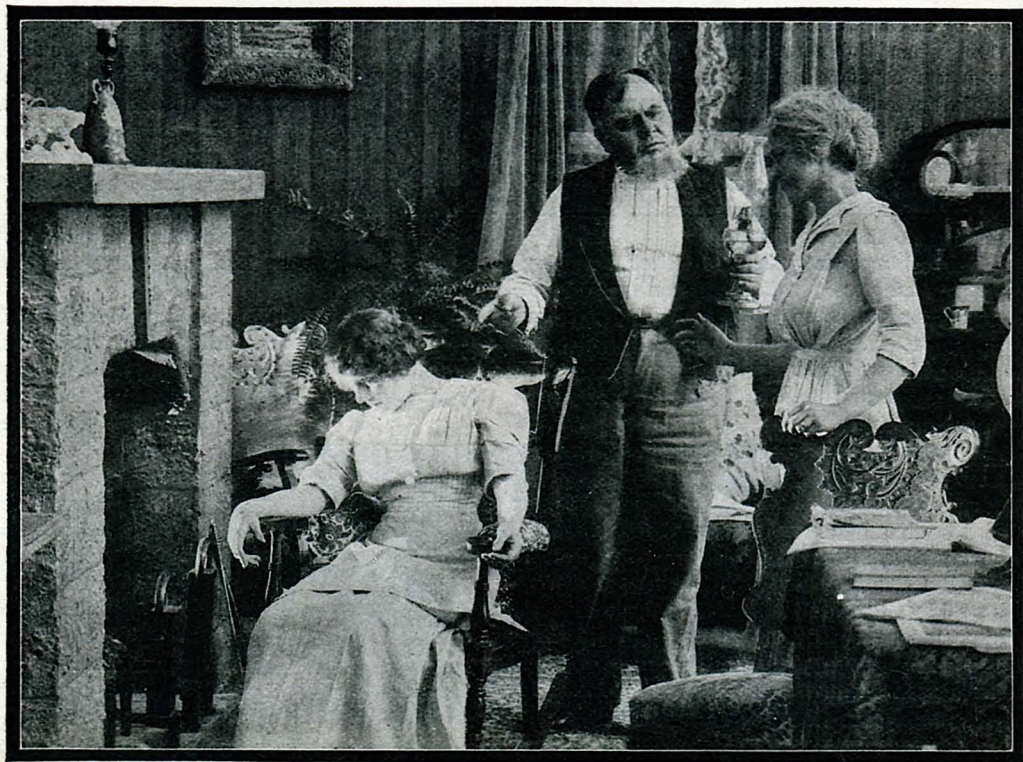
"Don't leave, Father," she

said with a pitiful little smile, and turning to Manley:

"I want them to hear me tell you that I have found you out. I don't love you any more, and I know that you don't love me. Here," twisting her ring furiously from her finger and holding it out to him, "here, is your ring. Take it. I don't want it any more."



Mary was Standing with Averted Face, and Manley, with His Arm About Her, Was Trying to Win Back Her Sympathy When Her Father Came Around the House and Called Her



Even So, She Found It the Loneliest Winter She Had Ever Spent

Now, Manley was hot-tempered and very proud. He did not have the least idea what Mary was talking about, but since she had chosen to humiliate him thus, to give back his ring without offering the slightest explanation, here, in the presence of her father and that other girl, whom he hardly knew—very well then, he would never seek an explanation. No, he would go away and Mary would never need to be bothered with him again.

Mary did not dare to look at him,—she was fighting desperately for her self-control. Without turning, she dropped the ring into the hand he stretched out for it, and he walked out of the room without a word. But, if Mary had known it, there was much more of bewilderment in his face for the moment than of anger.

"Well," said Mary, turning to face her father and cousin and stopping their questions by the wistful appeal in her eyes and the break in her voice, "well, Edith, if you still want me to go back to the city with you for a visit, I am ready to go now. You see, there isn't going to be any wedding."

JUST a week later, on the day that was to have been her wedding day, Mary sat desolately in the window of the Field's library, gazing out through blinding tears at the flooded streets below her. She had not cried before—she had been too proud, but that day, a letter had come that had broken down the wall she was building between herself and all thought of Manley. It was a letter from Jared Smith's wife, offering so simple an explanation of the incident that had caused her anger at her lover that she could have cried for humiliation if she had not already been crying for joy. Pretty Mrs. Smith had written:

"Dear Mary Abbott,

A few days ago, a letter came to us from Will Manley, which has led to some explanations between us. On the day that you came over to Will's farm, Mr. Smith and I were there on a short visit. The first thing that happened when we got there that day would have been nothing but a ludicrous accident if it were not for its tragic results. The stupid man who works for Will overturned a bucket of white-wash just as we were

coming through the door and spattered Mr. Smith with it from head to foot. He had to put on a suit of Will's while his own clothes were being cleaned. Will and Jared, you know, are almost exactly the same size, and so, you see, the man who was kissing me when you saw us, was not Will at all, but my husband. Though goodness knows, that it would not have been anything if Will had kissed me, he seems almost like my brother."

There was more to the letter, but this was the important part. Mary, of course, wanted to go straight home the minute she had read it, but this was impossible. As luck would have it, there had been a cloud-burst, the rain was coming down in sheets and the streets were already flooded. It was reported that the river was rising rapidly.

She turned away from the window, trying to persuade Edith and her brother to let her start for home. Surely, this was not so bad that the trains would not be running. But they shook their heads. A storm like this would tie up the train service for days. She would be lucky to get home in a week.

As a matter of fact, it was not as bad as they had expected. In three days she was able to go home, but those three days were agony for her. The papers carried stories that filled her with dismay; the whole district around her home was reported to be under water and part of the land along the river bank, had been entirely swept away.

"That must be Will's farm," she said, "and I am not there to stand by him. And do you realize what that means? He has lost everything."

She arrived at home to find things exactly as she had feared. It was Will's farm that had been swept away. With it had gone practically everything he had in the world and she had not been there to help him or comfort him! She would never forgive herself for that. Without so much as stopping to take off her hat, she hurried over to Manley's.

She found him among his pigeons. She got there just at sunset, at feeding time. There before the only one of the coops that was left on the tiny patch of solid ground,



Mary Did Not Look at Him. She Was Fighting Desperately for Her Self-Control. Without Turning, She Dropped the Ring into His Out-Stretched Hand



And Seated Side by Side on an Overturned Box ,They Scattered the Grain, Stopping only for Kisses

was Manley, feeding the flock of parent birds that were left. All the young ones of that great flock were gone. If the thing had happened a year before, Manley would probably have given up, but the many months of hard work, the year away from home, had had their effect on him. He had really grown to man's stature during that struggle. When he got over the first shock of his loss, he had rallied; he had told Ellen and he had told himself that it did not matter—he could start in and do it all over again. Part of this was splendid courage and part of it was indifference; for beside the loss of Mary, the loss of everything else he possessed seemed almost a small matter.

"How sad he looks," Mary thought when she caught sight of him. "And how stern and—"

"Will," she called softly.

He looked up; and in an instant all of the sadness and all of the sternness was gone from his handsome young face.

"Mary!" he cried, and as he spoke went toward her with great strides and picked her up in his arms as if she were a child and held her to him as if he would never let her go. There was no need for words—for explanations. With the sight of each other, and with the touch of each other, all the sorrow and wrong had vanished. There was nothing left in the world but joy.

It was a long time later that they came back to earth. And then it was only that Manley's birds came fluttering all around them, alighting on their shoulders, brushing their faces with their soft wings. They started apart, and then burst into laughter. It was the first time they had been able to laugh together.

"Come, Mary," he said, "let's feed them together."

And seated side by side on an overturned box they scattered the grain, stopping only for kisses, to the hungry pigeons, until Ellen came out to call them in to supper.

ABOUT SIGMUND LUBIN

THERE is probably no big man in the motion picture industry who is better liked by his employes than is Sigmund Lubin. They all speak of him with affectionate admiration and their loyalty is unquestionable. But it is impossible to talk with any member of the Lubin Company for half an hour without hearing some anecdote or other about their irascible, lovable head.

One story they tell concerns Mr. Lubin's prejudice against beards, which is absolutely genuine and utterly absurd. When that great spectacle, "The Battle of Shiloh" was filmed, Mr. Lubin was very much disappointed in the first pictures he saw. He didn't like the film; it wasn't at all what he had expected it to be. Finally, he condescended to explain that his reason for disliking it was that the general in command had a beard.

"But," it was explained, "General Grant was in command at the battle of Shiloh, and he had a beard."

"Why couldn't you take some other battle then?" Mr. Lubin shouted, "a battle commanded by a smooth-faced general."

Some months ago, Sigmund Lubin lost a half million dollars worth of films through an explosion in the vaults where they were stored. He was out at Betzwood when news came to him of the big fire in the North Philadelphia plant, but he managed to reach there before the fire was out, by automobile. He jumped out of the machine and ran towards the nearest group of on-lookers calling out:

"Was anyone hurt?" When they answered that everyone had got out safely, he said, with a great sigh of relief:

"All right. That's all I care about." And, this, although before him lay the smoking ruins of half a lifetime's labor.

And that was the real Sigmund Lubin.

I Go A-calling on the Gish Girls

By Richard Willis



Lillian Gish

hand with the firm heartiness of a friendly boy. "Lillian, oh, Lillian, here's Mr. Willis," she called raising her voice a little. In response to her call there entered another very tall, very fair girl, with color in her cheeks a little more vivid than her sister's and with her very blonde hair piled high on her head.

"How do you do, Mr. Willis," she cried gaily, sweeping me a little curtsy, and then sitting down beside her sister on the broad couch before the west window. As for me, I simply sat and beamed at them for the moment. Certainly two sisters never made a prettier picture than did Lillian and Dorothy Gish, there in the west window on that quaint old brocaded couch, Lillian in a delicate pink frock with a turquoise brooch at her throat and Dorothy in a dress of filmy white, with the sunlight that streamed

through the window turning their blonde hair to gold.

MOST people don't like making calls, but I am one of those old-fashioned individuals who enjoy it. We had met before, these delightful Gish girls and I, and there already existed between us the easy friendship of youth with middle age, so it was with a light heart and a half smile of pleased anticipation that I approached their house that sunny afternoon. Someone was playing on the piano—not regularly playing, just strumming idly as though to fill a tedious interval when there was nothing to engage her attention.

I rang the bell and the strumming stopped abruptly, quick steps crossed the hall and the door was thrown hospitably open by the very tall, very fair girl, with her very blonde hair hanging down her back, who is Dorothy.

"Why, Mr. Willis, how good of you to come to see us," she cried clasping my

Except that Dorothy wore her hair down her back and Lillian's was done high, they looked almost of an age. But, of course, Lillian is a little the older in years and a good deal the older in motion picture experience. But when Dorothy once got started she advanced very rapidly and I never knew anyone prouder of a sister's success than Lillian is. Where one might have expected a little strain, a little jealousy, even, there is nothing but the most enthusiastic and genuine pride in each other.

"Whatever you do," said Dorothy impetuously—I had divulged the fact that I had an "ax to grind" in making this call,—and had been met with, "We knew that you hadn't come all this way just to see two foolish girls,"—"please don't refer to us as 'stars'. It is too silly, because we haven't had time to be stars yet, have we, Lillian? But, oh, we do want to be some time!"

"And please don't drag in that threadbare statement that I am the most beautiful

blonde in the world," Lillian pleaded. "That sounds so silly, too. Really, you know, it is not particularly encouraging when you've been working your head off on a part and think that you've done good work in it, to have everyone say that 'she looked very beautiful.' Sometimes I wish I were really homely just so that my acting would have to count instead of my hair and eyes."

"You see, Lillian's been on the stage since she was four," broke in Dorothy, "so she ought to know something about acting. Of course, we had to stop and go to school for a while in the Ursuline Convent at St. Louis to sort of finish up, but most of the time we've had tutors and studied and acted at the same time. Lillian was only six when she played in 'The Little Red Schoolhouse' and we were all so proud of her. Tell Mr. Willis about that time, Lillian," she urged.

"Well," Lillian said, "I remember that I wasn't a bit frightened and that I certainly was pleased. It seemed just like a game to me. I remember the lines I had to say, perfectly. A little boy came up to me and said, 'Do you like chicken?' and I said, 'Yes,' and then he held out his arm and said, 'Then take a wing,' and I took it and we walked out together. Mary Pickford played the same part afterwards. And Vivian Prescott was in the same company and played the soubrette.

"Dorothy was only four when she started, too. Her first part was that of little Willie in East Lynne—remember it? Do you remember how you always insisted on opening your eyes in the wrong place, Dorothy?"

"Yes," Dorothy answered. "I did that because it was such fun to have some one whisper, 'Shut your peepers, darling.' That always sounded so nice and com-

forting and then I'd shut my eyes tight. Fancy acting as a little boy, though!"

"Didn't you like acting boy parts?" I queried.

"Certainly not," said Miss Dorothy disdainfully. "I hated it so much that sometimes they had to be quite severe with me. Mother had one perfectly awful threat that she saved for my most rebellious moments and that was that she'd make me walk home in my knickerbockers. It had its effect, too. Lillian played little Willie, too, didn't you Lillian?"

"Yes, but in another company," Lillian said. "I didn't mind being a boy although I always preferred girl parts. One has to go through the little Willie and the little Eva and all the other 'littles', you know, if one travels with repertoire companies and is a child actress—don't you dare write down prodigy, sir, and make it sound as though we were some strange freaks."

I promised, while protesting that I had had no intention of using the word—I don't like the sound of it myself, as it happens.

"This is the way we looked at that time," said Dorothy, bringing out a great big scrap book in which she has all her pictures and press notices since

her debut at four, and showing me a picture of two little tots, with round little faces and very curly blonde hair. Even then, however, they didn't look any more alike than they do now. And even then Lillian's mouth wasn't any more of the rosebud order than it is now, and Dorothy's was almost as straight and determined. I could see that her mother probably had need of the dire threat that she had mentioned. The little heads were very close together in the picture and I said, banteringly:



Dorothy Gish

"You were really fond of each other, *then*, were you not?" Lillian looked up reproachfully and Dorothy came back at me sarcastically with:

"Oh, no, of course, not. We used to fight just like cats and dogs. We were just as bitter enemies as we are now, weren't we sister? Why, when Lillian was eight and I was six and we acted together in 'Her First False Step' we just hated it, didn't we? We had to stand being together for three whole seasons, and then, Lillian was taken on tour with Sarah Bernhardt as one of her fairy dancers—and it nearly broke my heart."

Lillian smiled as she described her first meeting with the great French actress. "She saw me standing in the wings all alone and came over to me and putting her hand under my chin, turned my face up to hers and looked at me intently and then began playing with my



hair, all the time talking rapidly in French. I couldn't understand a word she said, but I was certain that she was telling me that she thought my hair was pretty and that comforted me a lot."

While Lillian was playing in Sarah Bernhardt's company, Dorothy was engaged by Fiske O'Hara to play the part of a little Irish girl in "Dion O'Dare," a part she loved, and later still she played a little East side girl in "Blarney from Ireland." She was with O'Hara for four years and became a great favorite wherever she appeared.

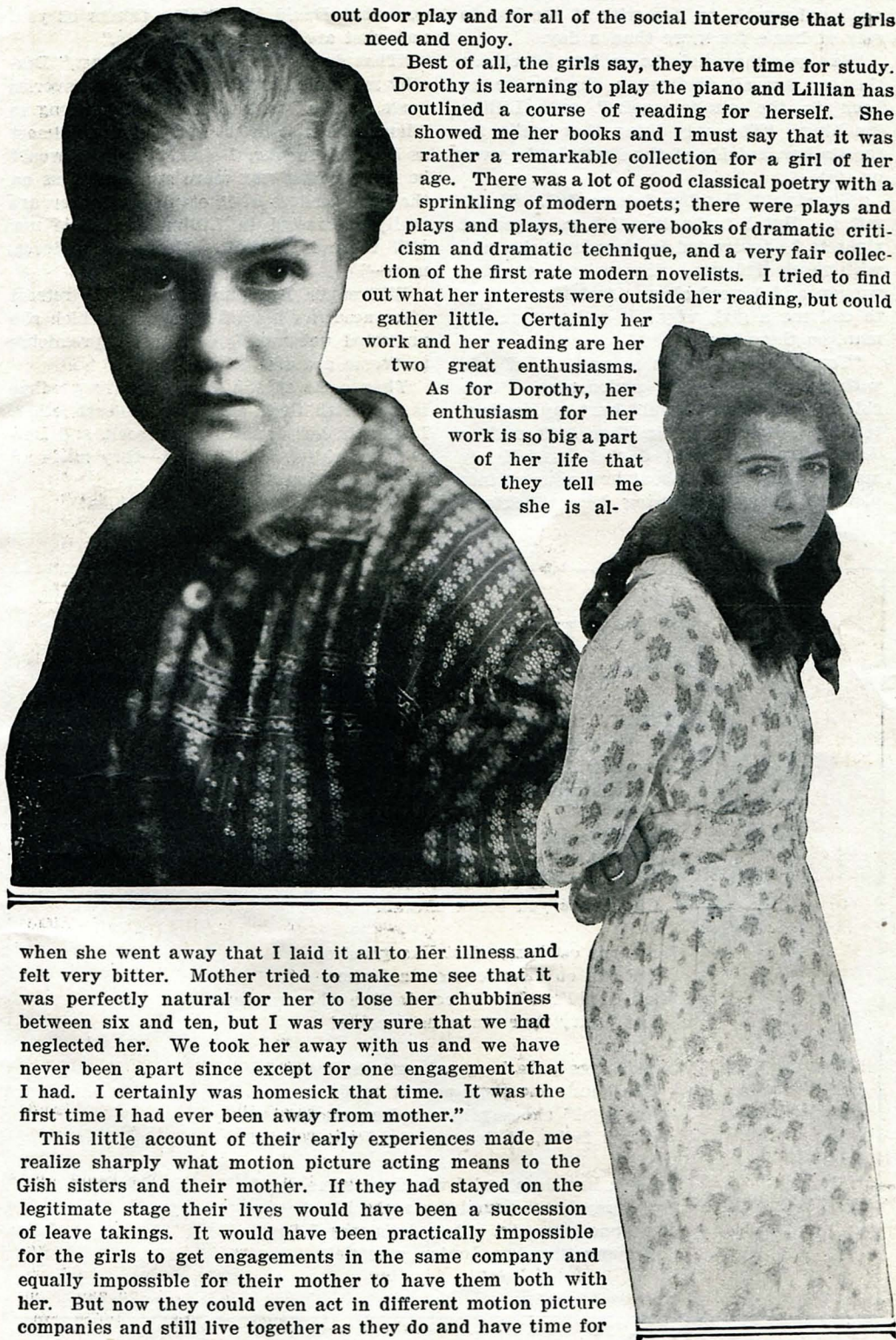
"I was ten years old then," she told me, "and I was sent to school for a while first in Ohio and then in Virginia and then I became ill and Mother and Lillian came for me."

"Yes," broke in her sister, "and I can see her now. She nearly broke our hearts, she was so thin and so languid. And she had been such a chubby little girl

out door play and for all of the social intercourse that girls need and enjoy.

Best of all, the girls say, they have time for study. Dorothy is learning to play the piano and Lillian has outlined a course of reading for herself. She showed me her books and I must say that it was rather a remarkable collection for a girl of her age. There was a lot of good classical poetry with a sprinkling of modern poets; there were plays and plays and plays, there were books of dramatic criticism and dramatic technique, and a very fair collection of the first rate modern novelists. I tried to find out what her interests were outside her reading, but could gather little. Certainly her work and her reading are her two great enthusiasms.

As for Dorothy, her enthusiasm for her work is so big a part of her life that they tell me she is al-



when she went away that I laid it all to her illness and felt very bitter. Mother tried to make me see that it was perfectly natural for her to lose her chubbiness between six and ten, but I was very sure that we had neglected her. We took her away with us and we have never been apart since except for one engagement that I had. I certainly was homesick that time. It was the first time I had ever been away from mother."

This little account of their early experiences made me realize sharply what motion picture acting means to the Gish sisters and their mother. If they had stayed on the legitimate stage their lives would have been a succession of leave takings. It would have been practically impossible for the girls to get engagements in the same company and equally impossible for their mother to have them both with her. But now they could even act in different motion picture companies and still live together as they do and have time for

most unbearable to live with if she has to stay at home for more than a day.

"She gets the whole house into fidgets, so that we are all glad when she has to go back to the studio again," said Lillian laughing. "The only thing that really interests her, outside of the studio," she went on, "is—"

"Sleeping!" Dorothy interrupted. "I admit it. But I insist that I have a perfect right to be interested in sleeping," she said with mock defiance. "I'm a hard working woman and I need sleep. And if you dare to call me a girl, why I'll call you an old man, so there."

"You would never be so unkind," I said with an affectation of seriousness. "Considering my age, it would hurt my feelings terribly. Indeed, rather than risk such a dire calamity I shall depart immediately and not tell a thing about how you got into pictures through knowing Mary Pickford,

nor what David W. Griffith thinks of you, nor what are your favorite parts."

"That doesn't hurt me in the least," Dorothy maintained, "for I haven't any favorite parts. I don't care what I act in as long as I have a chance to act and Lillian is almost as bad. However, I don't think it would be fair to foist any more stuff about us on the poor readers of Photoplay. If they are really interested in Lillian and little me, still there is a limit. If we were clever, now—"

Whereupon I prepared for a hasty retreat after accusing her of fishing, at which she protested vehemently, and after promising to "come again."

They came to the door to wave goodbye to me, with their arms around each other, Lillian in her delicate pink frock, and Dorothy in white, and I repeat—they made an altogether charming picture.

I wish you could have seen them!

BEEGA DA HIT!

By Lloyd Kenyon Jones

I TAKA my Rosa to seea da feelm,
Da usher, he holler, "Two—seengle!"
Now, how did he know she was notta my wife?
I blush so, gee wheez, dat I teengle!

She seet 'cross da aisle, an' I seet 'cross from her.
Till I briba young keed wida neekel;
Den Rosa come over right close to my side—
Oh, mebbe you teenk she ain't teekle!

Da music eet banga just lika gran' op,
An' den on da screen ees a fleeker;
"Dan Cupid's a Wop!" ees da line what we read
Eet pretty near maka us sneeker!

Rosa's eyes getta beeg an' um! she looka fine!
She handa me some peanut candy.
"Giuseppe!" she say in a voice soft an' low,
"Dees feelm, he is sure one Jeem Dandy!"

I holda her close, an' I wheesper some words
Till my heart pound my reebbs lika battle—
Eet's one year ago, an' so dat's why I buy,
For my Giuseppe Junior, a rattle!



*When the Prince Ran Away,
the Princess Went After Him
—but She Didn't Know It*

"The Theft of the Crown Jewels"

By Richard Dale

Illustrations from the Kalem Film,
Featuring Alice Joyce

KING CONRAD, of Eltwich-Haldmandt, was angry. He was furious. His dignity had been flouted; his honor had been assailed. And he couldn't do a thing about it—except storm. He couldn't order out his army to punish those who had insulted him, because his army hadn't been paid, and would have refused to go. The King's credit was fairly good. He could still get uniforms and fine wines, and excellent cigars. But his army needed money, and, beside, even if the army had been willing to go to war, he couldn't have found the cash for the necessary incidental expenses.

Perhaps, all this talk about his poverty may seem irrelevant. But it isn't. The whole thing is a neatly rounded circle, and if you follow that you will come to the reason for his anger—among other things. Because his hyphenated country was poor (which, of course, was why he was poor) a marriage had been arranged. Not for the King! No. He had a wife already, who had money in her own right, and meant to

keep it so. But for the King's daughter, the very beautiful (and she really was) Princess Zavia. She was his only child, and she was to marry the second son of the neighboring King Oscar of Murtavia.

It was a neat little plan. In return for the marriage King Oscar was to arrange a great loan for Eltwich-Haldmandt. And, in return for the loan, his second son was to get Zavia. And, through Zavia—Eltwich-Haldmandt. Because Zavia would be Queen when her father died, and her husband, if not king, would be pretty nearly king. At any rate, the move was one that would make Eltwich-Haldmandt wholly dependent upon Murtavia, which would annoy immensely two or three neighboring countries.

It was a neat plan. The one great obstacle that had threatened its successful execution had been Zavia herself. And she had been won over by her father's poverty and his pitiful plea. She had consented to marry Prince Sacholdt.

Well, then, you ask, if everything was so nicely arranged, why was King Conrad

angry? Why—because Prince Sacholdt, the dolt, the imbecile, had suddenly taken the bit between his teeth and bolted! An ambassador had come to explain, regretfully. And in effect what the prince had said was that he'd be blessed if he would marry a princess, who might have wall eyes, for all he knew! Not he! He was going to pick out his own wife, and, if necessary, he'd support her by singing in grand opera. The trouble was that he could have made good, too. He had a real voice, he could act, and he was good looking. And even a grand opera press agent would condescend to make copy of a royal baritone! As a matter of fact, explained the ambassador, humbly, the impresarios of the world were just as hot on the scent of the missing prince as were his father's secret service agents. And, as a result, King Oscar had felt obliged to submit, and to promise his son his regular allowance, because it would have broken his kingly heart to know that his son was singing in grand opera.

And so—and so—King Conrad stormed. And Zavia—well, she wasn't as happy as she might have been, either.

"Beast!" she observed, of the recreant prince. "As if I had wanted to marry him! If I could stand it, he could! Father—declare war right away, please. You must."

"I can't!" he said, enraged. And explained the lack of funds. He picked up a jewelled sceptre, and flung it savagely on the floor. "These jewels! Not these—the real ones! These are paste, and we never use the real ones. They're worth five million dennigs (in real money, a million dollars) and they're not worth a cent to me! If I could sell them I'd make war! I'd send a shell or two through Oscar's cellars!"

Zavia knew about the jewels. She had wished they represented some tangible value herself at times, in the past. And now she had an idea.

"I'll sell the jewels," she said. "I'll take them to America! But—mother mustn't know!"



She Slept with One Eye Open and Saw Van Block Go through the Jewel Case



"They'd Hear a Shot—What Chance Would You Have to Get Away?"

"Impossible," said the king, firmly.

"Oh, you can keep it from her—make her think I've gone away to mend my broken heart." Though she knew perfectly well, the minx, that he hadn't meant his exclamation that way!

She had her way, too. King Conrad was a pretty good old sport, as kings go. And the prospect of getting some salve for his dignity in the way of war was alluring. He planned the strategy of a campaign. Mur-tavia wouldn't be ready; he could capture the capital of his dear friend Oscar, with whom, occasionally, he played cards, in a week. It would be a good joke—and he might get an indemnity. Zavia started that night. She took one maid, who was really a very high born lady, and called herself a maid of honor, and the jewels. The jewels (the real ones, of course) she carried with her, in a little box.

Zavia started her trip because she wanted to get even with His Highness, Prince Sach-

oldt. But before she had gone very far she was having such a good time that she almost forgot how angry she was. She was strictly incognito, of course, and it was really delightful to her to find out what it was like to be just a girl (but a pretty one, of course,) and not a princess. Men were bold; they tried to flirt with her. She liked that!

And on the steamer she found delights unnumbered. Here, it seemed, she might make acquaintances, in a more or less informal way. The captain or the other officers introduced young men; two, in particular, she liked. There was a Herr Van Block—a charming fellow, with the hands of a musician, and the manner of one, too. He made love to her, very violently, and she amused herself with him.

And there was another, who called himself Hans Schmidt, but whom she preferred to call Herr Sudermann, because she didn't like the name of Schmidt and did greatly admire the German dramatist. He was at-



"When I May Serve You Again—Command Me"

tentive to her, but in a manner more reserved. The two were her cavaliers throughout the voyage, and they gave her a very good time. Until—the purser warned her that Van Block was really suspected of being a great scoundrel, and she caught him, the same day, though he didn't know it, watching her through her stateroom window when she was examining the jewels!

She was worried. But she was a wise young woman, too, so she took the jewels out of the case, and hid them under her mattress. And that night she slept with one eye open. So she saw Van Block come in and go through that jewel case. But she didn't say anything. Not she! She was hardly for attracting attention to her-

self, you know! And, after all, she had the jewels, so she could afford to let him keep his freedom, for she was quite sure that he would not try to rob her again—not on board the liner, at all events.

Schmidt-Sudermann was really the gainer, of course. Because even Zavia, with all her love of romance, couldn't help feeling a little distant toward a gentleman who had not only tried to rob her but had been indelicate enough to enter her stateroom while she was in bed! So she was very nice indeed to Schmidt, and when it was time for them to leave the steamer he bowed to her very impressively, and said he hoped to be allowed to call. And she said he could and told him which hotel she was going to, and he gave her his card, with the name of *his* hotel written on it.

"I shall be wholly at your service," he said.

Zavia believed him. Poor fellow! Of course, when all was said, she was a princess. This was good fun, but—well, it could lead to nothing. She decided that it would be well to sell the jewels, get the money, and go home to start the war. Strange thoughts were coming to Zavia. She was afraid to let them have free rein. And so she set out, the morning after her arrival, to sell her jewels. She had credentials and a

letter of introduction to a jewel broker; she anticipated no trouble. She did not see the polished Mr. Van Block, eyeing her as she entered her taxicab. Nor did she know that he had skillfully contrived matters so that she should take that particular taxicab. She only knew that there came, while she was still in it, a grinding shock; a shower of broken glass. She was pitched out; the jewel case flew from her. Too late she saw Van Block. He was making off with the case.

She did not have hysterics. She did not even call for the police. For she knew that above all she must keep her secret. Better for the wonderful jewels to be lost, hopelessly, than to have the American papers

learn the truth. Amidst the excuses of the driver she called another cab. At once, when she reached her hotel, she telephoned to Herr Schmidt—and now his name seemed good to her, as that of a man upon whom one might rely. He obeyed her summons as quickly as was possible.

"The jewels are—heirlooms," she said, when she had described the theft. "It is as important that the whole affair be kept secret as that I should recover them—"

"Pardon," he said. "If it is Van Block who has them, I saw him, as I came here. You will excuse me? I go!"

He vanished. A capable chap, this Schmidt. He had seen Van Block. He went now to the hotel into which he had seen him go, a shoddy place, old fashioned, rather cheap. He described Van Block.

"Oh—Van," said the clerk. "Sure! Front—take the gentleman up to two eleven."

And so he walked in on Van Block while that gentleman was changing his clothes.

"Hello, Van Block—how are you?" said Schmidt. "Go ahead—put on your coat. But I'll have to have the jewels, of course."

With a snarl Van Block whipped out a revolver.

"I wouldn't," said Schmidt. "Look!"

He had knocked off the telephone receiver.

"They'd hear a shot—what chance would you have to get away? Put down your gun, man. You've lost—take it like a sport."

And he backed out of the room, after looking at the contents of the jewel case to make sure that he had the right box. What he saw made him gasp. He happened to be an expert in jewels, this young man. And these he recognized instantly.

"By Jove!" he said, to himself. "So she is the princess! I half thought so from the first!"

But when he returned them he did not tell her what he knew—or, rather, what he suspected. Instead he bowed low as he kissed her hand.



A Steel Band Was Slipped around His Wrist. The Hand of the Law Had Gripped Him at Last



"Herr Schmidt!" She Whispered. "Where Is the Prince?"

"When I may serve you again—command me!" he said.

Zavia was very thoughtful when he had gone. A commoner—and yet, had he not done well—more than well? He had set her to thinking and that was something of a feat. Where her thoughts might have led her, no one may venture to guess. But that same evening came an interruption, startling, amazing. It was a cable message from her father.

"Come home with the jewels," it read. "Loan is arranged. Wedding is on again. Prince has reconsidered."

She was furious, now. He had reconsidered! Had he, indeed? What presumption! Was her consent to be taken for granted? So she mused. But the night brought counsel. The loan was arranged; that meant that she was in honor bound. For she knew her father. Half the money she thought it safe to guess, had been spent already. Even if she sold the jewels—no, she could not do it. An end, then, to dreams! Noblesse oblige! She must go home. She

must wed this condescending prince, who changed his mind as often as he liked. She must forget the insult he had offered her. She must forget more than that. She must forget—Hans Schmidt, the capable.

The Princess Zavia, her mind once made up, did not do things by halves. She cabled recklessly.

"Coming," ran the message. "But he must hurry up. I will marry him two weeks from to-day or not at all. He might change his mind again."

There was a method in her madness. She knew she must not think too much about this thing she had to do, nor about Hans Schmidt. Otherwise there was no telling what she might not do. The thing for her to do was to get it all over with quickly, in the white heat of her first resolve. And so she sailed for home, with the jewels. She was safe from Van Block. She did not know it, but his career was over for the time. He had followed Schmidt downstairs, in despair. And at the foot of the staircase a man had seized his wrist, deftly,

and slipped a steel band about it. The hand of justice had gripped him at last.

King Conrad was greatly interested.

"An adventure almost mad enough even for you," he said, in comment. Now that his honor was satisfied and he had plenty of money, he was in high good humor. "Ah, well, I suppose it will do no harm. When I was young, girls did not do such things—even girls of the people!"

"You're lucky that I didn't do much worse," she said, darkly. "I nearly did, let me tell you."

"I suppose you fell in love with Schmidt," he said, placidly. "I used to fall in love all the time, too, when I was young. Only, I usually selected ladies with much prettier names than that."

She tried to laugh over it all, you see. But it was a little hard. And before the end it was very much harder. With each day that brought her marriage nearer it grew worse. She had never even seen the prince, remember. She didn't want to. He asked to be allowed to pay his respects, but she refused.

This was to punish him for his insolence in having rejected her before. Her one comfort was that she would make him pay for that yet. For that—and for something else. Oh, it was not all fun, to be a princess. Because of her rank, she was making this sacrifice now. She began to admit to her-

self her real feeling for Herr Schmidt—Hans Schmidt, of the homely, simple name. It was hard to know that if she ever saw him again he would know who she really was, and must treat her with reverence and respect, as some one far, far above him in rank, and not as a girl who needed his help. And all this she was doing for her people.

"They don't even know it!" she said to herself. "Much less appreciate it! Pigs!"

"But that's unfair," she decided. "It's not their fault. It's my father's. I'm doing it for his sake, I suppose, after all. And he would only laugh at me if he knew all the truth."

So the time came nearer, and her wedding day dawned at last. It was a day of days, so far as the weather was concerned. About the palace everything was bright, save the bride. She thought she could not bear it. On the way to the altar she almost fainted.

Then the moment came. She raised her eyes, then lowered them to the man who had knelt to greet her.

"Herr Schmidt!" she whispered. Then, a little louder, "Where is the prince?"

"Before you, highness—he who kneels," said the lady in waiting, in her ear.

And then the prince rose and took her hand. And she knew that her prince and Hans Schmidt were one and the same.

NEXT!

"I'D like to rent your hall, please."

"What for?"

"Well, you see, we're organizing a fraternal society called the Sons of Moving Picture Veterans of the Mexican War."—*Musical Courier*.

A REASONABLE REASON

PAPA had just settled down in his armchair—pipe in mouth—when his young hopeful son came bounding into the room. He had the usual idea regarding his parent's knowledge, *i. e.*, that they know everything.

"Papa," he asked, "why was it they showed pictures of every kind of a dog except the Dachshund at the show tonight?"

"Probably because they couldn't get him all on one reel," replied "Papa," as with a satisfied smile he turned back to the sporting sheet.

And He Went to Be a Soldier in the Army

Antonio Novelli, Star of the Kleine Cines,
Gives Up Mimic Drama for Real
When His Country Calls

Photographs © Kleine Cines Co.



In "Napoleon and France"
He Was the Gallant
Captain Larive

Novelli Is the Greatest Film Actor
of Europe

IN THE twilight of a late September day a group of men and women came out of a long, low building close to the summit of one of the seven hills of Rome. They came laughingly, calling back merry sallies of good humor to one of their number, who lingered behind them on the portico, talking with an elderly man of obvious importance. A gesture from their comrade, ordering them to wait for him, halted them on the narrow sidewalk where they stood, talking and gesticulating in happy Latin fashion as a small company of soldiers marched up the



street. Had the company of soldiers passed by, as most of the companies marching through Rome were passing by, the little group would have heeded them only with a cheer; but the company stopped just in front of the long, low building. The group waited for the reason. Instantly it appeared in the proclamation that two of the soldiers, under their officer's direction, fastened upon the wall. The scene took scarcely a moment. Then the soldiers marched on. Silently the men and women read the proclamation, an order to the reservists to report for duty.

It was the shadow of war on Italy. The little group, knowing its significance, grew grave. Which one of them did it call to war, to

suffering, perhaps to death? Men and women looked at each other questioningly. With the glances came the sudden sense of relief that no one there was summoned. With the buoyancy of reprieved children they turned away from the placard only to meet the eyes of the young man whom they had left on the portico. He too had been reading the proclamation. He smiled upon them a little wryly, then shrugged his shoulders.

"I think I shall not go with you tonight, my friends," he said. "I find that I have a previous engagement. I promised Italy that when she needed me, I should come at once. And she needs me, now."

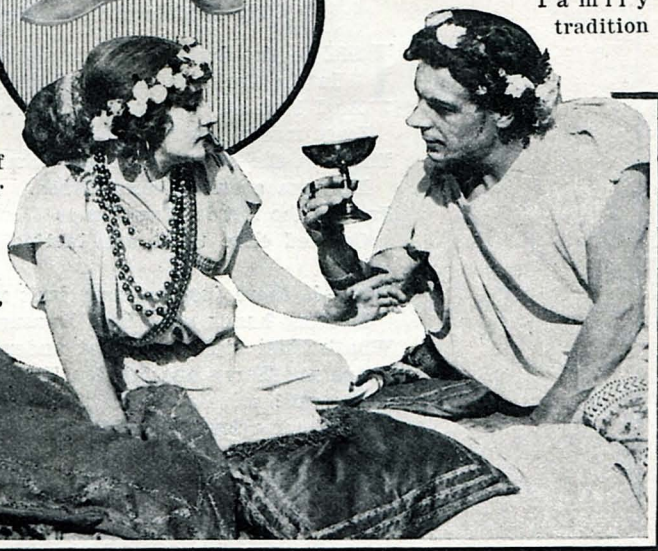
He walked back to the portico, disappearing within the long, low building. A little later he came out again, swinging down the steps jauntily.

"I have told them that if I come back alive, when the war ends, I shall return to work here," he said to the others. Then he went down the street blithely, swinging his cane, whistling a barcarole. They stared after him curiously. The greatest film actor of Europe had gone to the camps of war.

For the young man who went from the Roman plant of the Kleine Cines company to answer Italy's call to her sons was Antonio Novelli, star of the Kleine Cines, and known to the world as one of the greatest actors who ever posed for the motion pictures. Son of the famous Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, who toured America three years ago,

one of a long line of a family of eminent tragedians, Antonio Novelli, has, in the course of a few years, lifted himself to the highest position in his chosen art. As Venitius in "Quo Vadis," Marc Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," Lieutenant Ross in "Between Savage and Tiger," Captain Larive in "For Napoleon and France," and as Julius Caesar in the film production of the Shakespearian drama, Novelli has won laurels and has established his name throughout the world as an actor of magnificent power.

Antonio Novelli has spent his life in close proximity to the footlights. He himself says that his first recollection is of his father, kneeling on the floor of his nursery and enacting pantomime scenes for the entertainment of his little son. With the theatre as close to his life as school is to that of the ordinary boy, young Novelli naturally turned to the stage. He had a remarkable talent, however, for both painting and music, and his father encouraged him in the development of these arts, as well, fearing that he was being urged toward the stage by a family tradition



A Scene from "Quo Vadis"

rather than by really genuine inclination.

For several years of his boyhood Antonio Novelli studied painting. He had been born in Rome, and was living in Rome, so that the finest of the world's art was before him for his inspiration. He proved his talent by painting pictures that were hung in the Salon. Then he turned to the stage. His father was interested in his success, but he believed that his son should have all the hardships, all the experiences, all the personal difficulties that unknown and unfavored actors suffer. He left Antonio to his own devices.

Six months after the boy left Rome he was playing leading parts in Venice. Within three years his wonderful command of foreign languages had stood him in good stead, for he had played with success in London, Paris and Berlin, speaking French, English and German with fluency. Then he came back to Naples where he attained a success that brought the praise he most desired, that of his father.

"You can act," said the elder Novelli.

It was while he was in Naples that the Kleine Cines Company induced him to pose for a film drama. Novelli undertook the work with enthusiasm. His training as a painter had given him ideas for certain effects that the limits of the stage would not

permit. He was anxious to try them. Then, too, as he has said, the films are the first medium that have given an actor the opportunity for immortalizing his work that other arts allow their geniuses. Painters leave their paintings, writers their books, sculptors their statues, for the public to criticize not only for their own generation but for all time. Players left only reputations. At a time when other actors failed to see both the advantage and the test that the motion pictures would be, Novelli was putting all of his genius into his work for the films.

He is a dark-haired, brown-eyed young man, who dwells in bachelor apartments on the Appian Way where he devotes himself to music and painting in his leisure time. A little shy in manner in meeting strangers, he is one of the most daring actors in all feats of valor required of him. He rides, fences, and is a crack rifle shot, for he got his training in the Italian cavalry. He loves everything beautiful—"especially beautiful women"—as he declares with Latin fervor. But most of all, he has said, he loves Italy. And it was that love which he proved on the September evening when he left his work, his comrades, his home, to go to the hardships of the camps on the chance that Italy might need her sons.

IN THE BACK ROW

By William Carlotta

I SIT in the dark at the movie house
 In the dark—in the far back row.
 As I look at the shadowy figures near
 I see many neighbors I know.
 There in the corner is Harold Smith,
 His arm around Nancy Green.
 Just to the left is Mary Jones
 Cuddled close up to Jim Moline.

Why—if there just in front isn't my little Rose
 Holding hands with that Davenport scamp.
 What's this! right here just under my nose
 Are my Harry and Marion Tramp.
 Well, well! so this is why they go
 To the movies all the time.
 And if I were young and romantic again,
 Well—the picture show for mine.

"The Chorus Girl's Thanksgiving"

By Robert Kerr

Illustrations from the Universal Film



THERE are still people who refuse to admit that chance plays any part in the affairs of men—and women. Let them read a tale or see a play in which coincidence figures and they will turn up their noses, scornfully, and demand why the author doesn't stick to things that are possible. Yet these same people, were they to analyze with a little care the events of their own lives, would discover chance and coincidence figuring very largely. How often is a meeting between two people who afterward marry due to pure chance—to a visit unexpectedly paid, a casual introduction in the street—something equally remote from calculation.

Consider the cases of Henry Symmes and Anna Burleson. We shall see them, in the beginning, at a time when neither knew of the other's existence. Yet each was to react strongly upon the other; to play a decisive part in the other's life.

Ladies first! Anna shall be introduced. She was on the stage, but not to a very great extent. She was in the chorus of a musical comedy. She could sing a little; dance a little more. In the days before the stage or any other means of support had been a necessity she had been rated a fair amateur actress. That was why she had determined, when the pinch came, to go on the stage. As a stenographer she might have done very well; she could hardly have done worse, in fact, from a material point of view, no matter what occupation she might have selected. For the stage is not good to those of its servants who do not attain at least the distinction of a line on the programme.

True, the stage does, as the popular fancy

supposes, offer certain opportunities. But these opportunities are not so brilliant as the popular fancy imagines, nor, be it said, are they as eagerly embraced. There are ladies of the chorus to whom their job is a good deal of a side issue; who, upon a salary varying from eighteen to thirty dollars a week, can afford many luxuries. But they are the exception and not the rule.

And Anna was one of the submerged nine tenths. She worked hard, and always hoped that some time she would achieve the height of her ambition, and get a part. But her hopes grew fainter and fainter, for she realized early, being not by any means without intelligence, the wide gap between the "talent" of the amateur and the sort of ability required by the successful professional. She was resigned, because there was nothing else for her to be. She had to keep on, because she knew of no other way in which she could earn a living.

So much for Anna—for the present. Now for Symmes. A nice, clean cut young fellow, this Symmes. In his case, as in Anna's, a rather unkind fate had limited his ambitions. He had been obliged, as a young boy, to find employment, when his father died, leaving little or no money. His mother had thus become dependent upon him, and he had been glad to get work in a bank.

But to a young fellow of a naturally ambitious turn the drudgery of a bank is killing. It stifles initiative, resourcefulness; kills ambition, even, in time.

It is never your bank clerk who risks all on a single throw, prepared, if the turn is against him, to start over from the bottom. Not he! He develops into a model citizen,

probably, of the extra-cautious type. Not a word against such men. But—if they had made up the greater part of the population of these United States the first sky scraper would remain to be built, and the Panama Canal would still be one of the dreams of the ages.

This is not, though it might be, a story of how this model young man lingered about the stage door of Anna's theatre and, meeting her, hungered for making the white lights of Broadway whiter in her company and on the bank's money. This lest you be misled.

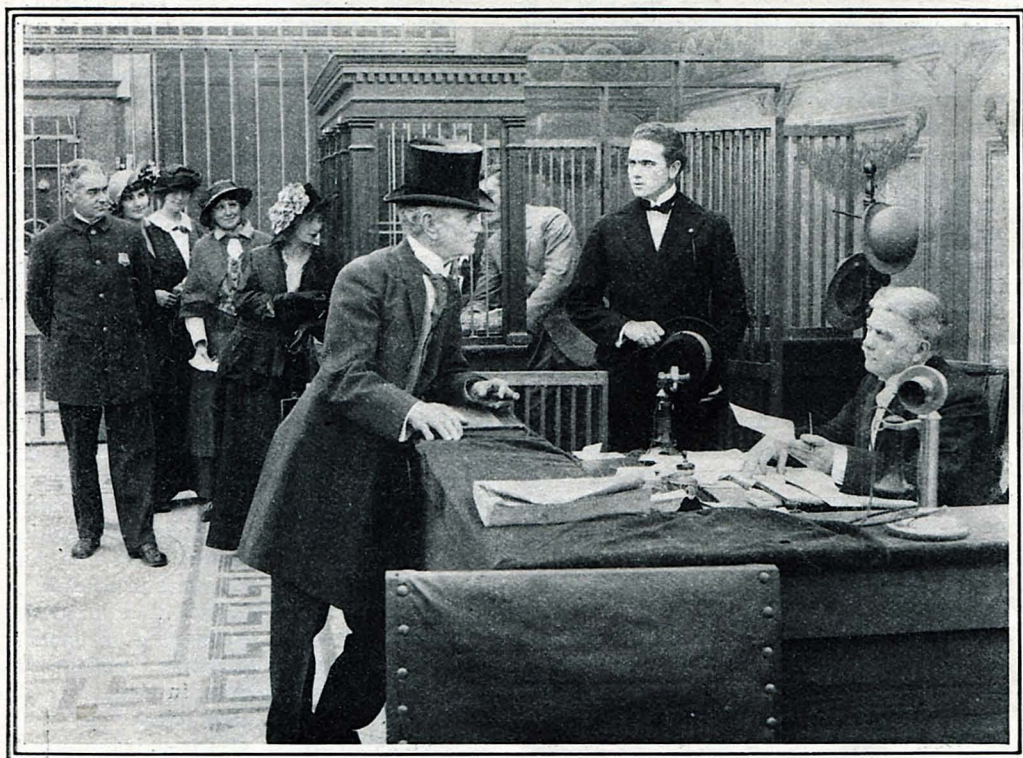
As long as everything went smoothly, on the contrary, Symmes continued to be the model clerk. He earned enough money to provide necessities and a few small comforts for his mother and himself. He didn't save money, because they had not been able to contrive that out of his more than meagre salary. And so, when the blow of his mother's illness fell upon him, he was not prepared to meet it. The doctor put the case to him plainly, and in all friendliness.

"There's got to be an operation," he said.

"I can't do it, or the money wouldn't matter. And it isn't the kind you can have done free in a hospital, because, even with the operation, the chances are against your mother. In the hospitals they have to pick and choose—there are so many more calls than they can meet. It's like this—the operation is the only chance. It's a poor chance at best. But it's my duty to tell you."

Symmes was appalled. When he heard what the operation would cost he was staggered. His earnings for a year would not be enough. And now the killing effect of that bank routine was to make itself felt. In the emergency he couldn't think of a thing he could do. He had no resource upon which he could fall back. Facing the immediate necessity of raising a considerable sum of money, or of, at least, satisfying some one else that, in a reasonable time, he could pay it, he was absolutely helpless.

There was, of course, one way. . . . He was handling great sums of money every day. He was assailed by a temptation that was certainly not wholly ignoble. And the



"Just as a Matter of Form, Mr. Carew, You Meant to Arrange for an Overdraft, I Suppose?"



"Tuberculosis," He Said. "Only Incipient. A Year in a Dry Climate Will Cure You"

bank, offering him the opportunity to steal, had also so transformed his nature that he had not the moral stiffening necessary to make him resist the temptation. The money was found. And then the real tragedy of the whole thing appeared. The operation failed. His mother died, just as she would have died had there been no operation.

He had selected, for his embezzlement, a scheme simple enough, yet sure, too, to be discovered before long. He had simply selected a very large account, and so juggled the books that there seemed to be less money to the depositor's credit than there should have been. And the difference he had put in his pocket—to be transferred to the doctors. As a rule, this depositor left large sums in the bank. Twice a year, at his buying season, his account was drawn upon very nearly to the limit. Twice a year, also, his book was balanced.

But this time chance stepped in. Symmes happened to be in the act of leaving the bank when this depositor came in. He went straight to the president's room, and Symmes, nervously, delayed his departure.

In the president's hand was a check.

"Just a matter of form, Mr. Carew," he said, as the depositor approached. "You meant to arrange for an overdraft, I suppose?"

"An overdraft—no!" said Carew, rather indignantly. "I've got enough to meet the check—"

Symmes did not wait. He slipped out at once. He knew that the inevitable detection had come, a full four months before it had seemed possible. Like all embezzlers, he had cherished some vague notion of being able, before the time came, to restore the missing money and hide his defalcation. But now there was nothing for him but flight. He might have a few hours, no more. And so he went to his home, changed his clothes for the oldest suit he had, and set out to try to escape detection.

They were closer to him than he had suspected. He had not been out of the house an hour when a detective appeared, ransacked the place, and questioned the maid who was now there alone. He had a picture of Symmes.

"Mr. Symmes, isn't it?" he said. "Where's he gone? Tell the truth, now."

But she did not know, and he got nothing from her.

It is time to leave Symmes, almost penniless, for he had kept no money for himself, trying to elude the detectives. The time that had been so troubled for him had not spared Anna Burleson. For some time she had found her work harder and harder to

"Say, Burleson," said the manager. "I'm sorry—see? But it ain't fair to the other girls. You'll have to go. Half an hour to pack."

It was brutal, and yet it was a brutality prompted by the instinct of self preservation. Even poor Anna, wondering what she was to do, seeing dreadful visions, knew that. And, after all, it only confirmed a dread that had haunted her for weeks.



"Got You, Symmes," Said the Detective Quietly. "Come Quietly Now"

do. A lassitude for which she could not account had come upon her. And there was a cough, that troubled her. In the end the cough was her undoing. The other girls who shared her dressing room noticed it. They had never cared much for her; she was not of their sort. And now there was a complaint to the manager. He brought in a doctor. He spoke to Anna; heard the cough. His verdict was quick.

"Tuberculosis," he said. "Only incipient. A year in a high, dry climate will cure you. To stay here is sure death."

Anna heard him dully. But it was different with the rest and with the manager.

While the other girls trooped out to the stage, she changed her clothes, and when they returned she had gone home.

It wasn't much of a home. But, even so, it was a better one than she could afford now, and the next morning she moved. She found a wretched room, the only merit of which was that it was clean. It was south of Washington square, in a poor section. It fronted on an alley. And there she took account of what she had, and tried to figure out some way of obeying the doctor's order to go west.

There was no way, it seemed. Every effort she made to get a place was defeated

by that cough, that escaped her always, it seemed, at the crucial moment, despite her efforts to suppress it, and that was always recognized. Despair gripped her. She thought of ending everything and thus of beating the enemy that was conquering her.

And then came Symmes. It was in that poor room of hers that their fates were to meet and cross at last. He slipped in by her window. The police were on his trail.

Haggard, unkempt, half starved, he was still Symmes. Poor amateur in crime! He had known neither how to steal safely nor how to elude capture. Had he taken some great sum he would have been safe. He could have offered to compromise for the return of most of his stealings. But he had never thought of that. Paradoxically, he was too honest.

She started at the sight of him.

"Don't scream!" he said. "I won't hurt you."

Listen—the police are after me!"

"I—I won't give you away," she gasped. The excitement brought on a violent fit of coughing. "What—what did you do?"

He told her, simply and truthfully. And when he had done she laughed—horribly.

"The world's been good to us, hasn't it!" she cried. "I'll help you. Are you hungry? So am I! I've been saving the little money I had. I don't know why. I'll go out now and get food. Wait here. You shall beat them yet."

He stared at her, amazed. And she went. He crept to the window. She went out, past a man who was lurking near the door.

He knew that man. He was one of the detectives. At first he had thought that she was going to give him up for the sake of the reward—a thousand dollars. And then, suddenly, a thought came to him. A thousand dollars! It would mean life and health for her! Why not? He must be caught in the end. He acted on the impulse. He scrawled a note.

"Follow the girl who just went out when she comes in," it ran. "She will lead you to your man."

He did not sign it, but wrapped it around a spoon he found. Then he dropped it, and saw the detective, startled by the noise, pick up the note and read it. He saw the look of triumph that came into the man's eyes. And then the girl was back. He saw her pass the detective; saw the officer following her. She came in. In a moment he pressed his revolver into her hand. Before

she could speak the detective followed her in.

"Got you, Symmes," said the detective. "Come quietly, now."

"All right!" he said, defiantly. He turned to the girl. "So you gave me away, after all?"

His eyes added something that, strangely, she understood. In a strange way she understood his sacrifice. To spoil it would not save him.

"Come along, miss," said the detective. "You'll have to give your evidence and claim your reward."

But she had to give no evidence. Symmes



"Don't Scream—Listen—The Police Are after Me"



"There Is the Land—Over That Little Irrigation Canal—You Are to Build a House Near It and One for Me"

pleaded guilty. The reward was paid. And, because he had given no trouble, Symmes was allowed to see Anna.

"Go west," he said. "You've got money enough. Take up some land in Arizona. You can live on the money until your land is paying you. You'll get well out there. And think of me, sometimes. I did what I could for you."

"You've done everything," she sobbed. "If it would do you any good, I would refuse to take it! I never heard of anything half so wonderful or so heroic! How could you do it?"

"Oh, it wasn't anything," he said. "They were bound to catch me. It was better to feel that some one would be really benefited by that reward. Someone had to get it."

His trial was a matter of form. He confessed everything, and when the bank learned the real reason for his theft it was disposed to be merciful. It was impossible to spare him altogether. The law would not sanction that. But his sentence was a light one. Two years in prison, and for good behavior there would be a commutation.

As often as the rules allowed, Anna wrote to him. She told him of the land she had taken up, and of the tent in which she lived. She was raising vegetables and fruit, and already was selling them. The cough had almost disappeared; she was gaining weight.

"The doctor out here says that I'll soon be all right," she wrote. "He says that maybe I'll have to stay here a few years, because the climate in the east is bad for me. But I'm getting better all the time."

She knew the day he was to be released from prison and sent him a letter, a final one, in which was enclosed a bank draft.

"I have dreamed of this time," she wrote. "Please, you are to take this money and

come to me. You are to build a house out here, and forget all that is past. I shall be waiting for you, a week from to-day, at the station, and I will take you to your new home.

He went. He felt he owed her that. And at the station she was waiting. She greeted him with a blush, and he looked at her in wonder. She was a different girl. There were roses in her cheeks; there was a smile in her eyes.

"Come," she said. "Can you ride? I never thought of that!"

He could, though, and they rode until she called a halt.

"Look," she said. "There is the land—over that little irrigation canal. Do you see my tent? You are to build a house near it—and one for me. If you will. . . ."

"I won't!" he cried. "Anna—can't it be a house for us?"

"Why—why—I couldn't ask that myself, could I?" she cried. "Of course it can!"

* * * * *

A few weeks later they ate their first dinner in the house,—Thanksgiving dinner. The house wasn't finished, of course. They had to eat from a table made of pine boards laid across two saw horses, and in the kitchen which was the only room in the house that was in any way habitable.

But the rough table was covered with a spotless white cloth; for a centerpiece there was wonderful fruit from their own orchards overflowing a shallow basket, and the dinner—well, it was such a dinner as you would never believe a one time chorus girl could cook. And as they sat opposite each other at their tiny table in that rough, unplastered kitchen, that was what Henry Symmes told her. Whereupon Anna had to get up and go around to where he sat and kiss him again.

NO WONDER

MR. CORN had been away for quite a while and, on his return, met his old friend Horn.

"Did you meet any of your old friends at the picture show last night?" asked Horn.

"No," replied Corn, "and I miss the old faces that I used to shake hands with."

Francelia Billington

Who Can Play Both Ends of
a Camera Against the Middle

By KATHERINE SYNON



Brown-haired,
Gray-eyed,
Olive-skinned,
She is a Girl
of Remarkable
Grace



VERSATILITY is one of the primary requisites of a motion picture actress. The girl who can't ride, and swim, and row, and dive, and run a motor car isn't half ready for the profession of posing for the film dramas. There is not a film star in the United States who hasn't deserved medals for her excellence in lines of accomplishment outside those of histrionic art; but it has remained for Francelia Billington of the Mutual studios to set a record by her ability to do, not only many things, but several things at once.

Miss Billington can ride. She learned that in Texas, where she was born and raised on a ranch outside Dallas. She can swim, and row, and dive, having learned these sports in New Orleans,



where she went to live when she was ten years old. She can run a motor car, having driven one around Los Angeles before she was even interested in motion pictures. She can act, having had her first experiences in the plays of a Texas convent and having proved up later in the pictures of the Reliance and Majestic studios. She is proud of all these accomplishments, but it is no one of them that sets her distinctly apart from a score of other leading women. But she can also operate a motion picture camera, even for the plays in which she is appearing, and she

is as proud of this achievement as is the vaudeville cartoonist who draws caricatures of the

orchestra leader he dislikes or of the delinquent paymaster.

Out at the Reliance and Majestic studios of the Mutual company in Los Angeles, Francelia Billington has plenty of opportunity to try out her skill in her double role of actress and camera operator, for W. C. Cabanne, director of the companies, has found her assistance in the staging of plays of more than casual value. Almost any day at the studios it is possible to see a brown-haired, gray-eyed, olive-skinned girl of remarkable grace and extreme prettiness standing back of one of the big cameras, turning a crank as she keeps close watch on the scene that a group of players are enacting. Sometimes Cabanne, the director, turns to her with a question concerning the placing of some player. Usually her criticism is accepted, for the director has found that Francelia Billington has an exceptionally quick eye for picture effects and as a result he is permitting her to develop her talent in this line as well as in her own posing for the films.

She herself prefers camera work to posing, in spite of the success that her pictures have won. As she stood back of the big machine the other day, waiting for a setting to be changed before she went on to take her own role,

Miss Billington Prefers Camera Work to Posing in Spite of the Success Her Pictures have Won



She Made a Forlorn Little Figure in "His Law"

she talked of both phases of her work with enthusiastic eagerness. Her voice lost its habitual southern drawl and took on the crisper inflections of the West as she spoke of her double connection with the film pictures. Francelia Billington is a girl whose force of character makes

her personality most vivid and gives impetus to her words.

"I'm so accustomed to operating the machine now that I forget that there is anything unusual in it," she explained, "but I suppose that it is still a novelty to see a girl more interested in a mechanical problem than in make-up. No, it isn't because of any advanced idea of woman's work that I'm interested in this," she laughed, "at least, from none that I feel consciously. But I've always had an obsession of interest in cameras. My father gave me a small camera almost as soon as I was able to hold it, so keen was my desire to own a 'clicker,' as I used to call it. I was a camera fiend before I was ten years old."

Her Beauty and Her Ability Scored a Great Success in "Through the Dark"



"You see, a child out on a ranch

is so dependent upon her own resources for amusement that she learns to notice things that city children usually pass over. I photographed everything on that ranch that I could level the camera at. I had to find details for pictures unless I kept on taking range pictures forever.

"You'd think, wouldn't you, that I'd have outgrown the fad when I left the ranch? I didn't, though. Even when I was at school I took pictures with the faithfulness of an aspirant for prizes. When I finished school I fitted up a dark room where I could develop and print the pictures. It was better and cheaper. And the first thing I bought with the money I earned in my acting was a press camera. I worked two months to learn its operation, but I beat that mechanism. Now I've graduated to a moving picture camera, and Mr. Cabanne promises me an operator's job if I ever go on a strike from acting."

"Are you contemplating a strike?"

"Hardly," she said. "As long as I can do two things at once, I want to keep on doing them. I've heard of people who could take their own photographs. I've done a few of myself, in fact, but I've been wondering if I couldn't take a moving picture of myself. I'd really like to do that." Her eyes glowed with enthusiasm at the idea.

"Did you come into the movies by way of the camera interest?"

"Not at all," she said. "In spite of my interest in photography I hadn't taken much interest in the movies. I'd hardly

ever been to see motion pictures and the idea of posing for them, in fact of going on the stage at all, never entered my thoughts. We were living out here in Los Angeles, though, and Mr. and Mrs. George Melford were our friends. We'd never talked, however, of any possible connection that I might have with this business until one night when Mr. Melford asked me if I would not like to be a motion picture actress. I laughed at him, but he insisted. I thought it might be something of a joke, and went to the Kalem studios next day.

"He gave me a lead part to take the place of Alice Joyce who had just left Los Angeles. The work wasn't so hard, but the other girls at the studio were awfully nasty to me—" Miss Billington's eyes flashed—"and that first day was one of ostracism for little me. But I stayed right on the job. I was there a year, then I came to the Majestic."

At the Majestic Miss Billington was one of the few players retained by D. W. Griffith when he became director-general of the Mutual companies. She has played in "Ruy Blas," "The Lover's Plight," "The Peach Brand," "The Intruder," and various other dramas. She is one of the most popular players of the western companies, and it seems likely that, even though she prefers the operation of a motion picture camera to posing before one, her beauty and her ability make it unlikely that any director will ever let her drop a role for a roll.

THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN

MONTE M. KATTERJOHN, magazine writer and motion picture playwright, relates an amusing story regarding a certain Southern Indiana editor. Further, he claims that the incident actually happened some four years ago, which was about the time that the Hoosier scenario writer was editing a county paper, so perhaps 'tis about himself.

"By mistake," says Katterjohn, "a man had been published as dead. He called upon the editor for an apology.

"'Well, sir, you know this paper never takes anything back,' said the editor, by way of feeling out the depth of the man's feelings.

"'That may be your policy, but, by heck,' said the angry man, 'I'm not dead, sir, and I won't stand for any blamed paper that's printed saying I am!'

"'As I said before,' calmly returned the editor, 'this paper does not take anything back. If you insist, however, that you have been misrepresented, we will put your name among the births in our next issue. That ought to square it.'"



By Randolph Reedy

Illustrations from the Imp Film

GEORGE DEAN came hurrying into the office in the Treasury Department which he shared with Frank Noble. Both were secret service men, specially assigned to the internal revenue department, which is responsible for the collection of taxes on tobacco and liquor, and more particularly the latter.

"Hello, George," said Noble. "You look like trouble? What now?"

"Trouble is right, Frank," said Dean. "More moonshine. They've fallen on the scent of a new lot of whiskey that isn't using revenue stamps, down in Kentucky. You and I go down at once to see what we can dig up."

"Jeff Branscom's gang again?" inquired Frank. "I knew we'd have trouble when we didn't land old Jeff the last time we went after him. We got the rest of the gang, but I'd rather have landed old Jeff and let all the rest go."

"I know you felt that way," said Dean, a little coldness creeping into his voice. "Only it happens that I was in charge. And I can tell you that here in Washington

we get more credit for catching ten men than one."

"Even if the one is sure to go out and get ten others when he loses his first lot? And when we know that by catching the one big man who acts as leader we can make it impossible for the other ten to get into any more mischief?"

"You've got the makings of a good agent, Frank," said Dean, in reply. "But you've got to get it through your head that if there weren't any criminals there wouldn't have to be any secret service men. Jeff Branscom's worth a good deal to us. 'Long may he thrive,' say I. Of course, I'm going after him, but it won't break my heart if he gets away, so long as I get his stills and put his gang behind the bars."

Noble laughed at that.

"It's a good thing I don't take you seriously, George," he said. "And, say—don't get any idea in your head that I ever meant to criticise the way you do your work. I'm under you, and I'm taking your orders, and I'm not likely to forget it."

"Oh, I know that, Frank, of course. For-

get it. I was only joshing, of course."

So the little, incipient quarrel passed off and was, it may be supposed, forgotten. But the conversation was a fair index of the relation between the two men, and of the essential difference between them. There was a little underlying jealousy, perhaps, on Dean's part, the jealousy of the superior, considering himself first, last and all the time, for the whole hearted and enthusiastic subordinate, who sees his best

chance for advancement and success, not in intrigue and manipulation, but in doing his work as well as it can be done.

In the department, however, Dean and Noble were known as good friends, and as men who worked very well together, getting results nearly always, and sometimes in cases where other agents had been obliged to admit failure after working for a long time. Dean was Noble's senior by two or three years of service, but already the heads of the service were predicting a brilliant future for Noble, so soon as he should have completely mastered the details of one of the most delicate and difficult employments in the world. And for some time now they had ceased to make such predictions concerning Dean.

The two men, however, started on this latest assignment without admitting to themselves or anyone else that they were not in full accord. Their plan of campaign was carefully worked out. First they



Noble Saw the Old Man Seize the Girl and Hold Her Protectingly

would travel through the section where Jeff Branscom's gang was reported to have taken up its headquarters, a wild mountain tract in Kentucky. To avert suspicion, they would pose as surveyors. Thus, they reasoned, they would be able to go over the ground carefully, and, with any sort of luck, discover where the illicit or "moonshine" whiskey was being made.

They themselves would make no arrests. That would be difficult and dangerous work.

It might well involve severe fighting, since Jeff Branscom was known to be a desperate character himself, entirely indifferent to danger and entirely willing to risk the addition of a charge of murder to any other charges that might already be filed against him. So, when the preliminary work of finding the still was done, reinforcements would be summoned, and a regular campaign would be fought, with United States marshals to aid them in the work of actually running the criminals to the ground and putting them behind the bars.

Once they left the railroad, Dean and Noble did not look much like the neat and dapper agents who had started from Washington twenty-four hours before. Both put on old clothes, and wore flannel shirts, and both carried the tools and instruments of surveyors. Such clothes as they needed they carried in packs on their backs, and they were prepared to rough it for as long a period as was necessary to accomplish

the purpose of their long tiresome trip.

"I'll go north—you take the south spur," said Dean. "We'll meet the day after tomorrow to compare notes." He got out a map of the region and studied it. "Here—this looks like a good place," he said, pointing. "Do you see—at the crest of this ridge. I don't believe there are any houses or people about there."

"All right," said Noble, secretly glad of the arrangement. He greatly preferred to work alone. When they were together Dean had a way of disparaging any suggestions he made. He liked all plans to originate in his own mind—the mark of the incapable executive, who is afraid to allow any of his subordinates to get too much credit for good and successful work.

So he set out. He had trailed Branscom before, and he thought he knew the preferences of the outlaw. So, knowing, or suspecting, that Branscom was at work in some particular section, he felt that he could deduce, from the general character of the country, the place where he was most likely to find his quarry. His first move, therefore, was to study the ground carefully. He went well into the wild mountain country and set up his camp. He did not use

a tent, but built a rough shack for himself, which was likely, in the case of a stay of a week or so, to be more comfortable. By the time he had finished, it was too late to do any real work. But the next morning, bright and early, he set out, gun in hand, determined to kill a few wild turkeys that he might have food enough without depending on the natives of the country in any way.

He got his turkeys without any trouble, since they were abundant in that section, and he was not only a good shot, but an accomplished hunter and woodsman as well. And then, on the way back, as he passed through woods in which there was a heavy undergrowth, he was startled by the sight of a large animal, that, from the glimpses he got, resembled a large wildcat.

"Funny," he said to himself. "I never knew there were any such beasts as that around here! But I'll have a shot, anyhow."

He fired a moment later, but missed. And no sooner had he realized that than he cried aloud in thanksgiving. For the animal sprang out at the sound of the shot, and he saw that it was not a wild beast, but a girl. She crouched behind a rock,



Roughly the Old Man Tore the Dress from Her Shoulders

staring at him in puzzled wonder, and he dropped his gun, returning the stare with interest.

For the girl whom he faced was dressed in a single garment of leopard skin that left her arms to the shoulder and her legs to the knee, quite bare and she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen—brown-skinned, brown-eyed, with clustering masses of burnished brown curls and with the reddest lips in the world.

"I beg your pardon," he cried, inanely, as he knew. "I thought you were a wild creature—"

She laughed—and the laugh was that of a normal girl.

"Come closer," she said. "I want to see you. You look so funny! I never saw anyone like you before!"

He obeyed, fascinated and amazed, as indeed he might very well be. Without taking her eyes off him as he approached, she had shifted to a more comfortable position and was now lying stretched full length along the sun-warmed rock, lithe and graceful as the wild creature he had first believed her to be. She was utterly unconscious of him and of her self, save for a lively and wholly feminine curiosity which she made no effort to conceal. He noted that she was very young, not more than twenty—perhaps even younger. "Do you live here?" he asked.

"Near here—in a cave," she answered. "I have always lived here with my father. His clothes are something like yours—he

does not wear skins, either. But his are old and torn, not new, like yours."

So, for a time, they talked, he answering her artless questions, which, in themselves, told him more than any number of answers by her could have done. He reconstructed her life. The daughter of a hermit, perhaps—nay, probably—of a madman. She fascinated him, in this first meeting, as no

ordinary, civilized girl could have done. He wondered how she would look in clothes such as girls wore in Washington or New York.

Then something made him look up. He saw, approaching, an old, bearded man, unkempt, and very tall. In his eyes burned the fire of insanity. Noble leaped to his feet.

"I'll see you again," he said.

But, quickly as he went, the old man saw him. Looking back Noble saw that he had seized the girl and was holding her, protectively.

"He needn't

be scared of me," he said, to himself.

The rest of the day he spent in scouting. But he learned nothing, and had to make that report the next day to Dean. The strange, oddly clad girl, he did not mention.

"We'll have a long job, I guess," said Dean. "Go back to your section. Come here every day and look under this rock for a letter from me. I'll come every day, too, if I can. If you learn anything write me a note and leave it here. I'll do the same."

Noble scarcely knew why he said nothing



"You Won't Let Them Hurt Him!" She Cried, "Say that You Won't!"

of the girl to Dean. And yet—he could not bring himself to do it. And the next day he met her again. She laughed, and told him that her father had been angry.

"He was angry at me for talking to you," she said. "But I like you."

She was as frank as the little savage she looked. They met again and again. He became more and more curious to see what she would be like in the garb of civilization and, at last, he went to the nearest store, and bought such garments as he could. The next time he met her he showed them to her.

"Go into the woods and take off that leopard skin garment of yours—then put these on," he said.

Wondering, she obeyed. And when she returned he almost laughed. She had not known how to put them on! He might have thought of that. But, before he could explain, there was an interruption. Her father, in a blind rage, surprised them. Roughly he tore the cotton dress from her shoulders.

"Go back and put on your own garments," he commanded. He turned to Noble. "Stay away from me and mine or I will kill you!" he shouted.

Noble had no intention of obeying. But it chanced that the next day he found a clew to the moonshiners. He went to leave the daily note for Dean. He chanced to meet him. And so Dean came back with him. And all that day, and part of the

next, they scouted looking for Branscom and his band. They did not find them. But Dean found the wild girl, Peg, as Noble had heard her father call her.

And Dean was fascinated, too. But he was not like Noble. Dean seized her, tried to kiss her. Some instinct awoke her wild rebellion. She was aroused, as she had never been before, to thoughts of shame.

Her cry brought Noble, and he faced Dean.

"You hound!" he cried. "What have you tried to do?"

"I've found out a few things, I guess," sneered Dean. "Why you've not discovered the moonshiners, for instance. Been too busy making love, I suppose! Don't know that I blame you so much, at that."

"That's enough," said Noble, with a sort of fierce bitterness. "Go home, Peg. I'll see that you are not bothered again."

"You saw her first—I'll keep my hands off."

said Dean, when they were alone. "But it's your own fault for not telling me."

Noble did not choose to make a fighting issue of the trouble. After all, he had to consider first, his duty to the government. But he did not expect any further trouble. He did not allow for the meanness and desire for revenge that had been roused in Dean by his humiliation before the girl. Dean saw her again, and this time he tracked her to her cave and saw her father. At once he suspected that the old man might be one of the moonshiners. And, saying



She Looked Up at Him With Eyes Out of Which the Wildness Had Gone Forever



"You Hound!" He Cried. "What Have You Tried to Do?"

nothing to Noble, he took his first chance to search the cave. He found no whiskey but he found something else—old letters and clippings that betrayed the secret of the hermit.

"Stephen Wright!" he gasped. "Wanted for murder in New York—for twenty years! So this is how he has eluded them! The greatest criminal mystery of the century!"

It was his business to be familiar with such mysteries. He knew all the facts. How, twenty years before, Stephen Wright, in a fit of passion, had killed a man. How he had fled, before he could be arrested, taking his baby daughter with him, and leaving his wife behind. The police had been sure of catching him; when month after month had passed, and they were unable to discover the slightest clue, it was decided that he must have killed himself and the child.

Dean was almost certain that this was the man but he had to make sure, and to do that he sent a telegram ordering an agent in New York to report to him as soon as possible, bringing Stephen Wright's wife with him.

When she came, he ordered Noble to accompany them and took them to the her-

mit's cave. There, after twenty years the unfortunate husband and wife met.

"Stephen!" cried the woman.

He stared at her blankly, but he knew her. That was plain. And then Dean launched his blow.

"I arrest you—for murder!" he said.

The woman screamed. Noble cursed at Dean's brutality. But, before Dean could lay a hand on him, the old hermit, with the cry of a trapped animal, leaped from the cave, and, running at almost incredible speed, disappeared into the woods. Dean, cursing, ran after him.

Somehow, Noble and Mrs. Wright managed to make Peg understand. She could not grasp it all, but she was able to realize the main fact, that her father, whom she loved so devotedly, was in danger. And at that she threw herself at Noble's feet, imploring him to save her father.

"You won't let them hurt him!" she cried. "Say that you won't!"

And the wife and mother joined her plea to her daughter's.

"I'll do my best," he said. He turned to the woman. "They can't touch him," he said. "He is not responsible—no court would punish a man in such a condition!

You needn't be afraid. There is no danger."

Soon Dean returned. Noble reproached him bitterly. But Dean was inexorable.

"I'm not a judge," he said. "All I know is that this man is a fugitive from justice—accused of murder. My business is to see that he is returned to New York to stand trial."

"It would kill him," said Noble.

"That's not my affair. And—there is a reward of a thousand dollars that has never been revoked."

"I understand now," said Noble, grimly. He turned to the woman. "If my colleague here sees money in it for him, there is nothing too low and mean for him to do—"

"Look out," said Dean. "I can see that you lose your job."

"Go ahead," said Noble. "I can report a few things myself!"

But he recognized the futility of quarreling. As a matter of fact, the hermit had disappeared. The first thing they wanted to do, Dean and Noble both, was to find

him. And find him they did, with the aid of bloodhounds. But Dean was balked of his revenge. For when they reached him, Stephen Wright was very nearly beyond the power of any human court. He died in his wife's arms, and even Dean had not the heart to interfere in that last scene of farewell, but turned away and left them.

Peg did not fully understand. But her mother told her many things. And when she had done all she could she listened to Noble.

"I want to help you make up to her for all the things which so far she has missed in life," he said. "I want to marry her. Do you think she will have me?"

"Ask her," said her mother, smiling through her tears. "I will try to explain to her what it means."

And so, when he went to Peg, he found her ready. She was wearing the dress he had given her. And when he took her hands she looked up at him with eyes out of which the wildness had gone forever.

TRULY A COMPLIMENT

WITH the return of the troupe of Essanay players from the East, where scenes laid in the plot of George Ade's "The Slim Princess" were taken for reproduction on the screen, some interesting stories are told of the experiences of Miss Ruth Stonehouse, who is playing the title role.

Miss Stonehouse appears in the garb of a Siamese princess and the action of the comedy calls for a scene on the capitol steps. It was for the purpose of reproducing this particular scene that the troupe stopped over in the capitol city.

The Essanay star was notified to appear in costume and report at the appointed place for the picture. She dressed at the hotel and chartered a taxicab. The driver misunderstood instructions and Miss Stonehouse, being unfamiliar with Washington, did not realize that she had been deposited at the wrong entrance to the building. She did discover, however, with the departure of the taxicab that her fellow players in the company were nowhere in sight. She paced nervously up and down for some time and finally became the object of much curiosity, attired as she was in the royal garments of the Siamese princess.

Driven to distraction she was about to appeal to a policeman when a cab drew up to the curbstone, two women and a man alighting from the vehicle. Before explanations could be offered the pseudo princess was ushered hurriedly but not unkindly up the steps and into the executive building.

She discovered herself in the hands of genuine Siamese friends, who talked a lingo she did not understand but who evidently were in sympathy with her plight. Miss Stonehouse protested in English that she was a moving picture actress. The man of the party understood and called an attendant. The Chicago girl was rescued from her dilemma and was enabled to report at the appointed place somewhat late but much to the relief of the worried director.

A Movie Villain's Confession

By Harry T. Morey



An Uncommonly Good Picture of Harry T. Morey, Who has Appeared As Villain in Almost a Hundred Picture Plays

A VILLAIN is a vile, mean, wicked and clever wretch; a person excessively depraved, and guilty or capable of great crimes. Further, he is a scoundrel and a rascal. He abuses, slanders, and murders. He is a vicious citizen; a wrecker of homes. He possesses all the vices and faults abhorred by society. Above all, he is the most thrilling man in the world.

The above being true—and how can it help but be, since I “lifted” it from Webster—I am the meanest man in the universe. Perhaps I am the most hated man on the globe, for I am a villain. As the

song goes, “I’m the villain in the play”—a villain of the movies.

Yet, I really like to play the role of the dyed-in-the-wool villain. One can get the attention of the public quicker, and hold it longer in villainous roles than any other way yet brought to my attention. The public hates quickly, you know. Once it has begun detesting a person, he has to do some mighty nice things to win back



“I Bought Her and Made Her My Plaything”—Scene from “A Million Bid”



Clara Kimball Young and Harry T. Morey in "My Official Wife"

thought I might become a matinee idol of the movies, and I must confess I have entertained with pleasure the thought of having all the pretty girls of the land writing me mash notes. I have a vivid imagination,—though I do say it myself,—and I contemplated with elation the picture of millions and millions of members of the fair sex kissing my photo each night before retiring. I imagined my portrait always on their dressing tables or stamped indelibly upon their hearts. This was shortly after I took up picture work.

its esteem, and if he persists in the reverse, it hates him more than ever. In my case the public detests me just a little more as each successive picture is released for exhibition.

Since 1910 I have been a villain in almost a hundred motion picture plays. I have lured defense-

less girls to a fate more horrible than death; murdered scores and scores of innocent people; caused untold anguish to multitudes; robbed and pillaged town and country, and in fact, committed almost every sort of crime to which any and every brand of villain falls heir. My criminal record, if the movies are to be believed, is one that would stagger the Borgias if they were alive today; put Nero of old Rome to shame, and outclass the greatest arch-murderer of any age.

There was a time when I



A Terrible Scene from "The Battle of the Weak"

I considered myself a very good looking man. Looking into the mirror I would decide I was growing handsomer day by day. In the first three or four pictures in which I figured I appeared as a dashing young cavalier. I was a wooer of hearts—a gay young Lochinvar.

"I Believe Miss Gardner Thinks I Am Just as Brutish in Real Life as I Appear in 'The Transition'"





"The Public Detests Me Just a Little More as Each Successive Picture is Released"

I watched every mail for the epistles of admiration and love I knew would come pouring in from every state in the Union.

Not only is this a great big world, but a cruel one as well. The motion picture public didn't seem to appreciate my efforts as a swash-buckling lover, and I am still waiting for those sweet scented notes of admiration and love. Nowadays, however, I do receive letters—conveying the glad tidings that I am so mean I am unfit to live or to die.

At first when the hundreds of pink notes failed to show up I felt sure that some one was "knocking" me. I looked

through all the trade papers to see if some unkind paragraph had found its way into print. Then slowly the truth began to seep in, and for a time I feared I would never make any kind of success as a motion picture player. As a matter of fact, I did begin to hunt up my stage acquaintances and to figure on going back to the legitimate, where I had frolicked with George M. Cohan in "The Honeymooners;" Anna Held in "Papa's Wife," and "The Little Duchess;" "Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz;" and Louise Gunning in "Marcelle," besides doing a couple of years in vaudeville. Naturally, I felt that my talents, genius, or what - ever - else - you - wish - to - call - the - knack - of - getting-things-across, were not appreciated by the movie fans.



"At the Instigation of Her Mother, I Bought and Married a Sweet Young Girl in 'A Million Bid'"

"These moving picture bugs don't know real acting," I concluded, but I still kept within eyesight of the director hoping that conditions might right themselves. And they did, but not as I expected.

I know now that He who guides our destinies never intended that I should be a moving picture hero. First, I haven't got the looks. Second, I don't seem to possess that easy, graceful, and c-h-a-r-m-i-n-g manner so essential to the popularity of a picture idol. I'm too blunt. Third, I am entirely too big. The ladies don't like a little shrimp, neither do they go mad over a duplicate of the Cardiff giant. There you are. How would it have ever been possible for me to shine as a picture hero? Don't worry, I did not. It was pre-ordained that I should never grace the screen as a mild and sweet-tempered swain. Hisses and sneers were to be my music.

In every village, hamlet, town and city where Vitagraph life portrayals are shown, excepting a little village in Michigan where I was born, the movie lovers know me as an ingrate, base and bold. Even my home folks like me less since I began playing villain roles, though they are proud to think that the world's greatest villain was once a promising village youth. As I recall those days, I was exactly that, too,—just a promising youth. I promised several people. But to the story.

I made such a wonderful failure as a lover that the director decided I ought to fit in as a villain.

"Morey, you've got a great big fat part in this next picture," said the director, as he fingered the carbons of the script, then handed me my copy to study. As he walked away he remarked further, "You are to play *Mason*, the villain."

My heart sank and indignation took me by storm. I was about to make vociferous objections when the thought occurred to me that work might be hard to get just at that time. Instead of starting something I swallowed my ire and went outside of the studio and there chewed a perfectly good cigar into shreds. I fretted myself into a fearful rage. I studied and my thoughts ran something like this—"Me—Harry T. Morey—an idol of Broadway—play a villain—in a moving picture! G-r-r-r-h!"

When it came to making the picture I was mad clear through, and I had decided that I'd overplay my part and show Mr.

Director just how I felt about the matter. Right at a time when I figured I'd make a display of temper such as the director never would forget he called, "Great stuff, Morey! Keep it up!" I thought he was kidding me, so when we were working on the next scene I snarled and raged at the other actors and actresses worse than ever, sure that Mr. Director would catch on.

Well, that's the answer. I've been playing villains ever since, and I've come to the conclusion that though the public hates villains as villains, they dearly love for them to be just as mean as they can be. The villain always gets "his" in the end,—which by the way, that is one thing I seriously object to. I am always killed off before the last scene. In a one reel picture the villain enters after about a hundred feet of film have been taken up in "planting" the hero and the heroine. Also, the villain is killed off about a minute before the picture comes to an end. The last minute is usurped by the hero and the heroine clasped in each other's arms and gazing, gazelle-like, into each other's blissful eyes. No, I don't deny that that's what the public wants, but—really, the happy ending is awfully hard on the villain.

There is a difference in being a natural born villain and being a mere player of villainous roles. I suppose I have all the essential characteristics of a villain, but I manage to keep them under control in my everyday life. It is different when I get into a picture. Then I let myself go and try to be the real thing. Goodness knows what would happen if I were as mean away from the studio as I am when working beneath the arcs. I shudder to think of it. Some parts for which I am cast give me a chance of going the limit, and after I am through, reaction sets in. I feel more like being respectable and decent than I ever did before.

My wife hates to see me as a villain, but I take this as a compliment, knowing that she is my severest critic. The more she hates me as a villain the more true to life I know my villainous portrayals are.

When I played *Count Sergius* in "The Red Barrier" I disliked to be so mean to my opposite, but there was nothing else to do. It was written down in black and white in the scenario. Before I got through with the picture, she hated me as much as I appeared to hate her. In "The Transition"

I played a boor part, and I believe Miss Gardner thinks I am just as brutish in real life as I appeared in that picture. I also played a similar role in "The Battle of the Weak," in which, as *Griscom*, the owner of a big department store, I force my attentions upon one of my underpaid employees. Say, wouldn't it be awful if a fellow couldn't help being as mean in real life as he is in the pictures? But I must not let this thought worry me or I'll dream about it.

I think I played my best villain in "A Million Bid," the Broadway star feature which opened the Vitagraph Theatre and ran for eight consecutive weeks. As *Geoffrey Marshe*, a self-conceited and egotistical rich idler, I had to marry a sweet young girl when I knew she didn't care a rap for me personally, but only for my money, and that only at the instigation of her mother. I had to act as though I wanted her to decorate my magnificent home, "the perfect jewel in the perfect setting"—you know. In other words, I bought her and made her my plaything. This was the severest test to which I have ever been put since the beginning of my villainous motion picture career.

The yacht in which we were on our honeymoon had to be wrecked—I came within an ace of being drowned in the cabin,—which was no joke, it was cold reality—and even when the yacht was sinking I still persisted in being mean and base and utterly abominable.

But the sinking scene did not satisfy the requirements of the scenario. I had to put on another round of hating, scheming and planning, while floating around in the water. The scene was made down at Coney Island when the water was icy-cold, and I came near catching my "death of dampness," as it were, besides.

As I said before, all villains die. In "A Million Bid," my brain was operated on for asphasia, and I was mighty glad, for the villainous I died under the operation. The role was about to get the best of me, and that sudden death put me out of my misery by getting the story off my mind.

Notwithstanding all these unpleasant experiences, there is, after all, a great satisfaction in being a villain, which is that when you "get away with it," your popularity increases by leaps and bounds—and the more you are disliked, the better you are liked.

THE STINGIEST MAN

WALTER LONG, one of the leading "heavies" with the Reliance and Majestic Mutual organization, believes that he is the discoverer of the stingiest man in the world. At the beginning of the present summer season he was named as one of the municipal life guards at Ocean Park, working on Sundays and holidays when the crowds at the beach were the largest.

A swimmer who went out beyond the breaker line, became caught in a rip tide and shouted for help. Long went to his assistance, and after a hard struggle with the big breakers, succeeded in bringing the near-drowning man ashore, where he was revived.

A short time later, the rescued man nattily dressed in his street clothes and wearing a big diamond, appeared and thanked Long for saving his life. "Here, have a good cigar on me," said the rescued individual as he proffered Long a dime.

He accepted the proffered ten cents and gave the man a nickel with the statement, "Here is your change."

The man accepted the five cents and then beat a hasty retreat.

Long has nailed the dime to the wall of his dressing room, as a memento of the occasion.



“What’s-His-Name”

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

From the Photoplay by the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co., based on the novel by George Barr McCutcheon*

Novelized (from the Feature Film) by Bruce Westfall

CHAPTER I

H E HAD a name once—had what’s-his-name. But that was before he married Nellie Duluth. More—it was before she *was* Nellie Duluth, even. People couldn’t realize that—not people along Broadway. It was like asking them to remember that John D. Rockefeller had once been poor. There are tasks that stagger the imagination!

What’s that? You scratch your head at the name of Nellie Duluth? Can you have forgotten her? What? You suggest that perhaps I am not using her real name? Well—perhaps I am not! At any rate, Nellie must be explained. Very well, then. There was a time when her name winked at you, in glittering points of fire, from above

the entrance of a famous theatre—a theatre that for a generation had housed one great musical success after another. With her name was that of the show—“Up in the Air.”

Was it the show? Was it the fair Nellie herself? What does it matter, after all! Once more New York thronged to that old theatre. Once more the ticket speculators waxed rich upon the desire of bald headed gentlemen to sit in the first row. The show was a success and Nellie a sensation.

But do I hear a whisper of surprise, almost of complaint? All very well, you say—enough of Nellie! How about—what’s his name? Isn’t he the hero? I suppose he is—a hero of sorts! The quality of his heroism you must decide for yourself, later, when the tale is done. It is puzzling to introduce him. But it shall be done.

There is a small man, a man almost insignificant, one might say, walking up Broadway, on a chilly day, with the boreal breeze blowing his coat tails about him. As he

*This novelette is condensed from the original novel copyrighted, 1910 and 1911, by George Barr McCutcheon and published by Dodd, Mead and Co.

passes two gentlemen, obviously actors, he nods, diffidently. Startled, they return the nod, automatically, after the manner of their kind. And, with his passing, they turn to one another.

"Who is that?" says one. "Face is familiar—"

"I know!" says the other, equally puzzled. "Now—who the devil—? Oh, I have it! It's—er—eh—you know—what's his name?—Nellie Duluth's husband!"

"Oh—she has a husband, eh! As—yes—I remember! Funny little beggar!"

We may leave the two to their discussion of their merits. We have found—er—what is his name?—and we might as well follow him.

He walked along Broadway, quite ignorant of what those actors were saying about him. Every little while he would lift his eyes and encounter the smiling features of his wife. She was smiling down on him—and some millions of others—from boardings all over town. And he could never quite escape the little thrill that ran through him when he saw that smile. It seemed so wonderful! It was wonderful—as shall presently be explained.

He didn't go to the theatre, though it was a matinee day, and in a little while Nellie, in her electric coupe, would roll up to the stage door and go to her dressing room. Nor did he go to the apartment, overlooking Central Park, where Nellie lived while she was in New York.

He went, instead, to the Grand Central station. There he showed his commutation ticket to the gateman, and got aboard a train for Tarrytown. He was always a little timid about this. There were so many trains; he was always afraid of getting on the wrong one. To be sure, the one he used always left from the same platform—but some day it might not. So he always asked the gateman, to be sure, and then, for safety's sake, inquired also of the brakeman as he got on the car, and then made still one more inquiry in the tunnel, because, if a mistake had been made, he could rectify it then by getting off at One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth street.

But this time there was no mistake. He got to Tarrytown and took one of the station hacks, which deposited him in due time at a little villa. And there a child was waiting, to greet him with happy laughing eyes. That was Phoebe.

"Is Mumsy coming to-morrow?" she cried. "Is she, Daddy?"

"I'm afraid not," he said. "She can't get here to-morrow, deary. But she'll be here next Sunday, sure."



She Was Very Pretty, She Could Sing a Little. And So He Gave Her a Contract



"Why Do You Suppose I Wear That Plain Gold Ring on My Third Finger?"

So now, you see, you know quite a good deal. You know who he was—what's-his-name? And you have seen Phoebe. And you know that Phoebe's mother, the adored Nellie Duluth, had her apartment in town, while her husband and her little daughter stayed in Tarrytown, with only a cook and a nursemaid to care for them. But there are any number of things you must want to know yet—how all this came about, and how Nellie had married—what's-his-name? Patience!

CHAPTER II

IN BLAKESVILLE he had had a name. What—what was it? Harvey—what—? Oh, well—Harvey will do! His first name, but it's enough, isn't it? And in Blakesville Harvey was quite a dog! He wasn't timid there. He had no need to be. People knew him. They considered he had remarkable taste—in clothes, for instance. This was true. He wore patterns so vivid that in a sterner community he would probably have been arrested. And, as for girls—ah me!

He held an important position in Blakesville, you must understand. He was chief

and only assistant to old Mr. Davis, proprietor of the one drug store of that thriving Western town, whose store occupied a commanding location in Main street. He was czar of the soda fountain, moreover. And, in his way, he was an artist. His Newport Noddy, a drink composed of various fruit juices, of ice cream, and of whipped cream, had made a real sensation. How he did turn a frothy mixture from one glass to another! With what an air he performed that rite! Never a drop was spilt. And with what a tender meaning did he bend over and place the finished product before the fair girl who was to taste its delights! Let me tell you that to be served with soda by Harvey in those days was something for a girl to think about!

And think about it they did, what's more. And about him, too. What did it matter that he got only twelve dollars a week—hardly a living income for two, and, perhaps, three, even in Blakesville. Old Mr. Davis was well suited; more than once he hinted at the ultimate reward of perfection in the dispensing of soda. A partner—that was what Harvey was going to be, sooner or later, in that wonderful store.

He dazzled Nellie Barkley—there wasn't

any doubt of that. He was the most picturesque man in town. Perhaps that was why. At any rate she wanted him—and she got him. He proposed to her at the fountain. They were married. And they lived with Harvey's mother for a time. They might be living there yet. But the church society to which Nellie belonged wanted to raise money to buy a new carpet for the church. And it decided to give a show. That was the beginning of the end. Nellie was drafted for the leading part; she always was. And from Chicago there came a professional coach, who had been on the stage.

He raved about her. She had more undeveloped talent, he thought, than anyone he had ever seen.

"You should be on the stage," he told her, earnestly. "You are wasting your life here—literally wasting it! Why, if you came to Chicago and took a course in our school you would be at work in a few weeks!"

The siren song—even if the siren was male, and fat, and fully forty! Nellie listened. And her husband, proud of her, eager to gratify her lightest whim, agreed to go to Chicago. He found that he could get work. And so they packed up, he and Nellie and Phoebe, who had arrived, by this time, and was old enough to have a voice in affairs.

It was Chicago that began to temper Harvey's air of the rake. The puddle was too big for him. He got the same sort of job he had held in Blakesville, but there was a difference. His gorgeous clothes were barred; he had to wear a white jacket, and he was only one of several who flipped drinks from one glass to another. Girls, moreover, did not regard him as they had done in Blakesville. He began to grow timid and retiring. And, as that happened, so Nellie began to expand, like a lovely rosebud, feeling the influence of the sun.

Nellie had had to go to work. Living in Chicago, without the home as a resort, that had reduced their expenses in Blakesville, it was impossible for Harvey alone to manage. And so Nellie, her pretty face and her charming figure helping her, had found employment of a light and pleasant sort with a photographer, where she received the customers and retouched pictures. This left her time to pursue her studies in the dramatic school.

And at last, when the school was quite

sure that she had no more money to pay it, and that, therefore, it had got out of her all it could, it sent her to the manager of a musical comedy company, just then in need of chorus girls. The manager looked her over; she had the qualifications that were required. She was very pretty, she could sing a little. And so he gave her a contract. But when Harvey, pushing past an office boy, with Phoebe in his arms, tried to get employment too, the manager looked disgusted—he had the air of one imposed upon. He had not known that Nellie had a husband.

"No husbands need apply!" he said, scornfully.

And so Nellie had to begin her career upon the stage alone, without Harvey to sustain her.

CHAPTER III

BUT that, as was soon to become apparent, made rather less than no difference at all. There were moments, in the beginning, of sharp and painful disillusionment. Nellie had seen pictures of chorus girls. But it had never seemed possible to her that anyone could require her to appear in such costumes as they were! She must be different! Does not everyone feel that way about herself—or about himself? And so, on the day of the first rehearsal, she was shocked when the stage manager, seeing her in a long skirt, abruptly bade her to take it off.

"But—but—my petticoat is so very short!" she stammered.

"Well—it'll be shorter yet when you get your costume," he answered. "Hurry now—you can borrow a pair of bloomers if you like."

She did, and blushed and was miserable for a little while. But she soon began to understand that the men about the stage were entirely indifferent to her—limbs. They were too busy to pay any attention to the degree of dress or undress of a chorus girl. So she got used to this new thing, that, at first blush had nearly driven her back to Harvey and to Blakesville, and grew to feel that it made no difference at all.

Some other things were harder to bear. It was a shock to have the stage manager take her and forcibly twist her into the position she had been told to occupy when

she got it wrong. It was an even greater shock to be sworn at—just as if she had been a man. She had to stand for such things; all the other girls did. She was called down savagely, more than once.

But gradually she got some idea of what all the curious steps and evolutions meant. She pictured the chorus as it would be when the show opened, with a lighted stage,

a great, metropolitan company she had joined. It was a road show, second class in every respect. And yet it gave her the experience she needed. She was away from Harvey, and she hated that. And, too, it was hard for Harvey. Nellie sent back a little of the money that she earned; all that she could spare. And that, with his own earnings made it possible for Harvey



Though It Was Nellie's Room, Fairfax Played Host. He Had Ordered the Supper. The Guests Were of His Choosing

and all the costumes on view. And, as she realized the tremendous difference between the real thing and what she had learned in her school, she began to enjoy the work, different from her anticipations though it was. The real thing assumed a charm for her that the imaginary stage of her dreams had never quite had. And she began to think of succeeding, of emerging from the chorus, of becoming one of the principals she now envied so acutely.

That was to come, as we know already. But not until she had served her apprenticeship. At first, that was hard. It was not

to eke out existence for himself and for Phoebe. Yet it was hard; cruelly hard, really, for both of them.

But, if Nellie was working hard and getting little money in return, she was getting something worth more than money—real stage experience. She was getting used to the glare of the footlights, to facing an audience. She was getting self confidence. And, when the season was over, a friend in the company, who had the promise of a job in a New York production, persuaded her to come east with her. Harvey had to stay behind, at first; there was

not money enough for them both to go, especially as it was so uncertain that, in New York, Harvey could get a job. And, moreover, Nellie was beginning to realize that, in a measure, Harvey and Phoebe handicapped her. They must be pushed a little into the background. Only until she was well established, of course—that was all.

Nellie's friend had her job; she had a little pull with some one, and so Nellie got a hearing. She also got a job. And, by a freak of chance, she was assigned to take part in what was intended to be a mechanical specialty. Half a dozen girls were brought on in boxes; at a given music cue springs were to shoot them out of the boxes and they were to pose on tiny platforms. The effect had worked perfectly in rehearsal; it promised to make a decided hit.

On the first night, however, Nellie's spring was a little too strong. It threw her off her balance, delicate at best, and, coming down, she missed the platform! For a moment she teetered on one foot on the edge of the box. She seemed likely to miss her footing altogether, and come down in an inglorious heap, spoiling the effect. Instead she hopped off, did a little dance to get her bearings, and hopped back into the box.

The audience liked it. She got a little roar of applause, obviously meant for her. And the next morning every critic in town demanded why she wasn't allowed to do more—why such a pretty little thing, and one so obviously clever, wasn't allowed a fair chance?

Nellie was no fool. She had expected to be fired; the notices, however, made her realize the truth. She was told to repeat the trick; she demanded a dance as well. And she got it, and a little later, a song, too, and much more money. And the next season she had a real part.

She brought Harvey and Phoebe to New York. Harvey wanted to get a job, but she laughed at him.

"They're paying me plenty for all of us, dear boy," she said. "You look after Phoebe and be around to cheer me up. What I have is yours, you know."

And so Harvey consented—and became—oh, what's his name? And Nellie moved on and on, until we find her, as we did when we began this tale, starring in that famous success—"Up in the Air." And now all the

things that might have mystified you in the beginning have been cleared up, haven't they? And we can go on with the story? Thank you! I thought so!

CHAPTER IV

Harvey had just reached the little house in Tarrytown when we left him to find out how he had come there. It was a poor time to leave him, really, because he made a momentous discovery almost as soon as he got into the house. The cook had left! Annie, the nurse and house maid, told him that as soon as he arrived, and he scratched his head.

"Did she say when she was coming back, Annie?" he asked mildly.

Bridget had gone away before, you see. Sometimes she returned the same evening; sometimes not until next morning. That depended upon how long it took the tonic to which she resorted in such times of stress to render her mellow.

"I don't think she'll be back at all, this time, sir," said Annie, pursing her lips.

Disheartening opinion! But Harvey persisted in being cheerful.

"Oh, I think she will," he said. "I suppose we'd better see about getting something for lunch, though. Eh, Annie?"

"It's none of my affair," said Annie, scornfully. "I wasn't hired as cook!"

"Oh!" he said, a little startled. "Well—are there any eggs? I can cook those. And—perhaps you wouldn't mind making some toast?"

Annie agreed to do that, with a toss of her head. Even the servants despised him! I suppose it was his own fault—but wasn't it a little pitiful? They knew, you see, that the money with which he paid them came from Nellie Duluth, the famous actress. They knew that he was just Nellie Duluth's husband. And the knowledge didn't make for respectful treatment on their part. Perhaps it was natural—but it was cruel, too. Or it would have been—had Harvey taken their treatment as many men would have done. But then, on the other hand, if he had been really sensitive to it, he would not have endured it. Which completes a rather futile circle.

He cooked the luncheon, such as it was. And Phoebe was pleased, even if no one else was. She cried out in delight as she saw her father at work.

"Oh, now we won't need Bridget any more, will we?" she cried. "You're going to be our cook, aren't you, Daddy? I'm so glad—I don't like that horrid old Bridget!"

Annie snickered, and he turned fierce eyes on her. Annie was surprised. She had forgotten, if she had ever known, that proverb that deals with the turning of the worm. But she was soon to have ocular proof of it. For, just at that moment, the heavy footsteps of Bridget, returning, early, sounded outside on the back porch. She entered, glaring.

"Who's been monkeyin' wid my kitchen?" she demanded, truculently.

"Somebody had to get lunch," began Harvey, nervously.

"I wasn't spakin' to you!" she answered him, glaring at Annie. Once more Annie snickered. It enraged him. By Jove—he was going to prove that he was master in his own house!

"Well—I'm speaking to you!" he roared,

bringing his fist down on the kitchen table.

"Pay attention—do you hear?"

"Phwat?" squealed the amazed Bridget.

"You're discharged!" he added, defiantly.

"Discharged! Do you understand that?"

She rose to her full height and stared at him. Her face went red.

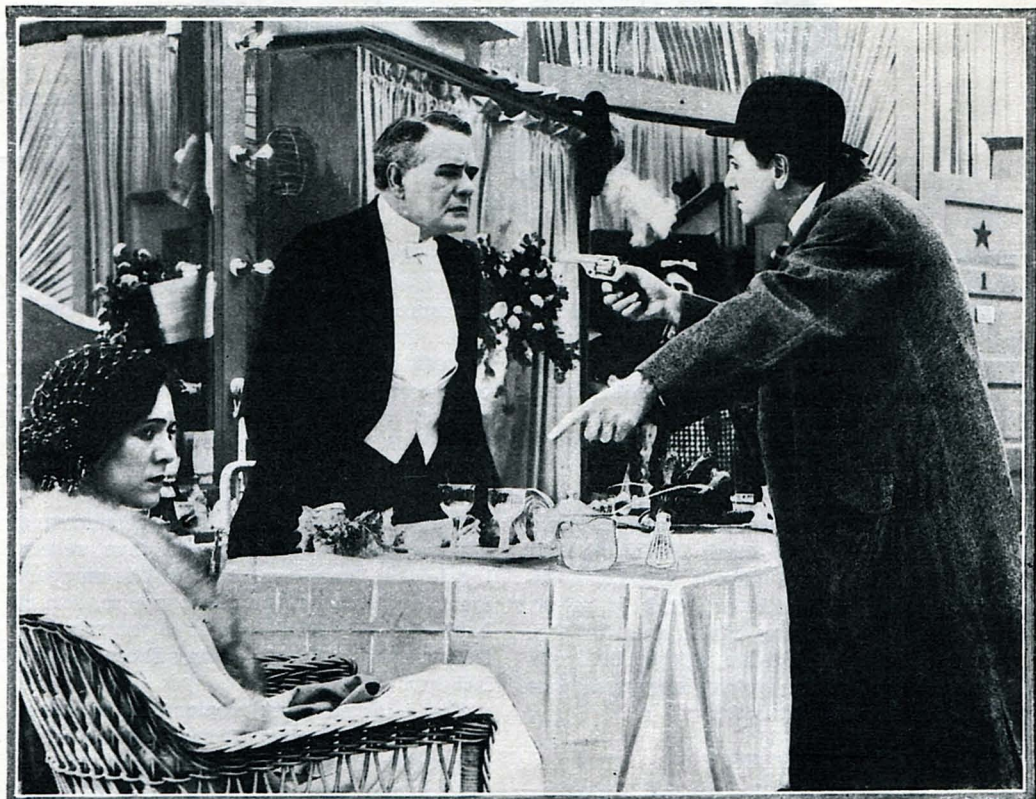
"Discharged, is ut?" she said. "Holy mother! I came back to give notice—but sorra a bit will I quit now! I was hired by Miss Duluth—and I'll be fired by Miss Duluth—not by you, yez little shrimp! Begorry—I don't even know yer name! Discharge me, is ut! Phwy—yez couldn't discharge a firecracker!"

His turn it was to be red in the face now.

"I—I—shall speak to Miss Duluth about this," he said, feebly.

"Do—and she'll tell yez to moind yer own business, the same as I do!" said Bridget.

"Annie—for the love of Mike, what do yez know about this? And phwy do yez suppose Miss Duluth kapes him about the



"You!" He Said in a Strangled Tone. . . . "You Let My Wife Alone—Do You Hear?"



There Was No Mercy in Him . . . And Not Until He Had Beaten Harvey Almost into Unconsciousness, Did He Rest Satisfied

place—that's phwat bates me! She's that tinder hearted—"

But he fled, then, and heard no more, save for mutterings of Hibernian wrath that rose to his room. Bridget stayed. More—she cooked that night the finest dinner he had ever eaten in her regency.

"I guess my little talk did some good, after all," he mused.

But he was stern. He was unbending. The Medes and the Persians were as pleasant companions beside him! He wrote that night to Nellie, and affixed a special delivery stamp to his letter, that it might reach her the next day, which was Sunday.

In his letter he told his wife of Bridget's insolence, and of her violent language. But of her insults he said nothing.

CHAPTER V

NELLIE DULUTH, the famous actress, as her husband well understood, was too tired to come to Tarrytown for what was

supposed to be the customary Sunday visit, though of late the custom had been honored far more in the breach than in the observance. Rehearsals of a new piece, that might succeed "Up in the Air," were going on, more or less sporadically. The management had not decided yet whether to keep Miss Duluth in New York, in a new piece, or send her out on the road when "Up in the Air" folded its tents and stole away.

But, of course, even a tired actress must have relaxation. Picture her, then, returning to that luxurious little nest of an apartment overlooking the park, where, for an hour, she submitted herself to the ministrations of that treasure among French maids, Rebecca.

She emerged most resplendent in a new gown, just imported from Paris, a gown that set off her slender figure to perfection, and was—well, perhaps, a little daring in its revelations. It would have shocked Blakesville—that much is certain!

There was a reason for the gown, of course. Miss Duluth was entertaining that Sunday evening. Friends were dining with her. An actress, not of the musical comedy stage, and hence in no sense a rival; Fairfax—of Fairfax and Co., Wall street, New York—; a couple of other men, of the theatre, theatrical. Fairfax was her lion.

A lion of sorts, too, this Fairfax. Big and handsome, in his cold, cruel way, he had a habit of dominating the company that he joined. He was very rich; he had traveled far; he could talk, and brilliantly, of the places he had seen, and the interesting men and women he had met. Can one blame Nellie altogether because, knowing that he was smitten with her charms, she still let him come to see her, even invited him to dinner? I think not. Being of the stage she could not fail to know that there were women even more firmly fixed as stars than herself who would have given much to be in her place. And—she meant no harm. She was, to be sure, a pretty moth,

fluttering about a dangerous flame. But she knew that only in part.

That Fairfax was a dangerous flame she knew. That she herself might come to play the moth's part she never dreamed. After all, there was still much of Blakesville about this girl who had scaled the heights of the theatre so quickly. The glamor of the metropolis had caught her, certainly. But, fundamentally, she was still in many ways the same girl who had fallen in love with and married the soda clerk in the little Main street drug store in the little obscure country town.

But—they must be hungry, while they are waiting for us to explain them! To the table, then. Let them satisfy their hunger with the choice things that Nellie's caterer had provided, so deftly served by Rachel, as much a treasure in her way as Rebecca, the dresser, in hers.

And it was at the table, moreover, that Nellie received Harvey's note. She saw the special delivery stamp; naturally her



"Go—Get Out—Both of You! . . . We'll See Who Gets the Divorce!"

mother's heart leaped to the thought of Phoebe.

"This may be urgent," she said, turning to Fairfax, who sat at her side. They had reached the stage of coffee and liqueurs. "You'll excuse me while I read it?"

He nodded; she tore open the envelope and read. And then she laughed, helplessly, until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, dear me!" she said. "That is so funny!"

"May I share the jest?" asked Fairfax.

"Why — Harvey's been discharging the cook! And he thinks he has to write to me about it!"

"Harvey?" he said, curiously, a strange look coming into his steel blue eyes.

"My little hubby!" she explained—and was startled at the change that came over him.

"Do you mean that?" he said, in a moment.

"What? About my husband? Of course!"

"I've known you three months," he said. "And this is the first I've heard of him! What's the game?"

"You might call it a guessing game, I suppose," she said, rather coldly. She held out her left hand. "Why do you suppose I wear that plain gold ring on my third finger?"

"I never noticed it," he said, huskily. "I never thought of you as being married!"

"Did you think I was divorced?" she asked.

"I didn't think of it all, I tell you," he replied. "But—well, you girls seem to get divorces very easily."

"Not me," she said, with a flashing smile. "He's the nicest little hubby you ever saw, and we get along beautifully, even if we

don't see one another all the time. And I've the dearest little girl—she's four—no—five!"

He glowered.

"Don't joke about it," he said. "You must guess what it means to me—how I—"

"Don't say any more," she warned him. "You might be sorry—and I might be angry."



"You Cooks Much Nicer'n Bridget, Daddy," She Said

CHAPTER VI

SHE might be angry! It was true when she said it. But the moth never does realize the danger that lies in the bright flame that attracts it. Nellie was earning six hundred dollars a week now. To many her work might have seemed of the easiest. But ask any woman of the stage if her work is easy, and if she is in a mood to tell the truth you will get a shake of the head, a weary smile, a dreary—"No!" To play every night, and at matinees as well. To do it when one is ill—not ill enough, perhaps, to be in bed, with a trained nurse in attendance, but ill enough, decidedly to make

rest imperative. To do it when one is merely out of sorts—when one is feeling as men so often do, when they slam down the tops of their desks and call the day's work done.

Nellie worked hard for her success. Brilliant as it was, unquestionably, it took a great deal out of her. There were times when she was so tired that it seemed that the end of the last act would never come; when she could think of nothing but the bliss of sinking into bed at last, to sleep soundly.

And often, when that time came, she would lie awake, staring into the darkness—too tired even to sleep!

Fairfax had shown her attention before



that night when he saw her ring and learned for the first time that she had a husband—heard, too, of—eh—what's his name? But after that he changed his whole manner, his whole treatment of her. When he had supposed her free, like any other actress, he had been interested; even more than interested, perhaps. But now the knowledge that he was opposed, that she had ties that bound her, willingly, it seemed, to some nameless man he had never even seen, he developed a grim frenzy of desire for her.

He was subtle in his methods at first. He began by letting her see what it would mean to command him and his wealth. His automobile was kept at her disposal con-

stantly—one of them rather. Let her express a wish for anything, however trivial, however hard to obtain, and it was hers. She wished, one day, for some fruit that was out of season. In a week, by some miracle, it was at her apartment, in a profuse abundance. He said nothing; he was skilful enough for that. But his plan worked, gradually.

Inevitably, Nellie began to contrast this man who had everything—and had won it for himself, mind you—with Harvey, kind-hearted, true, but—ah, so woefully inefficient! Fairfax would never let his wife support him and their child. Fairfax would never accept the obscurity that Harvey seemed almost to welcome. Could two men more widely different be imagined? And, setting up one against the other, how could a woman fail to prefer—Fairfax?

Certainly such thoughts came more and more often to Nellie. She let herself picture the bliss of wealth—wealth that should come to her by the mere act of being Fairfax's wife. To give up the killing work, that tired her so. To belong to herself again, instead of to the insatiable monster that had made her its own—the public! Poor Nellie! There could be only one answer! Do not blame her too much. It was not long before she had ceased to think of Fairfax as a delightful impossibility. Within a few short weeks of the time when she had warned him she was actually considering the possibility that she might divorce Harvey and take all that Fairfax was so plainly ready to offer.

And then Harvey himself confirmed the resolution she was so nearly ready, of her own accord, to make. He heard stories of the attentions that Fairfax was showering upon his Nellie—and did not believe them. But one night he went into New York. He determined to see the play, and, afterward, to go around and see Nellie—perhaps to take her home, with a bite of supper on the way.

In Nellie's dressing room, after the show, a gay little party had assembled. Though it was Nellie's room, Fairfax played host. He had ordered the supper; the other guests were of his choosing. And into the room, suddenly, without warning, burst—what's his name! Some theatrical instinct had made him arm himself. At the sight of Fairfax, his arm about Nellie, in a light caress that, used to the ways of the stage,

she hardly noticed, Harvey saw red. He whipped out the revolver. In a moment there was a panic. The others rushed to a refuge beneath the table.

"You!" he said, in a strangled voice, to Fairfax, who, except for Nellie herself, had alone had the courage to face the man with the gun. "You let my wife alone—do you hear?"

Fairfax looked him over coolly.

"Suppose I don't?" he said.

"Then I'll shoot you!"

"Why don't you go ahead and shoot, then?" asked Fairfax, with a sneer.

Their eyes met. For a moment Harvey held his own. But then strength won, as strength must always do. Harvey's eyes dropped first. Then his hand loosened its grip on the revolver; the weapon fell to the floor, and he relaxed.

"I can't!" he cried, with what was almost a sob.

"Harvey!" Nellie's voice cut in, sharply. "You're a perfect fool! What do you mean? Go home to Phoebe—at once!"

He went.

CHAPTER VII

BACK to Tarrytown he went, in the throes of repentance and of fear. He had had no right to act that way. Nellie's scornful eyes, Fairfax's calm defiance, had made him see and understand that. Oh, but Nellie was right! He was a fool! Why had he ever carried a revolver? Why had he done such a mad thing? He wondered, dully, in the train, what would happen to him. People were put in jail, he thought, for carrying pistols. And, besides, there was Nellie. She was furious now, he knew, and not without reason.

His little spurt of self assertion was over, you see. He had declared himself a man, with the privileges of a man and a husband, for that brief moment. The tragedy of it was not that he had done so, but that he had not been able to carry it through. But that, of course, being himself, he could not see. It was not in him really to think evil of any living soul—much less of Nellie. He had the clean heart, the decent mind, of an unspoiled boy. New York was no place for him!

But there was still Phoebe. He went in to look at her, as she lay asleep, and she stirred slightly, and murmured his name.

There was infinite comfort in that. Comfort he was to need sorely, too, before he was done.

For now there began a new phase in his married life. Nellie came no more to Tarrytown. She continued to send the monthly checks, but of herself she gave nothing. He tried to see her; at last he succeeded. But it was only to learn how matters stood. He came to her penitent, regretful.

"Yes, I know," she said, impatiently. "But, Harvey—you are such a fool! You never mean to do what isn't right—and you never do anything that isn't wrong! You've humiliated me so that I think—I'm really afraid I shall have to make some other arrangement."

He didn't understand. But she made him realize what she meant finally.

"Of course I'm not coming to Tarrytown," she said. "And of course you're not coming to my apartment in town. I've almost got proof of desertion now!"

He pleaded with her then—he begged for another chance. But she would give him small comfort.

"I don't know, Harvey," she said. "I won't decide just yet—I'll promise you that much."

He had had some effect on her, however, even so. Fairfax had been pressing her hard; she had been almost ready to yield to him, get her divorce and marry him. Now she was not sure. And the way in which Harvey learned that was curious enough—for it was Fairfax himself who told him.

It was the day after Christmas. All about the little house in Tarrytown were the toys and decorations that had marked Phoebe's holiday. And Harvey was amazed, no less, to be told by Annie that Mr. Fairfax wanted to see him. He went in, his mood conciliatory.

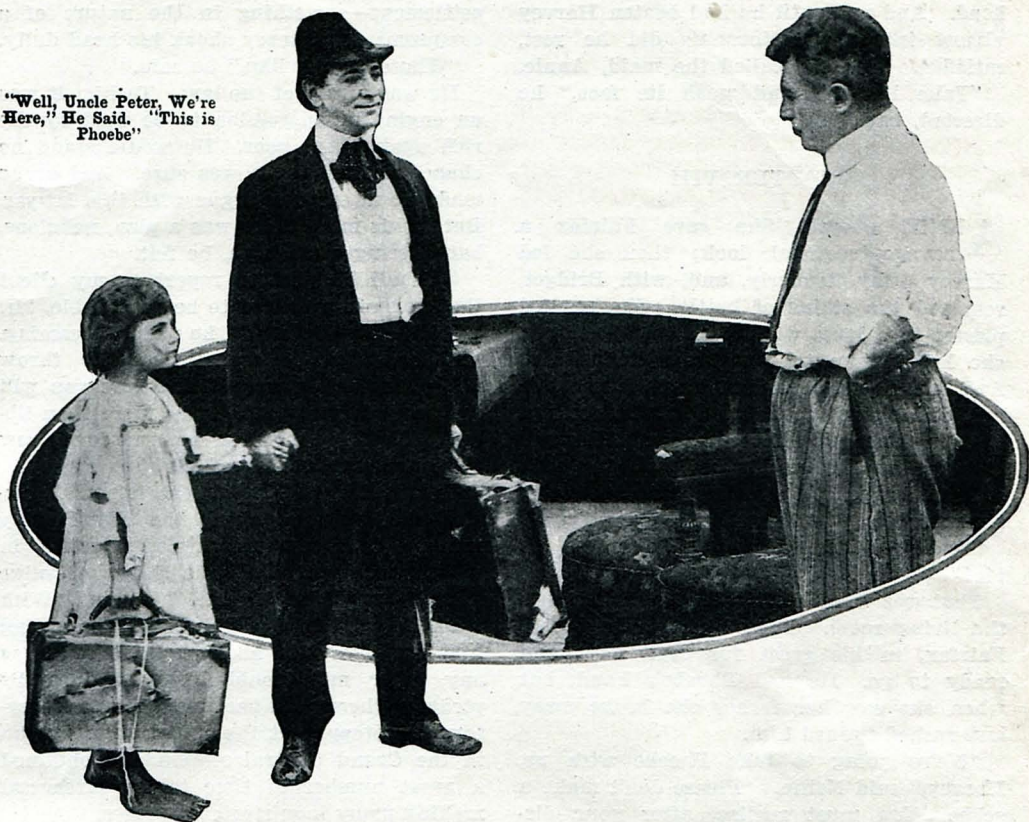
"I've wanted to apologize to you for the way I acted about that supper party the other night, Mr. Fairfax," he said. "I don't know how I came to be such a fool—"

"Oh, never mind, never mind," said Fairfax. "I want to talk to you. It's about the little girl. Don't you think it's time she went to school?"

"Oh, she's going!" said Harvey, eagerly. "She's going to kindergarten after the holidays!"

"I mean to boarding school," said Fair-

"Well, Uncle Peter, We're Here," He Said. "This is Phoebe"



fax. "Miss Duluth has about decided to send her to a convent school in Montreal!"

Harvey stared at him.

"Why—why—she's too young!" he said, pleadingly. "She—"

"It will be better in every way," said Fairfax, roughly. "Miss Duluth is going on the road, and it will be better for her to know that the child is properly cared for."

"But I—I'll be with her—" stammered Harvey.

"Lord—haven't you the spunk of a rat?" roared Fairfax, entirely beside himself. "Are you going to keep on playing nursemaid to your own child forever? Are you going to keep on letting the woman who was fool enough to marry you support you for the rest of your life? No—you're not! Because she won't do it!"

Harvey just stared at him.

"I've had enough of this, if she hasn't!" Fairfax went on. "Here—I tell you what I'll do. Clear out. Let your wife get a divorce. Tell her you want her to do it. And I'll give you twenty thousand dollars!"

Harvey looked at him. His face went white first; then crimson.

"Did she send you here to say this?" he asked finally.

"No," said Fairfax. "It's between us—you and me. She doesn't know—"

"Then get out, damn you!" shrieked Harvey. "I'll show you if you can come to me with any such idea as that! Get out—and don't you ever go near my wife again!"

"Don't be silly," said Fairfax. "It's a lot of money—"

But Harvey had had enough. He was transformed. He flung himself on Fairfax, beating him with his fists, and for a moment Fairfax gave ground. Harvey had no chance; Fairfax, to do him justice, had no desire to hurt the little man. But finally Harvey, enraged by the impotence of his attack, used the only real weapon he had. He kicked out, and his shoe landed squarely on Fairfax's shinbone. With a howl of rage the big man sprang at him. There was no mercy in him now. Savagely he attacked; he broke his stick over Harvey's

head. And not until he had beaten Harvey almost into unconsciousness did he rest, satisfied. Then he called the maid, Annie.

"Take it away and wash its face," he directed, savagely.

CHAPTER VIII

ANNIE obeyed. She gave Fairfax a savage, scornful, look; then she led Harvey away, tenderly, and, with Bridget, removed the stains of battle. She applied plaster to a long, wicked cut on his cheek; she helped him to get into a clean shirt. And then a peal of the bell downstairs called her, and she went to answer. Suddenly a cry, in Phoebe's voice, reached Harvey's ears, as he lay on his bed, sobbing with pain and rage. In a moment he sprang to answer.

"Daddy—Daddy—I want Daddy to go too!"

That was what he heard. He rushed into the living room. There was Nellie, beside Fairfax, in his great fur coat, now, and ready to go. He had Phoebe's hand, but when she saw her father she broke away and rushed toward him.

"We're going to take Phoebe with us, Harvey," said Nellie. "Please don't make a scene. You must realize, after your disgraceful attack on Mr. Fairfax, that everything is over?"

He ignored the imputation. He thought only of Phoebe.

"By God!" he cried, "you'll not take Phoebe! She's mine as well as yours—and I'm not the one that's planning to do what's wrong! Go—get out—both of you! You're not fit to breathe the same air she breathes! We'll see who gets the divorce!"

He cowed them both, too, with his words. For—he was in the right, and they knew it, and were weakened.

"You shall hear from Miss Duluth's lawyers," blustered Fairfax. "Come, Nellie—the man is mad!"

And so they went, while Phoebe clung to her father's hand.

Fairfax made good his threat. The next day the lawyers came, or rather, their representative did. He spoke of the many things Harvey had done to put himself in the wrong; of desertion, of non-support, of the unhappy incident of the revolver. The court, he was sure, would give Miss Duluth the custody of her child. Now, a

settlement—something in the nature of a compromise? Harvey shook his head dully.

"Whatever you like," he said.

He was afraid of the law. To him it was an engine of oppression to be used by the rich against the poor. He would stand no chance against it, he was sure. And so he made no attempt to argue with this lawyer. But in his mind there was a plan, nebulous, but offering some hope, he felt.

"I shall be glad to report to my client that you are prepared to be reasonable, Mr. er—Mr.—eh—Duluth," he said, beaming. "So many people are disposed to throw difficulties in the way. I am sure you will find my client disposed to be more than liberal. I will let you hear from me to-morrow as to her decision. Good-day!"

On the train following the one that carried the lawyer back to the city Harvey went in to town. He carried a valise, in which were packed all the things of value that he could really call his own. With them he went to a pawnbroker, who, sizing him up, gave him about half as much as any other man could have obtained by pledging them. On the way back to Tarrytown he stopped at the information bureau in the Grand Central station and obtained a great number of time tables, afterward making many inquiries about fares.

And when he reached Tarrytown he got his own suit case, and a little one of Phoebe's, and began packing them, secretly. Phoebe alone knew what he was doing.

"Are we going away, Daddy?" she asked, happily. "Are we?"

"Yes, dearest," he said. "Just you and I. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried.

And that night, on a slow, west bound train, they slipped away.

CHAPTER IX

IF EVER a pair took a more curious journey than that of Harvey and Phoebe it is not recorded in history! Even the slowest trains will carry you from Tarrytown to Blakesville, if they are on time, in thirty-six hours. And it took father and daughter two weeks. But there were reasons for that.

Harvey had just so much money, and no prospect of getting more until he got to Blakesville, if then. And there wasn't enough money to pay the railroad fare for

more than half the journey. So he planned their schedule carefully. They would ride for a time; then they would walk for a spell. The thing must be worked out so that they should ride into Blakesville, in the end, and either at night or very early in the morning, so that they would not be seen.

And so they traveled. Their clothes went to pieces; they were often tired and footsore. But they were happy! Along the track, when mealtime came, Harvey would get out his frying pan, build a fire of such wood as he could gather, and cook the meal. Phoebe loved these dinners!

"You cooks much nicer'n Bridget, Daddy," she said. And believed it, too! How proud he was! No matter how much of a failure he might be otherwise, he was a success with Phoebe. And that helped. It dulled the pain in his heart that came when he thought of Nellie.

They came to Blakesville at last. The train they had to take brought them into town just as the first faint streaks of the cold dawn were lighting the eastern sky, and Harvey, making a great mystery of it all, led Phoebe by the hand to a little, well remembered one story house. Over the door was a sign that read: "Peter Thomas, Photographer." This was Harvey's Uncle Peter, his mother's brother—his mother was dead now, and this uncle was about the only living relative he had.

They waited until there were signs of life within. And then Harvey, without

knocking, opened the front door, which was never locked, Blakesville not being New York, and, Phoebe's hand in his, walked in.

"Well, Uncle Peter, we're here," he said. "This is Phoebe."

Uncle Peter surveyed them with pursed lips.

"You've had trouble with your wife," he said to Harvey. "I allus knew you would."

Soon he had the whole story from Harvey. But first he made them sit down and eat a hearty breakfast—the first real meal they had had since leaving Tarrytown. Then Phoebe was put to bed, and uncle and nephew had it out.

"Serves you right for gettin' married," said the old man, at last. "If I'd married! Well—here's one thing. I may not be proud of you, but I'll not have the town knowing I'm ashamed of you. I'll not have it said that Nellie Barkley could bring my nephew to any such plight as this of your'n! I'll lend you some clothes—and then do you go out and buy new ones. And get some good see-gars, and splurge around a bit. Then we'll decide what else is to be done."

CHAPTER X

FOR a time everything was quiet. Harvey helped his uncle, and managed to evade the frantic questioning of the curious part of Blakesville's population, representing one hundred per cent of the census list! But then, quite suddenly, the cat was let out of the bag. For Nellie had gone to Reno and sued him for divorce, and she charged him, not only with extreme cruelty and desertion, but with infidelity!

He Made Them . . . Eat a Hearty
Breakfast—the First Real Meal
They Had Had Since Leaving
Tarrytown



Did Blakesville, when the Bugle reprinted the news, turn a cold shoulder toward Harvey? It did not! Old Mr. Davis begged him to come back to the soda fountain, at more than twice his old wages; the girls and women of the town, pretending to be afraid of him, thronged into the store! The men, intimating that he was a sly dog, cultivated him, offering cigars and asking for advice on how to be wicked in New York and Chicago—sinks of iniquity with which it was plain he was entirely familiar.

He basked in the sunshine of popularity, dubious in quality though it was. And Uncle Peter chuckled. For now the tables, of a truth, were turned on Nellie. It appeared that it was Harvey who had left her, not she who had left him. And so all was well.

One thing worried Harvey. He was afraid that Nellie would try to get Phoebe from him. But his uncle smiled wisely at that.

"She wouldn't dare," he said. "That court at Reno couldn't enforce its order here, if it did give her the child. And she knows that all her charges against you are lies, as you could prove easily enough if you wanted to. Don't you see? She'll let you keep Phoebe all right enough. The only chance she had to get her was to bluff you out,

and when you wouldn't be bluffed you beat her. Don't you worry."

So Harvey didn't. But the dull pain that was always with him when he thought of Nellie persisted. He had a calendar in his room, and he marked off the days that brought the end of the time that Nellie must spend in Reno before her suit could be heard, nearer. She must stay there six months; then she could have her freedom. He supposed that she would marry Fairfax. He wanted to be alone when that thought came to him. . . .

And then, with the terrible suddenness that is a feature of such things, came Phoebe's illness. She awoke one morning with a touch of fever, a slightly sore throat. It seemed like nothing. But by noon, when the doctor came, it was different. The fever had risen. And:

"Diphtheria!" said the old doctor, ominously, as he looked at the thermometer.

Harvey almost crumpled under the shock. But not quite. He had to content himself now, he knew, for Phoebe's sake. And he thought of something else, too. He wired to Nellie, in Reno. It was her right to know, he felt. After all, no matter what she had done, she was Phoebe's mother. He remembered, with tears of agony, what



Nellie Was Submitting to the Ministrations of Her Treasured Maid When the Telegram Came

Phoebe's coming had meant to Nellie, what suffering, heroically endured, what pain. . . . He sent the telegram. That was his plain duty, it seemed, even if it imperiled his chance of keeping the child, if she got well. If—no—when! For—she must get well!

CHAPTER XI

NELLIE was submitting to the ministrations of her treasured maid when the telegram came. She took it indifferently. Her period of waiting was almost over, and Fairfax was on his way to her. They were to be married as soon as her divorce was granted, and he was telegraphing her now from every station as the train carried him westward. She thought the telegram was from him. But one glance changed her. In a moment she sprang from her chair.

"Phoebe!" she cried. "I must go to her—"

"But, madame," said the maid, alarmed. "M'sieu Fairfax—he comes. An', if you go now—all the time spent here is wasted—it will not count—"

"I don't care—send for the lawyer—I'll make sure," cried Nellie. "But, even if it's true, I must go—I can't stay away from her."

The lawyer came. He looked grave. There was no question about it. The law required continuous residence. If she went away now, three days before the appointed time, all her waiting would have been in vain. He was sorry, but that was the law.

And then came—Fairfax. He had made a better connection than had seemed possible, and had meant to surprise her. She told

him the bad news, and he was duly sympathetic.

"Jove—too bad," he said, taking her hand. "But in three days you can go to her."

"Three days?" she cried. "Do you think I'll wait? I'm going on the first train!"

"But—that would mean six months more of waiting, at least!" he cried, incredulously. "You can't mean you're going to put that brat before me! To keep me waiting six months longer—!"

She turned on him in a fury.

"You—you beast!" she cried. "Go—I never want to see you again!"

She drove him from the room. And then she began to pack, frantically. She caught the first train, eastbound. . . .

In Blakesville she rushed to Uncle Peter's house. She had wired that she was coming; Harvey had told her where the child was. And when she burst into the room, Phoebe, weak and pale, greeted her from her little bed near the window.

"Mumsy!" she said.

Uncle Peter was by the bed.

"She's all right," he said, huskily. "Harvey—he's a fool. I'd never have let you know."

Just then Harvey, his eyes blinking, came into the room.

"I heard your voice, Nellie," he said. "The fever only broke a couple of hours ago—and I'd never left her since it began. I had to sleep—"

"Harvey!" she said. "You poor—dear! Oh—Harvey! Forgive me—let me come back to you!"

"Nellie!" he cried. He could not believe his ears. And then, all at once, she flung herself into his arms.

HELP WANTED

THEY had arrived at the picture show before the reel had begun to click away its story, and the young man had a chance to nerve himself to the task which he had already attempted times without number. Just before the lights were dimmed, he blurted out:

"When the lights go out I'm going to kiss you. Will you call for help?"

To which the shy little maid replied: "Not if you think you can manage it alone."

And just then darkness hid the blushes of the bashful young swain.

How Long Will We Stand for This?

By Harvey Peake

HOW we would enjoy the pictures
On the big, gold fiber screen,
If between each splendid story
These things were not often seen:
"Patronize the Crystal Laundry;"
"Take Lu-Lu for stomach cramps;"
"When you buy Dry Goods or Notions,
Ask for dark blue trading stamps."

Oft the pictures leave us breathless,
Full of wondering surprise!
And though eager for the next one,
These distractions greet our eyes:
"Buy your clothing at Levinsky's,
He sells everything for less;"
"At the 'Hub' the price is only
\$14.00 for this dress!"

When transported back to lands where
Knights and Ladies had their sway,
We are not allowed to linger
Or forget the present day:
"X. Y. Z. Bread is the purest,
Strictly sanitary too!"
"Read the Daily Morning 'Herald,'
Always something fresh and new."

Why can't we be left to wander
In imagination's realm,
Without having tradesmen's bargains
All our art love overwhelm?
"Pop-corn puffs' will make you happy!"
"Sunrise' soap will make you sweet!"
"For the purest drugs and sodas
Visit Duffy, down the street!"

Growing Up with the Movies

By Florence Lawrence

In collaboration with
Monte M. Katterjohn



PART TWO

MOTHER was right. She knew that the motion picture companies of that early period were not over-exerting themselves to find the particular types needed. I don't mean that I represented any particular type, or was especially talented, but I do know that my training should have given me an advantage and it didn't. I did not stand any better chance with the picture producers than the other girls who sought work. I suppose I considered myself a superior actress—who doesn't at that age—but I was soon convinced that my services were not in demand.

I made inquiries at several different studios—the Vitagraph, the Edison and the Biograph—and was told there was nothing for me. So I cast about for other connections. I soon came to agree with my mother that there was nothing to acting for the movies. Certainly one couldn't make enough to buy clothes and meals and shoe leather.

Mellville B. Raymond was organizing his "Seminary Girls" company, with Dave Henderson as star about the time that I was receiving courteous refusals from the clerks at the various studios in response to my question if any extra girls were needed. So I

gave up motion pictures with a snap of my fingers and returned to the stage.

I was engaged to appear in "The Seminary Girls," only to learn that there would be six long weeks of waiting before the play would go into rehearsal. So I was still up against it, for my savings had dwindled to almost nothing and I did not want to ask my mother for a single penny.

Some one told me that the Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn was making preparations to produce an Irish play, and that perhaps they might want a few extra people. Employing my broadest Irish brogue, I besieged the heads of that company—and much to their amusement—for one of the leading parts in the play. It was Dion Boucicault's "The Shaughraun." At that time no one considered the matter of copyrights and the like, and any book or play was considered the property of any film producer.

J. Stuart Blackton, the present vice president and secretary of the Vitagraph Company of America, and Albert E. Smith, the present general manager of the company, looked me over from head to foot and informed me that I was entirely too young to play any role in the play. However, they

were very kind and suggested that I wait just a few minutes—something might happen that would enable them to engage me for some other picture.

These two young men, Mr. Blackton and Mr. Smith, had been associated together as picture producers since 1900. Their first studio was on the top floor of the old Morse Building at 140 Nassau street, New York City, and most of their pictures were taken on the roof there. In 1906 they purchased a plot of ground at Greenfield, which is now in the Borough of Brooklyn, New York. First they built an open air studio, but results were far from satisfactory, and about the time that I was appearing before the camera for Edwin S. Porter of the Edison forces in "Daniel Boone," Messrs.

Blackton and Smith were adding the finishing touches to their studio—a two-story building constructed of concrete blocks, with the

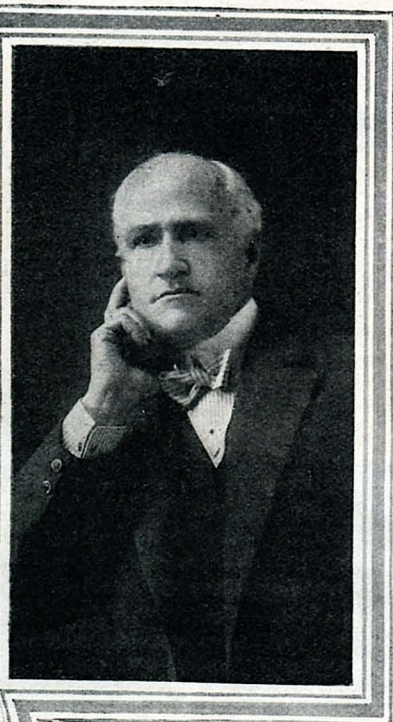
A Picture of
Miss Florence
Turner
Taken in 1907
*Photo by Stacy
N.Y.*



"Little Did
I Dream
That
Gilbert M.
Anderson
Was To
Become
One of the
Most
Famous
Picture
Stars
In the
World"



Mr. William V. Ranous has Played
A Most Important Part In My
Motion Picture Life Thus Far
Photo by Stacy, N. Y.



studio on the second floor.

William T. Rock, a successful promoter of cheap amusement enterprises, had become interested in the work of Blackton and Smith some three or four years before and had made the studio possible by backing the ideas of the two with his money. Mr. Rock was made president of the company at the outset and still holds that position.

It was at this recently constructed studio, of which the owners were very proud indeed, that I waited, hoping, and

secretly uttering prayers, that I would be engaged. I was patient, though nervous, and sat looking out into the studio yard, which was filled with all the debris of their building operations. Huge piles of rock, bags of cement, empty barrels, concrete blocks, building scantling and the like were strewn over the yard helter-skelter.

Finally Mr. Blackton came from some secret, inner recess of the studio and asked me to go with him. I was to be given a trial rehearsal. If satisfactory, I would be engaged. I followed him—how all-powerful and mighty he seemed then!—into an ad-

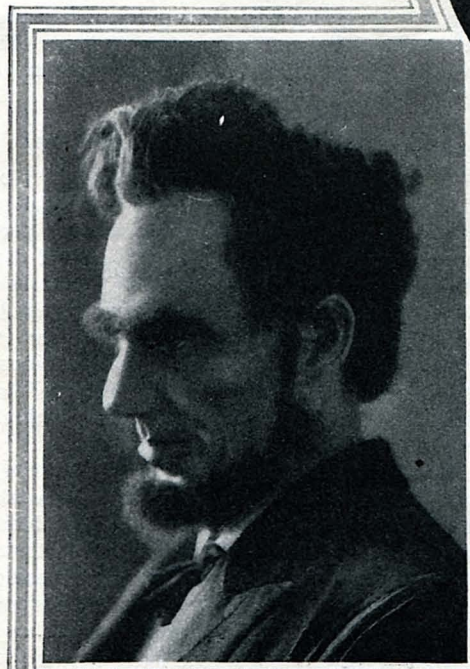


© Vitagraph

Good Old Mr. William Shea Who is Still a Vitagraph Player, Assumed the Role of Con in "The Shaughraun"

Ralph Ince in His Own Portrayal of Abraham Lincoln—He was Just an Extra Actor, Now and Then Serving as Property Man, When First I Knew Him

Photo by Stacy, Brooklyn



joining room where Mr. Smith was waiting.

"I think you are too young," said Mr. Smith.

His tone was not encouraging, either.

"Show us how an Irish girl would look and act," Mr. Blackton ordered, and they waited.

After doing two or three little bits of business, I stepped over to a corner of the room, smoothed my hair and walked out to them again, with my most dignified air, and awaited their decision. Mr. Smith's

face was impassive, but



© Vitagraph

Mr. Kent Referred to Me Several Times as "That New Little Girl"

there was a smile around Mr. Blackton's mouth, and he turned to his partner, spoke a word or two, and they informed me that I would do.

I was engaged to portray *Moya*, an Irish peasant girl, and was given orders to report for work on the day following, when the picture was to be begun. I had lots of fun playing that part.

Good old Mr. William Shea, who is still a Vitagraph player, assumed the role of Con in the play, and during the picture's production we spent most of the time riding around on an old donkey that wanted to do everything in his own way and not in Mr.

Blackton's and Mr. Smith's way. These two always worked together on the early Vitagraph pictures, serving in the capacity of director, camera-man, and property man. At that time they were not making money so fast that they could afford a man for every little task. But about that donkey. The exterior scenes of the picture were taken in Central Park, New York, and we had to use a whole flock of sheep. The first day that we worked outside the donkey became frightened at the sheep and positively refused to become a movie actor. Nearly every scene that day was ruined. On the second day I successfully coaxed him with lumps of sugar, and as the picture neared completion we became fast friends. Mr. Shea really liked that donkey, and regretted finishing the exterior scenes, simply because that meant we were through with him.

William Shea in real life, is as good-natured, jolly and friendly as he is on the screen. During the making of "The Shaughraun" he would make us all laugh, Mr. Blackton and Mr. Smith included, by twisting the donkey's tail and making him kick, or by cutting up in some way, or telling jokes, and I have never heard any actor or actress who was associated with him during the long time that he has been a picture player, (though really a very short time in the reckoning of years) speak ill of him. He has been content to work for his original employers, never letting the changes in the industry affect him in any way whatsoever. He is to be complimented. Perhaps there are some among you who do not recall him readily—he is the man who made Davy Jones a great motion picture character, and who recently appeared as the man of many parts in "Mr. Bingle's Melodrama," as the conductor in "A Train of Incidents," and as Uncle William in "Hearts and Diamonds."

I can recall but one serious accident which occurred during "The Shaughraun's" production. A scenic painter named Duffy fell into a pool. It was in Central Park when the rope by means of which he was descending the cliffs, broke. He was rescued. The scene was rehearsed again, and—the rope broke again. Finally, however, they got a rope that held and the scene was finished.

After working in "The Shaughraun," I deserted the motion picture studio for my stage engagement with Mellville B. Raymond's "Seminary Girls" company and toured the United States.

Then followed another period of looking for work in New York City and again I sought out the Vitagraph studio. Mr. Smith selected me to play the lead in a story of the Civil War called "The Despatch Bearer," and in which I was required to do a lot of horseback riding. I don't think wilder and meaner horses were ever engaged for picture work than those Mr. Smith hired for me to ride. Of course he didn't know this until after I had tried them out. He expected me to be perfectly at home on the back of any mount, as I had told him I could ride almost any horse with the ease and grace of a Lochinvar.

Three different horses were used as one in that picture, and the public never noticed it. The first one had been abused before he was brought to us, and would try to buck me off. He would whirl round and round and round, then suddenly charge the camera man. After one day's work Mr. Smith instructed the property man, a Mr. Ackerman, to secure another horse for me. But the second horse proved just as fractious as the first one, and ran away the instant we began photographing the scene, although he had worked well during rehearsals. Also, he laid down and tried to roll with me on his back. The third horse proved a little better, but was treacherous, and was constantly becoming frightened at what was going on around him. To this day I am certain that my life was in danger throughout the production of this picture.

An Interlude by J. Stuart Blackton

I remember "The Despatch Bearer" picture very well, although this was a subject that was under Mr. Albert E. Smith's personal direction. In fact, it was one of the first pictures on which we did not work together. The particular day I have in mind, however, I went down with the players to "The Cedars," a thick wood near Sheepshead Bay, which, alas, is now cut up into suburban lots. Very few of the original cedar trees are left.

Miss Lawrence, who was a splendid rider, was playing the part of volunteer despatch bearer to the Union forces. She had been given the general's orders—we called them "the papers"—which her lover was unable to carry farther owing to his grievous wounds. Miss Lawrence made one or two rides through the winding path among the trees, closely pursued by Confederate sol-



Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

David W. Griffith, Recalling Miss Lawrence's Work in "The Despatch Bearer" Asked Her to Call and See Him

diers. One of the runs was not fast enough, and had to be done over. As Miss Lawrence came dashing towards the camera at break-neck

J. Stuart Blackton Who Directed "The Shaughraun" the First Vitagraph Picture in Which Florence Lawrence Appeared

Photo by Stacy, Brooklyn



speed, her horse suddenly swerved and ran so close to one of the tree trunks that it seemed to all of us that her brains must certainly be dashed out. Everyone asserted that her head had missed the tree by only a hair's breadth. I think Miss Lawrence was the least agitated of us all.

Miss Lawrence Resumes the Story

In one of the scenes for "The Despatch Bearer" I was to portray the heroine dashing into the chief officer's quarters and handing him "the papers," which contained important information concerning the Con-



© Vitagraph

It Was at This Studio That I Waited and Secretly Uttered Prayers That I would Be Engaged

federate army. Mr. Smith had instructed all of the players to use lines to fit the situation in order to lend realism to the scene. I was rather afraid I did not know what a person would say under such conditions, so I decided to ask Mr. Smith, and then decided that I had better not. I had represented myself as thoroughly capable and I didn't want to belie my words, you see, and not until the scene was rehearsed for the first time did I know just what I would say. When I did dash into the room, and had placed "the papers" in the officer's hands I fell to the floor, exclaiming:

"I've done the deed and got the badge!"

Mr. Smith gave me some lines of his own invention to speak after his laughter had spent itself; so when the camera recorded the action, I might have been heard saying:

"Here are the Confederate plans! John was shot! I brought them!"

And that reminds me of another incident, when we were doing "The Despatch Bearer." I was to enter a room hurriedly and inform its occupants that the Southern soldiers were coming. For some reason or other the word "British" came into my mind, and when the camera was clicking away, I dashed into the room, screaming, "The British are coming! The British are coming!" I looked straight at the camera as I said this, and in the finished picture it took only a little observation to discover what I was saying. And a second later the Confederate soldiers dashed into the room. It was really laughable.

While I am discussing lip reading, let me remind you that the stage actress can make you laugh or cry, as she wills, if she has the training. But the picture actress is hard put to it. She must make you see the laugh that you cannot hear; must make you feel the sob that you cannot hear. And she must make you see and feel so strongly that you will laugh and cry with her. And so on through the whole gamut of emotions. A soft curve of the mouth must say, "I love you." An eyebrow in one position must express, "You lie, villain!" In another, the same eyebrow must show, "Rather than be your wife I will plunge over that cliff!"; in another, "Won't you come to tea?"; and in still another, "Just let me prove my love for you." That is a whole lot of work to ask one eyebrow to do, but the eyebrow must be on the job all of the time, likewise the lips, the nose, the mouth, the eyes, the arms, the fingers, and even the feet. The eyebrows and the lips are, however, most important of all, and they must work in harmony.

Think of an actress beaming upon the leading man—in the picture—and at the same time, saying, "You big chump, don't you dare kiss me?" I know of many picture players who indulge in "smart talk" during the production of picture dramas. Lip readers all over the country see and know what actually was said and the player soon loses his following. Of course I am frequently dismayed at not being able to speak the proper lines, but ever since my days at the Vitagraph studio I have tried to lend realism to my scenes by saying the very words I believed would be said by a real person in such a situation. A sound rule to follow.

I do not think I am vain to say that I made good with the Vitagraph people, for they did not discharge me, but kept me long after

"The Despatch Bearer" was finished. I appeared in a dozen or more pictures, sometimes under the direction of Mr. Smith, and sometimes under the direction of the Blackton, and sometimes under the direction of both, with the added help of Mr. William V. Ranous, who was then the Vitagraph studio manager and stage director.

Sufficient praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Blackton and Mr. Smith. It is utterly impossible for me to set down my thoughts so as to make you feel and know how high a place they have in my regard. They have achieved their wonderful success only through the hardest kind of work, always studying, experimenting, and trying to improve their output.

When I was a Vitagraph player they would write their own stories, direct them on the stage, and, if actors who suited the parts couldn't be had, they would play the parts themselves. They were constantly inventing and adding improvements to their camera and printing machines. The different formulas for developing their negatives through continuous experiment were made better and better. They were at their desks or experimenting in their laboratories long before their employees would arrive in the morning and hours after they had gone to their homes at night. And above all, they were unflinchingly kind and generous, always ready with an encouraging word for anyone who needed it.

In this connection I remember one picture I was appearing in that demanded that the leading actor be an expert chauffeur,—also that he be a very good actor. At that time the combination of actor and chauffeur was very scarce—so scarce, in fact, that Mr. Blackton, in despair at the difficulty of finding an actor who could drive an automobile, had about decided to play the part himself. Just then Harry Solter, who is now my director, walked into the studio. Mr. Blackton looked across at the newcomer, then rushed toward him, jerked his hat off his head and looked at him, full face, side face, compared their respective heights, then said, "You'll do," and instructed the surprised actor to make up immediately so as to look as nearly as possible like him.

When the two were "made up for the camera"—Mr. Blackton and Mr. Solter—it was very hard to tell them apart. In the picture Mr. Solter did all the acting, up to the point where he was required to drive an automom-

bile at dare-devil speed. Then Mr. Blackton became the villain in the play. The public never noticed the difference and gave Mr. Solter credit for doing some wonderful feats of driving. The title of that picture, if I remember correctly, was "The Automobile Thieves."

On that same first day—when I sought work—I met delightful Florence Turner. I doubt if there is any actress better known to followers of the films and especially to Vitagraph picture fans. She is now located in London, England, where she has her own company of players under the name of "The Turner Film Company, Ltd." Miss Turner was working in a photoplay version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," that day, playing Juliet, of course. Paul Panzer, just at present the villain in Pathe's "Perils of Pauline," was the Romeo of the play.

While waiting between scenes, Miss Turner stood beside me and answered all the foolish questions I asked. She was very kind, and generous, indeed. "They don't tell us much

"I Do Not Believe Any Artist Glories More in the Plaudits of an Audience to Which She is Visible than I Do in the Applause of the People Who See Me Only in Pictures"



A Recent Picture of Florence Lawrence by Bangs, N. Y.



This is One of Miss Lawrence's Latest Pictures. It is Already a Great Favorite with Her

about the work," said Miss Turner, "for fear we will leave and tell their secrets of production to some rival company." I was soon to learn just how stringent were their rules.

It was shortly after the making of "The Despatch Bearer" picture that I heard that it was ready, and would be shown in the exhibiting room. Naturally, I desired to see myself on the screen, and started to enter the projecting room—I think it was downstairs in the cellar then—when Mr. Ranous stopped me and said:

"You can't go in there. No one is allowed in the projecting room but Mr. Blackton, Mr. Smith and Mr. Rock," whereupon he ordered me away. I was surprised indeed, and a few minutes later, when Mr. Ranous had left, I slipped into the room, only to be stopped by some one at my back. It was Mr. Ranous.

"How in the world do you think I can ever improve my work if I never see how I act?" I asked.

For a second Mr. Ranous seemed to be considering my request, which was certainly reasonable, but he said:

"My dear little girl, don't worry. Mr. Blackton or Mr. Smith will tell you all you need to know about your work. If you don't improve, they will tell you. Besides, you can see the pictures in which you appear when they are shown to the public."

It was useless to argue further.

No one dared enter the laboratory, or any of the other departments where Mr. Blackton and Mr. Smith were constantly working out improvements for their pictures. Notices were posted on all the doors and about the studio informing the employees, from property boy to star, just what he or she must not do. So we all learned—apparently—to keep our eyes closed, our ears deaf, and pretended we were the most satisfied individuals in the world.

I tried very hard to succeed, in spite of the fact that I could not even see all the pictures in which I worked, as I did not know where they were shown. I was living with my mother in New York City then, and each evening I would talk over the day's events with her, tell her what I was supposed to do the following day, and together we would work out the action we thought was proper. And generally we were right. Also, I came to be a regular picture fiend, attending two or three theatres every evening. I wanted to watch the other actresses and see how they did things.

I have always liked to visit the picture theatres, especially when some picture in which I have taken part, is shown. Usually, I get off in a corner and listen to the comment. And when the audience applauds, you've no idea how strange it all seems and how much real happiness it means to me, too. I do not believe any artist glories more in the plaudits of an audience to which she can make acknowledgment than I do in the applause of the people who see me only in pictures. Several times I have been recognized by people in the audience while watching my own pictures, and it has been simply awful. The word always spreads quickly that I am in the theatre, and I am fairly mobbed for autographs, or I have to shake hands for an hour or more.

The first time I saw myself in a picture was terribly disappointing, but I believe I told you about that. It was the "Daniel Boone" picture. I looked so clumsy to myself. I was not in the least charmed with my screen image. In fact, I have never been really satisfied with any work I have ever

done before the camera. Rather, as I said before, my first work was full of faults, and very annoying to my peace of mind. I felt like going up to the screen and saying, "You little goose, why didn't you do it this way instead of that way?"

I would show the "little goose" on the screen just how I would do that particular bit of "business" if it were to be done over again, and later, I would thank my stars that I didn't have to do the scene again, for fear that, for all my pains, I'd find that my second attempt was worse than my first.

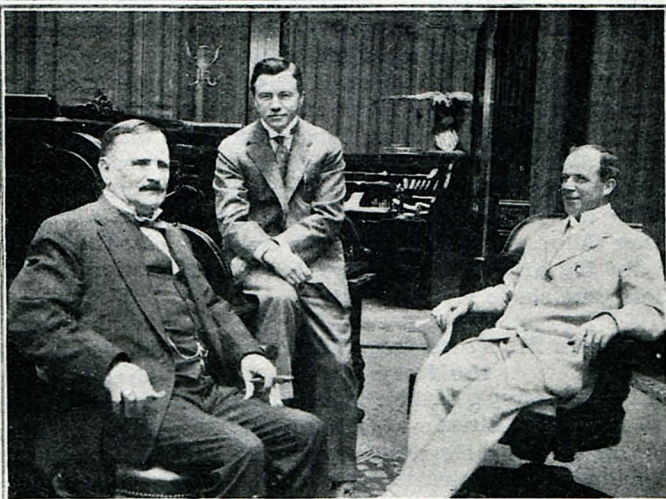
Ralph Ince, whose portrayals of the martyred Abraham Lincoln have become world famous, and who is considered today one of the foremost motion picture directors, was just an extra actor, and now and then even served as property man when I first knew him. I remember him very well, because of his exceedingly quiet and retiring nature. He would stand for hours watching the directors and actors at their work, never saying a single word or even trying to be seen. One might have thought that he didn't care if the world came to an end the next day. We worked in several pictures, "The Athletic Girls of America," being the title of one of them. In this he was required to carry me a short distance, and though I have never weighed much over a hundred pounds, he had a hard time of it.

In this same picture another memorable incident occurred. The lead was an athletic girl who had gained quite a reputation as a boxer. In one of the scenes I was supposed to "mix-it" with this girl, and went at it rather reluctantly, since I was afraid that she might be a really clever boxer. I had frequently put on the gloves with my two brothers, and was not a green-horn by any means. Nevertheless, I was a little afraid of her. When the scene was rehearsed we fared very well, but during the actual taking of the picture I became a little angry when the athletic girl "biffed" me a little harder than I thought she ought. My ire rose and I went in for blood, landing blows left and right, and I sent Miss Athletic Girl to the floor in a jiffy. It made a corking scene for the picture, but for a time my position was in jeopardy, as Miss Athletic Girl, so I was told, demanded that I be discharged.

Hazel Neason continued to appear in Vitagraph productions for three years after I left that company. Later she became a Kalem player, then returned to the studio

where she had played her original picture roles. A year or so ago she became Mrs. Albert E. Smith—wife of the Vitagraph Company of America's treasurer and general manager—and gave up her motion picture acting.

Charles Kent, a most capable and thorough actor, whose wonderful work in "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Daniel in the Lion's Den," will be long remembered by the film world as well as by the movie audiences,



The Vitagraph Triumvirate. Reading from Right to Left — William T. Rock, President; Albert E. Smith, Treasurer and General Manager; J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-President and Secretary

Broadway star productions. He toured the world for Vitagraph in 1912.

I was getting along splendidly with the Vitagraph Company, had received two raises in my salary, and felt

Harry Solter, Who Made Up to Look Like J. Stuart Blackton in "The Automobile Thieves"



A Scene from the Vitagraph Picture "The Despatch Bearer"

was one of the very first of the important figures of the legitimate stage to turn to the motion picture play. Mr. Kent has been a professional actor since 1875, and his past career has been as eventful and remarkable as any actor could possibly wish for.

I don't seem to be able to recall the titles of the pictures in which we worked together, but I remember very well that he referred to me several times as "that new little girl," and also told a fellow member of the company that "that new little girl's golden hair is very pretty."

Of William V. Ranous I shall have considerable to say later, since he has played a most important part in my motion picture life thus far. I owe him much. Just now he is a member of the Vitagraph organization quartered at Santa Monica, California, and is appearing only in Vitagraph



pretty secure when the unexpected happened. I joined David W. Griffith's company of players and commenced work in Biograph pictures at the old American Mutoscope and Biograph Company studio at 11 East 14th street, New York City. I was offered more money, which was quite an inducement because I discovered that I was always wanting more. I was going to be given an opportunity to do bigger and what I considered better things. In fact, I was to be featured in the big plays of those days, but all of them were single reel productions.

Monte M. Katterjohn Takes up the Story

At the Biograph studio David W. Griffith had just turned director after having proven his ability as an actor, and began the assembling of what was to become the most famous motion picture stock company of players ever known. Harry Solter, the actor who had impersonated J. Stuart Blackton, was a member of Griffith's organization, and the director lent a kind ear to the suggestions of Solter, who had had much stage and dramatic experience. Also, they had been close friends before the days of motion pictures.

Mr. Griffith had witnessed several Vitagraph productions in which Florence Turner displayed uncommon talent. Mr. Griffith liked her immensely and suggested that Mr. Solter go over to the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn and have a talk with Miss Turner.

Solter was instructed to make her an offer, and endeavor to induce her to leave the Vitagraph studio.

Obedying instructions to the letter, Solter stationed himself a short distance from the Vitagraph studio and waited for the end of working hours, when he hoped Miss Turner would pass by and he would have an opportunity of placing Mr. Griffith's offer before her. But Miss Turner had left the studio for the day an hour or so before Solter had arrived.

Florence Lawrence was detained later than usual that day, and Solter was about to give up seeing Miss Turner when he observed Miss Lawrence emerge from the building. They were on speaking terms, so they strolled along together and Miss Lawrence learned that David W. Griffith was wanting a leading lady, though unaware that Miss Turner had been selected for that position.

"Probably Mr. Griffith would be interested to see you," was Solter's casual remark, as the two returned to New York.

The next morning Mr. Griffith was told about the little girl with the golden hair and became interested in Solter's story, and investigated her past work as a picture actress.

"Ask her to call and see me," Griffith told Solter, who promptly conveyed the news to the anxious Miss Lawrence at her home.

And so it was that Florence Lawrence became the star of Biograph productions instead of Florence Turner.

THE third installment of, "Growing Up with the Movies" will appear in the January issue of Photoplay Magazine, which will be for sale on all news-stands December tenth. The great director David W. Griffith, will figure largely in this next installment of Miss Lawrence's autobiography.

And that famous Biograph Company of which Arthur Johnson, Marion Leonard, Max Sennett, Harry Solter, Wilfred Lucas, Mary Pickford, and Owen Moore were members, will come in for its share of attention. Miss Lawrence knew all of these stars intimately and has innumerable stories and anecdotes to tell of the studio life at the Biograph plant.



Two Snapshots of Mae Marsh

By Frederick Brooke

And I promised that if I ever wrote anything about Mae I wouldn't say she was the Queen Beauty of the Movies or words to that effect.

"Did you ever hear how I got into pictures?" she went on. "I had always wanted to act and used to go home and mimic the people I had seen before a mirror. I wanted to be like Lovey, too, but I was an awful gawk I suppose, like most growing girls. My sister didn't think that I really had any dramatic talent and I just could not persuade her to take me to the studios, so one day I followed her and got into a quiet corner where I could take in everything, and the first thing I knew Mr. Griffith came over to me and I was so anxious to get a chance to try acting that I quite forgot to be frightened."

Miss Marsh sat down for the first time, and putting her chin in her hand, a favorite attitude of hers, said:

"Do you know, I have gone through a whole lot, for a girl of my age. I have had a world of experience—years of it—crowded into one brief month. Our whole family, father, mother, five sisters and a brother came West to San Francisco a year before the earthquake and fire. Oh! I'll never forget a moment of it! We all managed to get to the street but we were dressed only in our nightgowns. Our house collapsed and everything we had in the world went with it. For a month we lived with hundreds of others in Golden Gate Park. Experience in life? Well, you ought to have been there, and you would have got a-plenty!"

The next time I saw Mae Marsh was in her own back yard. That was the occasion of getting the second part of this interview.

Instead of the trim little maid of the office interview she was now attired in a garden apron and her hair was—well, everywhere all at once, and she looked for all the world

THE first part of this interview took place in my office and commenced when Mae Marsh saw a portrait of Margarita Loveridge on the wall. She gave a little squeal of delight and cried:

"Why, where did you get that picture of Lovey. I never saw it before."

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"Know her? Why, she's my sister, didn't you know that? She's a dear, too, and don't you think she is beautiful? I do. Oh! but don't I wish I was as beautiful as she is. Say, if you ever write anything about me don't you be silly and think you have to say that I am beautiful and the youngest leading lady in the business. That would make me tired. But you can say that I think that Lovey is the most beautiful actress in pictures. And you can say *you* think so, too, if you want to."

I agreed to say that Lovey was "the most beautiful" and got a smile for my pains.

like a harum scarum child, and mighty fetching, too. And how delightfully serious she was.

"I just love gardening," she told me. "I like to get my old duds on and get to work and dig and rake and see the things grow. People just don't know what oranges and peaches or apricots taste like until they eat their own."

"I suppose you are thinking of your various roles as you garden and get lots of inspiration all the time?" I then asked.

"No, I do not!" she answered quickly. "I love my work and I wouldn't do anything

else, but when I leave the studio I forget it until I go back again. No, I think of how nice the garden is going to look when I get through with it and "of the folks inside," and she nodded toward the house, "and how good everything will taste to them." And all the time she kept working away, and I muddled my shoes and mussed my hands.

I had my reward, too, for I found out later that she could cook like a French chef as well as garden like a German truck farmer.

And—but there! I was just going to say that she really is beautiful, too.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, the young American poet who lives in Springfield, Ill., and whose verses are read by those who love poetry in England and Ireland as well as in America, is a moving picture fan. The poem below is taken from his newest book, "The Congo, and Other Poems" (Macmillan), and is addressed to a moving picture actress whom we all know.

To Mary Pickford

(On hearing she was leaving the moving-pictures for the stage.)

MARY PICKFORD, doll divine,
Year by year, and every day
At the moving-picture play,
You have been my valentine.

Once a free-limbed page in hose,
Baby-Rosalind in flower,
Cloakless, shrinking, in that hour
How our reverent passion rose,
How our fine desire you won.
Kitchen-wench another day,
Shapeless, wooden every way,
Next, a fairy from the sun.

Once you walked a grown-up strand
Fish-wife siren, full of lure,
Snaring with devices sure
Lads who murdered on the sand.
But on most days just a child

Dimpled as no grown folks are,
Cold of kiss as some north star,
Violet from the valleys wild.

Snared as innocence must be,
Fleeing, prisoned, chained, half-dead;
At the end of tortures dread
Roaring cowboys set you free.

Fly, O song, to her to-day,
Like a cowboy across the land.
Snatch her from Belasco's hand
And that prison called Broadway.

All the village swains await
One dear lily-girl demure,
Saucy, dancing, cold and pure,
Elf who must return in state.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

"The Professional Scapegoat"

By Marie Coolidge Rask

Illustrations from the Vitagraph Film

ARTHUR WHIMPERLIS awoke with a bad headache. This was no new sensation for Mr. Whimperlis. Twenty-five years ago he had been born under planetary configurations of a conflicting character in juxtaposition to a starry formation known as "The Little Dipper." His horoscope fairly bristled with disastrous possibilities.

Astronomy not having been included in the curriculum of the Larry's Creek high school, young Whimperlis had grown up in blissful ignorance of the fact that the Little Dipper is never propitious for those who would embark upon a mercantile or commercial career. At the age of eighteen he had launched fearlessly forth upon a sea of troubles by way of the Salladasburg Dry Goods Emporium.

In less than two weeks the erratic and revolutionary planet, Uranus, conjoined with the stars to bring about his downfall. They succeeded. On the thirteenth day of his reign in the Emporium a ladder, upon which he was precariously balanced while reaching for a bolt of red flannel on the highest shelf, slipped from under his feet. The fall of

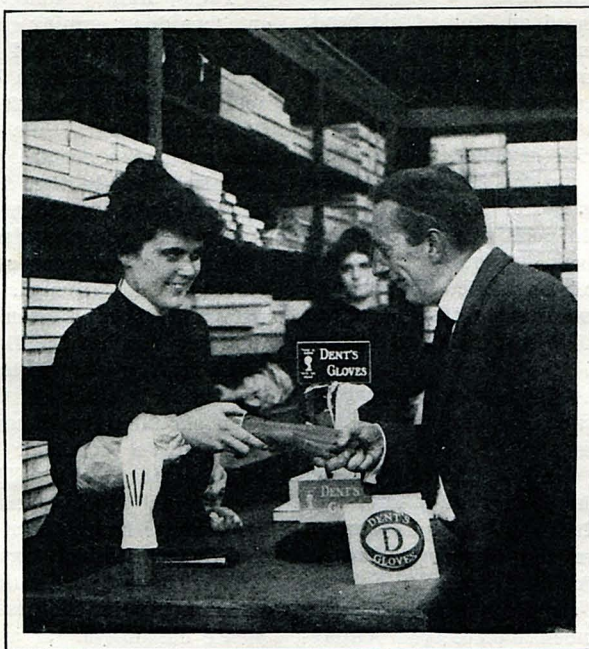
Whimperlis was almost as the fall of Lucifer. When extricated from the mass of wreckage which resulted from his descent he found himself no longer in the employ of the Emporium management.

"Too dippy," said the proprietor by way of explanation—whereupon Whimperlis journeyed to Danville and got a job in a "Gent's Furnishing Store."

This time Venus reigned. A beautiful woman visited the store and in a charmingly abstracted manner gave an order for three shirts, two-dozen collars and four twenty-five cent neckties, charged to His Majesty, the King of the Tango Islands, registered at the Danville House.

Whimperlis filled the order, entered the

amount upon the register and politely held open the door for the fair shopper to depart with the goods. That was twenty-five minutes before two excited keepers rushed in looking for an escaped lunatic. They did not find her but the manager found Whimperlis and when the amount of the king's shirts and other furnishings had been deducted from his wages there was just enough left to pay his fare to



Mr. Whimperlis Found Himself Shaking Hands with a Glove Form

Williamsport, the next town he was to favor.

There, the influence of the Little Dipper proved especially malevolent. Whimperlis shot through the mercantile atmosphere like a meteor whose dash and brilliancy are recognized but best appreciated afar off. By easy stages he reached Philadelphia. Then, Saturn or Mars must have upset the Little Dipper, for the quantity of ill-luck that poured down upon Whimperlis quite submerged him.

"Young man, you are discharged."

The oft-repeated words got on Whimperlis' nerves. There are various ways of treating nerves. Whimperlis preferred to have his friends do the treating. That he should have a headache the morning after the administration of the treatment was a natural sequence. During his seven years of hard labor in department stores he had been discharged just two hundred and eighty times and had experienced a corresponding number of headaches in varying degrees of intensity.

"It's an awful thing to be a job-hunter for life," he groaned, as he turned to the want ad page in the morning paper.

Cook—Driver—Errand-boy—

Whimperlis' finger followed the various appeals for help or employment down the length of one column and half way up the next. Then he gasped and felt of his head. Had it been missing Whimperlis would not have been more surprised than he was upon reading the third advertisement in the list of M's.

"Man wanted with experience in dismissals," he snorted, "to fill responsible position at Mock's Big Store!"

Whimperlis' brain positively whirled. At last he had arrived. "Nothing," he exclaimed, "short of a public library and marked down piano records can get ahead of the circulation I've had. Me for Brother Mock's."

Secure in the knowledge that the position of responsibility was his for the asking, Whimperlis arrayed himself in the new suit he had bought on the installment plan and allowed himself the luxury of a forty-cent breakfast. Then, full of steak and optimism he descended upon the Superintendent of Employees at Mock's Big Store.

The girl behind the mourners' bench outside the Superintendent's office eyed Whimperlis suspiciously.

"Whimperlis," replied the applicant in the

appealing tone of an only survivor of a family of ten made homeless by the European war. "The World's Champion—"

The girl's startled exclamation as she darted toward the superintendent's office cut short the speaker's sentence and caused the fair messenger almost to swallow her chewing-gum.

"The World's Champion," she elucidated, as the superintendent whirled about in his chair and surveyed Whimperlis in the automatic manner befitting a gentleman in his position.

"Champion of what?" he queried.

"Job-loser," droned Whimperlis, "I've made two hundred and eighty home runs from as many different jobs in seven years."

The superintendent sank back into his chair with a gasp of relief.

"You win," he ejaculated, at length. "I'll pay you eighteen a week to be the Goat. Go down to the hosiery department. There's a woman there raising the deuce because some clerk over-charged her. As soon as she gets up here I'll send for you and discharge you. Catch the idea?"

Whimperlis caught it.

Ten minutes later he caught it more forcibly when summoned into the presence of the irate woman customer.

"Young man," thundered the superintendent, "we don't employ careless clerks. This lady says she received misfit hosiery and there was a mistake in her change. Now I hold you responsible for any mistakes in that department. We don't give notice. The word of a customer is sufficient. If a mistake is made the clerk responsible for that mistake must go and go quickly. Young man you are discharged."

The irate customer sniffed triumphantly.

Whimperlis groaned. "I've got a sick wife and four children—" he commenced, fumbling for his handkerchief.

"Can't help it. This isn't a charitable institution," stormed the superintendent. "You should have thought of that before."

The irate customer melted. "Perhaps he'll be more careful if you give him another trial," she remarked, magnanimously, her revenge having been accomplished. But the Superintendent was obdurate.

"We have our rules," he blustered. "This firm's in business to sell goods and please customers. If a man can't do that, we don't want him. The management is only too glad to have any carelessness on

the part of employees called to its attention."

As one crushed and broken in spirit, Whimperlis, the Goat, wiping tears from his eyes, disappeared from the customer's view. "Maybe it will be a lesson to him to reform and be a better man," was the pious thought which solaced her as she returned to the hoisery department.

But for Whimperlis the Planet of Destiny was in the ascendancy.

She did. She was just going to say so when Whimperlis noticed a sudden pallor flit across her faultless store complexion. The cause was apparent. A magnificent floor walker bore down upon the scene, his eyes focused upon the corner in gloves. As the magnificent one passed, Whimperlis gracefully side-stepped into the realm of handkerchiefs. The magnificent one posed in heroic attitude—a living model in bas relief—against the glove counter. He



"I'm Very Sorry, Sir, I Must Have Been a Little Shaky When I Cut the Coat"

And it led him right to the glove counter. SHE was there.

Whimperlis recognized her at once. She was the same black-eyed, curly-haired little girl who used to wrap bundles at Dinklesplitzer's and who wept the day he was discharged. Now she was a vision of loveliness with a complexion right up to the minute, a Parisian coiffure with a fetching lead pencil piercing it at a coquettish angle and a dazzling smile, especially designed for use at the glove counter. Whimperlis, gazing at the combination, smiled reminiscently.

"She was some kid!" he ejaculated, as he recalled the circumstances of the Dinklesplitzer episode. "Wonder if she'll remember me."

smiled fatuously, nay—almost sublimely.

The beautiful Parisian, late of Dinklesplitzer's, behind the counter tilted her lovely retrousse nose and dexterously pushed long glove boxes into place on the shelves behind her.

"Don't like him, eh?" muttered the Goat, watching the scene from his vantage point in the handkerchief section. "Aha. Just wait till I get a chance!" He thrust out his chest, pulled down his vest and squared his shoulders with the air of a victor. "Eighteen per," he continued, meditatively. "That's three more than I was getting at Dinklesplitzer's. This job ought to last long enough for a man to get married." A becoming flush suffused the face of the Goat.

"Gee, but that girl's a pippin," he finished, with a sigh.

The magnificent one seemed to be having a difficult time at the glove counter.

"Our fair Enid looks very charming this morning," he commented majestically.

Fair Enid behind the counter tossed her head, disdainfully.

"If that's all you've got to say, you're losing time," she remarked, saucily.

The magnificent one waxed theatrical.

"Then I should be rewarded by a smile from those lovely eyes."

"Oh, can it," interrupted the queen of the glove department. "Go tell that to your wife."

The face of the magnificent one turned a lovely shade of purple. It was Whimperlis' cue. With three strides he crossed the floor space and extended his hand in cordial greeting to the "fair Enid."

"Why, how d' do?" he exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"Didn't I used to know you at Dinklesplitzer's?" Apparently he had only just realized that fact. Before the girl had a chance to reply Whimperlis glanced toward the magnificent one. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he continued, apologetically, as if scenting a romance, "I didn't mean to butt in."

"H'm!" sniffed the floor walker, turning wrathfully away.

But the lovely lady with the alabaster complexion was not so easily deceived. The Star of Destiny was Saturn, meaning Satan, the Tempter. Fair Enid was schooled in the ways of tempters and therefore wary. "They don't get one over on me," she was wont to remark to her fellow Parisiennes behind the glove counter. So when the

vulnerable Mr. Whimperlis turned from his survey of departing magnificence, it was to find himself cordially shaking hands with a glove form instead of the plump little hand that in the Dinklesplitzer days used to help mother wash the dishes.

"Te-he-hee—" tittered the chorus of merry Parisiennes.

"Some day I'll get the real hand and then I'll—" What it was he would do was not stated at that time for a small girl—guaranteed to be

over sixteen—suddenly appeared from nowhere and clutched Mr. Whimperlis' sleeve.

"You're wanted," she announced in a tone that implied catastrophe. "The boss wants you—in the tailoring department—right away."

Whimperlis clutched the counter for support and gazed at the messenger in dismay. How many times he had heard such a message before. "I'll—I'll

be there—right away—" he gasped, fumbling about his pockets for a clean handkerchief. "Suppose I'm going to be discharged again."

"Oh, aren't you the unlucky man, though!" exclaimed fair Enid, sympathetically. "And just as we were getting so nicely acquainted, too." She sighed, dolefully.

"That new boss is awful. He's always sending for someone," chorused the Parisiennes.

"Oh, I guess I can stand it," exclaimed Whimperlis, extending his chest and marching off with the air of a martinet going to his doom.

"My, but isn't he brave!" exclaimed each of the chorus. "I'm glad I'm not him."



He Promised to Pull the Magnificent One's Nose. And He Did

They would have been gladder had they seen Whimperlis a moment later, cowering in the presence of an irate individual puffing in a coat two sizes too small for him while the Superintendent stood, like an avenger, in the middle of the room, barking in a loud and convincing voice about the great anxiety of the firm that all customers should be satisfied.

"Here's the confounded idiot that cut your coat too small for you," he yelled, as Whimperlis entered the room. "Look at it, you clump," he continued, waving an eloquent arm towards the offending garment, as the complainant turned round and round the better for Whimperlis' inspection. "Look what a mess you've made of it. Didn't I tell you to give especial attention to this gentleman's order? What do you think this establishment is? A chop suey restaurant? It's time you learned that anything doesn't go here."

"I'm very sorry, sir," pleaded Whimperlis. "I'll pay for it, sir. I must have been a little shaky, sir, when I cut that coat—"

"Drunk, I guess," interrupted the customer:

"That's right," thundered the Superintendent, again addressing the scapegoat. "You were drunk, that's what you were, and drunkenness isn't tolerated with the Mock Brothers. Young man you're fired."

Whimperlis' clean handkerchief was again in active service. His pleadings would have melted the heart of a wooden Indian.

"If you'll only give me another chance," he begged. "I've got an invalid mother and a grandfather dependent upon—"

"Confound you!" roared the Superintendent. "D'y think your mother and grandfather are of more interest to this firm than this gentleman's coat? Now that you've ruined it you can go down to the cashier and have the price of it deducted from your pay. D'y understand? Clear out now. You're fired. Simpkins," he called, "take this gentleman's measurement over again and see that the next coat made in this establishment is made to fit. Bring it to me personally for inspection before it is sent out."

"My poor mother—my poor mother—and good old grand-dad," groaned the abject Whimperlis, as he stumbled, cowed and humiliated, from the room.

"I suppose I really ought not to have made the poor fellow lose his position,"

commenced the customer in the tight coat, but the Superintendent interrupted.

"That's all right—that's all right," he explained. "It's not the first time he's been discharged."

"Did he fire you?" gasped fair Enid as Whimperlis, still somewhat red-eyed as a result of his recent histrionic efforts, appeared again in the neighborhood of the glove counter.

"Sure," replied the scapegoat. "That's why he sent for me."

"I'll tell you what you do," exclaimed the maiden, meditatively chewing the end of her lead pencil, "You walk up with me when I go home to dinner and I'll introduce you to a fellow up at the boarding place who goes out as collector. Maybe he can help you."

At the unexpected words Whimperlis' heart went flippety-flop. She didn't know that he was the Goat! She thought he was really discharged, just as he had been at Dinklesplitzer's. "I'll never tell her," he thought. Then a strident voice smote upon his ear. A woman with an ear trumpet was coming down the aisle. The Superintendent walked by her side.

"I'll discharge him at once," yelled the Superintendent into the trumpet. "That order was received last Wednesday. It ought to have been sent by special delivery. There's the man, now."

The strong arm of the man who represented the firm clutched Whimperlis by the arm and whirled him about to a position on a line with the trumpet.

"Oh, oh," gasped Enid. "Don't blame him. It wasn't his fault. I know it wasn't."

The magnificent floor walker appeared. "Shut up," he muttered. "Don't you get wise?"

"Whimperlis," blustered the Superintendent, "what d'y mean, hanging around here with the girls instead of looking after your mail orders. Here's a lady's order been neglected ever since Wednesday. Such carelessness may have been permitted in other stores where you've worked but we can't have it here. This settles it. Young man you're discharged."

Again the fatal words. No use to plead. Even the mention of a crippled sister and a little blind brother failed to touch the heart of the ear trumpet. Bristling with rage and breathing heavily through her nose, the venerable party moved on down the aisle, ac-

accompanied by the voluble assurances of the Superintendent that the high standard of efficiency maintained in Mock Brothers' Big Store was entirely due to their system of instantly discharging an employee upon the first indication of inefficiency.

"Wonderful—wonderful—" shrilled the owner of the trumpet. "In future I shall notify you instantly when there is lack of attention on the part of a clerk."

"Thank you—thank you," reiterated the Superintendent, bowing the old lady out.

That night, Whimperlis the Goat, sat on the sofa in Mrs. Boardemcheap's parlor, with his arm encircling the slim waist of the bewitching Enid, pressing kisses upon her ruby lips.

"You are my little cutie," he whispered as he fitted a three dollar diamond ring on her finger. "To-morrow I will pull that floor-walker's nose."

And he did. Revenge is sweet even to a Goat.

"You'll be discharged," spluttered the magnificent one after the ordeal was over.

"Just wait till I find the Superintendent."

But wonderful things were about to happen. Whimperlis, in his responsible position as Scapegoat, had got sufficiently far from an actual mercantile career to be outside the pale of the Little Dipper's malignant influence. As an offset to the array of calamitous influences which had attended him for seven years there now appeared a series of favorable lunar directions the working out of which became at once apparent in the appearance at Mock Brothers' Big Store of a legal representative of the firm of Gettit and Takeall. This representative made insistent demands for one Mr. Arthur Whimperlis and peremptory summons were issued for that gentleman to appear in the Superintendent's office.

"Young man," commenced the Superintendent, as Whimperlis entered, "this gentleman, here," indicating the legal luminary, present, "says that you have been in error—"

"Not intentionally sir," interrupted Whimperlis, clasping his hands, tragically.



He Grasped the Magnificent One by the Collar and Sent Him Crashing into the Crockery Case

"Whatever it is I'll make it right, only please don't discharge me. I've got a sick wife—"

"Is he subject to those spells?" whispered the lawyer to the Superintendent. "Because, if he is we'd better have him examined before turning over the inheritance—"

Examined! Whimperlis' ears caught the word. So that was it. This time it was theft that he was to be discharged for. With a suppressed sob that would have done any emotional actress credit, he twisted his last clean handkerchief in his hands and declared his utter willingness to be examined. "You can search me," he cried, "only please don't discharge me. I'm saving three dollars a week now to get married on—"

"The wife, Whimperlis—the wife," prompted the Superintendent. "You're getting your stories all mixed," then noting the perplexity of the lawyer as well as Whimperlis, the energetic Superintendent lay back in his chair and laughed.

"I don't see the joke," growled Whimperlis, angrily making for the door.

"Come back here, young man," shouted the Superintendent, between bursts of merriment. "Don't be in such a hurry. What I started to say was that you have been in error in considering yourself a poor man in need of a job. This gentleman has come to inform you that you are heir to a fortune—"

"—and a large estate," finished the lawyer.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Slowly, steadily the footsteps descended the stairs and traversed the main aisle of the store. They were the steps of a man over whom the benevolent planet of Jupiter reigned, whose meteoric seven year period of disaster was now to give place to wealth, happiness and revenge for past affronts. The man was Arthur Whimperlis, some time salesman in Salladasburg. Straight before him trudged a youthful charioteer, dragging behind him

a packing case filled with crockery. Whimperlis spurned it. He could afford to. A man just come into possession of five thousand dollars and a chicken farm in New Jersey could afford to be arrogant. Whimperlis swept by the magnificent floor walker without even seeing him.

But he saw him five minutes later—at the glove counter.

Fair Enid was inclined to be flirtatious. "I'll fix him," muttered Whimperlis, under his breath. "Said he'd have me discharged for pulling his nose." With a sudden, goat-like leap he grasped the magnificent one by the coat collar and sent him crashing into the crockery case.

Next day the assembled clerks at Mock's Big Store each read a wonderful notice. It was printed on a card of most fashionable design by a hand press and announced the marriage of Mr. Arthur Whimperlis, late of Mock Brothers' Big Store, to Miss Enid Murphy, formerly of Dinklesplitzen's but more recently Parisian clerk at Mock's.

Five years later the Star of Destiny tempted a very small boy to break a saucer.

"It was one of my wedding presents from the girls at the store," complained his mother. "The only one left like those you threw the floor walker into."

At the words the small boy's father rose and ordered the culprit brought before him.

"Young man," he commenced, "this is the last time I'm going to put up with your carelessness. Go out in that yard and bring me a switch."

"Please—please—" wailed the youngster, rubbing his eyes with his chubby fists, "Give me one more chance, Papa, just one more chance. I didn't mean to do it. I—"

"The very image of you," whispered his mother, "when you talked into the ear trumpet."

"Young man you are discharged," said Arthur Whimperlis. "One Goat in the family's enough."

SURPRISED

I FOUND a surprise awaiting me when I got home last night," remarked a member of the Nestor Company upon his arrival at the studio the other morning.

"What was it?" asked the boys with whom he had been out.

"My wife was asleep."

HAVE you ever wondered what your favorite photo player likes best to eat? Haven't you, at some time or other, wondered just what dish your favorite film player thinks is most delicious?

Have you ever given a "My Film Favorite" party? It is a novel means of entertainment and should rapidly become popular. Be the first one in your community to give such an affair and then serve your photo player's favorite dish.

In this new department we plan to give the favorite dishes of all the players with their own personal directions for making them.

Their Favorite Dishes and How They Make Them

By Katherine Synon

EVER since blue stockings began to replace green hosiery in the wardrobe of advanced femininity art and cookery have somehow been regarded as incompatible. Women who could write, women who could paint, women who could act have been considered by mankind as either superior to the need of domestic service or inferior to its demands. In the last few years however the myth that women who had ability sufficient to win artistic laurels had not ability equal to the concoction of a meal is disappearing into the mist of mid-Victorian tradition. So many famous women writers have proven themselves famous cooks and housewives, so many women sculptors have carved culinary masterpieces, so many actresses have developed, when occasion arose, into chefs of marvelous ability, that the old order is passing. And in the realm of motion pictures, where the conditions of work give the actresses the opportunity for home life that the ways of the stage never permitted, there is developing a school of domestic art that bids fair to rival the art of the studios.

Every film company in the country has a group of women players who could win laurels as cooks. The Essanay Company, at both the Chicago and the California studios, boasts of star cooks who are as proud of

their culinary as of their stage successes. Beverly Bayne can turn a flapjack as easily as she can turn a scenic crisis in emotional psychology. Ruth Stonehouse can make a tamale that would demoralize the Mexican army to desertion if they were ever tempted by the delicacy. Marguerite Clayton, out in Niles, California, is another student of Mexican cookery. Margaret Joslin of the California company makes a specialty of waffles. Lillian Drew and Helen Dunbar can manufacture desserts that have given them such prestige that they have been urged to start studio tea rooms.

With the proof of their puddings already established these artists of the cameras and the kitchens are willing to give out the recipes of their most famous dishes. Beverly Bayne is particularly proud of her "Brownies," those cookies that are an institution in the Argyle studios since brown-eyed Beverly discovered that she could make them. The recipe for their making is:

2 cups of white granulated sugar
½ cup of melted butter
2 eggs (unbeaten)
4 squares of melted chocolate
1 cup of chopped English walnuts
1 cup of flour
1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Mix all the ingredients in the order given above, Beverly says. Then place on buttered

baking pans a dessertspoonful of the mixture every half-inch apart. Bake in fairly hot oven for about fifteen minutes until a fine crust is formed on the outside (the inside being better soft).

Ruth Stonehouse, who lived in southwestern Colorado for several years before she went into film acting and who learned how to manufacture Mexican dishes while she was learning to ride a Mexican saddle horse, has a recipe for tamales that has been tried and found wonderful. This recipe has to be prefaced by a general account of tamale making, which Miss Stonehouse gives.

"Tamales," she says, "are, of course, a mixture of meat or fowl made hot with chiles and wrapped in corn husks. The Mexicans, when they can't get scalded meal, use shelled corn prepared with lime-water. They use the *molcajete* instead of a mortar for the grinding. They add an ounce of common lime to a quart of water, stir it, and let it settle, then drain off the water, using a quart for a pound of corn. They cover the corn with water, add the lime-water, boil it until the husk slips off easily, then wash in cold water until it is quite white. They use the inside leaves of the corn husks for the wrapping, boiling them in clear water until they are perfectly clean, drying them and rubbing them with a cloth dipped in hot lard. Use some of the dry leaves, not yet larded, for tying the others.

"I think, though, that for general use outside Mexican communities where they grind the corn for you, the *Viajero Tamale* is the best to make. For this scald a quart of white corn meal, until it is moist, but not soft. Boil a chicken until it is tender, then separate it. Season the broth with the pulp of 24 chile peppers, a quart of whole olives, two pounds of raisins, a cupful of lard, salt, and a little garlic. Thicken with cornmeal until it looks like gravy. Lay one of the husks flat, put a piece of chicken on it, add two tablespoonfuls of the thickened gravy. Then fold over the husk with the chicken inside. Roll outside of this six more husks, with two tablespoonfuls of the scalded meal in each. Tie each end with a narrow strip of the husk. Then steam three hours.

"It isn't as hard as it sounds, and it's the very best Mexican tamale that there is," Miss Stonehouse declares. "If you had to grind the corn, you might think it was a real job, but here where you can get the meal ready-made, it's as simple as posing

for the picture of a maiden in prison." Which is the Stonehouse way of saying that it is easier than falling off a log.

Marguerite Clayton's Mexican recipe delights in the name of *Rellenos de Queso de Gruyere*. It is also a pepper dish, but not a tamale. Miss Clayton says that all you have to do is to put six chile peppers in the oven for a few moments, then wipe off all the outer skin. Cut off the tops and take out the seeds and the veins, taking special care that you don't let either touch your skin unless you want to emulate the Mexican dancing bean. Then make a stuffing of Swiss cheese, flavored with chopped onion, parsley and a little lemon juice. Fill the peppers with this preparation to within a quarter inch of the top. Beat four eggs, whites and yolks separately, whip them together and thicken with a teaspoonful of flour. Dip the peppers in this batter and fry in hot olive oil until brown. Serve with tomato sauce.

Miss Clayton can also make *Arroz en el Horno*, *Cidracayote*, *Habas Espana*, and various other high-sounding dishes that are simpler than they sound.

With her accomplishment in foreign dishes well known, she is willing to leave the laurels for waffles to Margaret Joslin, of the Niles studio. Waffles, according to Miss Joslin, the expert waffle maker of the Sunset state, must have foundation. Take one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one egg, two and a half cups of milk, two and a half cups of flour, one heaping tablespoonful of shortening, cold or melted.

Waffles, says the expert, should be a little stiffer in foundation than pancakes or cornbread. They are better, too, with more eggs. If you can use eggs to raise them instead of baking powder or soda, you'll have the kind of waffles of which poets have sung. Use the best foundation at your command, and pour into waffle irons. Bake in a hot oven.

Helen Dunbar's grandmother came from Maine. When she came she brought with her the family Bible and a recipe for New England mince meat pie.

"Begin with two pounds of boiled lean beef," advises the player of dignified dames in the Essanay pictures. "See that this has no fat in it, then chop it fine. Mix with it one pound of suet, also chopped very fine, and a quart of chopped apples, which you have measured after chopping. Put in three cupfuls of seeded raisins, a half cupful of

candied orange and lemon peel, chopped fine, a half pound of citron sliced thin and shredded, a cupful of currants, a quarter of a cupful of candied fruit chopped fine, a half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a half cupful each of molasses, brandy, and sherry, a cupful each of sugar and cider, the grated rind of one lemon and one orange, and a half cupful of the meat liquor. Allow to ripen several days before using, then pour over the pie-crust which is set in a very deep pie dish." And, remember, Thanksgiving is coming.

Lillian Drew makes Neige as follows:

Peel and core eight large apples. Cook whole in a rich syrup until they are soft. Remove carefully and arrange on a dish for serving. Then fill the core cavities with quince jelly and cover completely with a meringue made of the whites of four eggs and a half-cupful of powdered sugar flavored with a little lemon juice. Stick blanched and shredded almonds over the meringue. Brown slightly in a quick oven.

Do you wonder that the Essanay people have that smile that won't come off?

The Picture Show Pest

By Elmer Edmond Johnson

THERE'S many a blawsted, bloomin' bore,"
Said Percival Wiggins one day,
"Who'll wildly applaud and madly encore,
A film that is right well passe.
And a rooky or two in the rear of the hall,
Will giggle and titter with glee,
At the gown that is worn by the belle of the ball,"
Said Percival Wiggins to me.

"There's many a beastly, bloody bloke,"
Said Percival Wiggins one day,
"Who think that a love scene was meant for a joke,
And pathos don't count in a play.
And oft' times a maiden just turned seventeen,
Will sob right out loud in the show,
When the heroic actor displayed on the screen,
Saves the girl from the villain, you know."

"There's many a flittish, foolish girl,"
Said Percival Wiggins one day,
"With a black beauty spot and a wee fish-hook curl,
Who come to the picture play.
They'd sacrifice home, love, honor and all,
For a chance at the photoplay game.
They practice love scenes by the old garden wall,
And knew every actor by name."

"There's many a peevish, garrulous pest,"
Said Percival Wiggins one day,
"But one in particular, worse than the rest,
And I fear he's among us to stay.
With a voice like a fog horn, he sits in the crowd,
And torments with unholy glee.
The bounder who reads the sub-titles out loud,"
Said Percival Wiggins to me.

"Behind the Scenes"

Where Steve Hunter, the Young Man from the West, Meets Dolly Lane, the Prettiest Little Soubrette on Broadway.

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

Written from the Play by Margaret Mayo

Illustrations from the Famous Players Film,
Featuring Mary Pickford

IF YOU had ever beheld the little hall bedroom in which she lived you would never have guessed that it was big enough to contain as great an ambition as Dolly Lane's. Dolly was only a soubrette in a Broadway musical comedy but that did not prevent her from dreaming dreams of a future fame that should outshine even Fritz Scheff's. To that end she worked, with that goal in view she slaved, without so much as a thought of romance to divert her attention. No one, therefore, would have been so surprised as Dolly, if she had known how soon she was to exchange the god of ambition for the god of love!

A bitter wind was blowing off the river down Forty-second street, when the Wolverine pulled into the Grand Central Depot, but to Steve Hunter, as he stepped off the train, fresh from his uncle's ranch in Idaho, and bronzed with the wind of the wheatfields, it seemed only a friendly greeting. Reaching Broadway he swung on to a car with characteristic vigor. It was his first visit to New York and he was on his way to see the one man he knew, Teddy Harrington, whose father had gone to school with Steve's father, when they were boys. Harrington was well off and a broker, and he always had spare time on his hands. He made Hunter welcome, and after a chat in his office, invited the westerner to dine with him that night and go afterwards to see the best "show" in town.

That it happened to be the very one in which little Dolly Lane was playing, goes without saying. Yet that very morning, Dolly tucked her curls under her smart little fur turban,



gave her wrist watch a twist and started on her way to rehearsal exactly as she had done every day of her life for the past four years; for all the world as if Steve Hunter had not arrived in New York! A strange thing when you consider how important a part he was shortly to play in her life!

The show was not very good, but the big westerner in the front row, with the boyish face, and hearty laugh, was quite unaware of that fact. It is safe to say that he would not have been able to tell whether it had a plot or not, for he had eyes only for the soubrette of the piece, the girl with the dimples,—whose nut-brown curls bobbed so entrancingly when she danced. So great was his infatuation that nothing would do but that Harrington must introduce him. This was not a difficult thing for the broker to arrange, for he knew most of the theatrical people in town. A few minutes talk



"There's the Road to the Station, You're Free to Go When You Like"

with Frank Canby, the producer and financial backer of the show, gained him an invitation for himself and his friend to attend a little supper after the theatre which the authors of the piece were giving for those who took part in it.

Dolly Lane, because she was so young, —so much in earnest, and so delightfully pretty, was a great favorite with the members of the company. The two men, Harrington and Steve Hunter, had difficulty in getting a minute with her, but at last it was accomplished.

The boyish blush with which Steve tried to tell her of his admiration, went straight to the young girl's heart. She sprang upon a chair and catching up her skirt, with a bewitching bow, sang: "Thank you kindly, sir, she said!"

Weeks went by, fascinating, idle weeks, for Steve, and busy ones for Dolly Lane. All the time she could possibly spare from her work she was giving to the visitor from the wheatfields of Idaho. They had lunch together and supper together at numbers of quaint little restaurants, and on Sunday afternoons, explored the library or the Metropolitan, or rode down the Avenue on a bus, and went to call on the fish at the aquarium. But for all that Dolly was so generous with her time, there were still long afternoons and mornings when the young man would have to go without a sight of her, and these he spent generally with Teddy Harrington and his friends, so that it was no wonder that he was soon drawn into the net of Wall Street, and before many weeks, had been persuaded to risk the ten thousand dollars which represented his sole fortune, on a deal which his friend promised him was "safe."

Like most men on their first visit to New York, he had caught the fever for money getting, and it seemed to him that now he had more reason than ever for desiring wealth, for he had at last persuaded Dolly to marry him.

To the girl herself their engagement was a continual source of astonishment. She had never believed that she could give up her "art," as she always termed her work on the stage, for the dream of love; and yet the dream, when it came to her, was so real, so absorbing, so bright and beautiful, she had been unable to keep from letting it have its way with her.

Their wedding was a very gay affair,

given in Teddy Harrington's apartment, and a number of Dolly's friends from the company were there, including the producer, Frank Canby. The latter had always been a great admirer of Dolly's and the flowers which everywhere adorned the rooms were his tribute to the occasion.

It was almost time to leave for the train which was to take the bride and groom west to their home in Idaho, and Dolly had gone to put on her "going away" things, while Steve was endeavoring to make a speech,—when he was summoned to the telephone. He took up the receiver casually enough, but a moment later, the little bride, who was stealing down the hall in all the bravery of her new suit and hat, saw him turn pale.

"Merciful Heavens, boy, you can't mean it!" she heard him say in shocked tones, and then: "Why, Harrington, old fellow, you told me it was safe!"

She rushed to him as he put down the receiver.

"Steve! Darling! What is it!" she said, for he had staggered back against the wall.

He straightened up almost instantly, and spoke with lips that did not shake.

"My poor little wife!" he said, a world of misery in his eyes as he stared at her, "I've gone and done it! I gave all the money I had to Harrington to turn a deal for me, and I've lost it! I've lost it all!"

Her luminous brown eyes opened very wide. "O Stevie!" she said like a little child, "Is it all gone?"

He groaned, though he still looked her in the face like a man.

"Yes," he said, "I've nothing left!"

But the girl, instead of withering under the blow, seemed to grow and bloom forth with new strength.

"You have *me*," she said simply.

He put his arms around her.

The news which Steve had heard on his wedding day made a great change in the lives of the two. All his bright hopes of returning to the ranch in Idaho with his wife, and taking care of her himself, were gone, for penniless as he was, there was nothing to do but let her go back to the stage as a means of making her living, while he scoured New York for a job. To a man of his pride it was impossible to go back to live on his uncle's generosity, now that he had no longer the ten thousand dollars which had enabled him to feel somewhat inde-

pendent. The fact that he had written his uncle about his contemplated plunge in stocks and had received a letter from the old man warning him against such a venture, made it all the harder. No, the self-respecting thing to do, he thought, was to give up the ranch entirely, and live in New York. He might have to let his wife continue her career on the stage for a time, but that wouldn't last—he would soon be making money again, he felt sure.

True enough, after a few months he had found his feet and was receiving a large enough salary as a shipping clerk to make it no longer necessary for Dolly to work. But by this time all her old ambitions had filled her—returned and with renewed strength, and she met all his entreaties to give up her old life with laughing refusals. Even when a telegram came for him informing him of his uncle's critical illness and he asked her to take the journey back with him, she gave him the same answer.

"I can't give it up now, it's right in the

middle of the season. It wouldn't be fair!"

• So he packed his things hurriedly, kissed her a passionate good-bye as she lay dozing in bed the next morning, and took the first train west.

If Dolly had gone to Idaho with him immediately upon their marriage, as he had planned, the chances are, she would have lived her new life there in contentment without longing for the old. When she had accepted Steve she had believed that a theatrical career was incompatible with domestic life. But the past few months had taught her the fallacy of that theory. She could have both, she was convinced, and she was sure she needed both to be happy.

She missed Steve, of course, when he had gone, but her loneliness only made her throw herself into her work with more ardor than ever, and with every day she advanced more rapidly in the favor of the public. And her triumph was not restricted to the public, for by this time Frank Canby, the producer, no longer deterred by the presence of her



She Sprang upon a Chair and Catching up Her Skirt with a Bewitching Bow Sang: "Thank You Kindly. Sir, She Said!"

husband, made no secret of his infatuation for her.

But Steve, although he had an idea that Dolly had not at all regretted going back to the stage, was not aware how deeply the fascinations of that kind of life had laid hold upon her, and upon his return to New York had quite forgotten her reluctance to give it up. He was confounded, therefore, when Dolly, rushing into their room in the boarding house where they lived, threw her arms around his neck and told him that she had been made leading lady of the company.

"But Dolly, dear," he said, "it can't be! You don't know what you're saying! I have different plans for you!"

She saw by his expression that he had news too, and tapped her foot impatiently.

"Well," she said, "why not? Why can't it be, Stevie? What are your plans?"

"My uncle is dead," he said, "and he has left me the ranch—everything. I'm a rich man now, and I want to take care of you myself. I thought we'd go back to Idaho together, just as we planned when we were married."

She stood stock-still as he spoke, her dreams of fame and success crumbling about her. She heard in his words the death to such hopes. But she was a loyal little wife and she heard, too, the hurt in his voice and responded to it.

"All right," she said, and her tones did not so much as tremble, "of course if you wish it, we'll go!"

"But not if *you* don't wish it, not if you don't wish it, Dolly!" he protested.

She was equal even to that.

"Well," she said, "it is a blow to have to give up my career just as I've reached the very top! If I didn't—If I didn't—" She stopped, the tears that would be evidence of the struggle she was making, were near to betraying her.

"If you didn't—what?" enquired Steve, pressing her hand anxiously. "Tell me what you were going to say!"

"If I didn't love you," she said, "I couldn't do it!" and then the sobs, signals of a lost hope and a battle won, overcame her.

They left for Idaho that night.

There is a peace in blowing winds and miles of fruitful land, a solace in the song of the harvesting machine, for those who seek it, but not for the fretful heart which looks backward and pines for the roaring pavements and dancing lights of the city.

And so it was that Dolly's new home did not satisfy nor content her. Try as she would to immerse herself in domestic tasks, to take an interest in all the tales of the day's work which Steve, glowing with health and enjoyment of the life he loved, brought to her, she could not seem to tear from her heart a picture. It was the image of herself in the costume of the leading lady of Broadway's most successful musical comedy, bowing before the curtain. And always as it danced before her eyes, her ears heard the faint, far-off sound of countless hands closing palm on palm.

At length Steve came to see her discontent, which at first she tried to hide from him, but when he asked anxiously what he could do to make her happier, she would only shake her head. The situation had to change however, it was too poignant to remain as it was.

A letter from Frank Canby, offering Dolly the star part in one of his new productions, brought on the crisis. She went out to Steve one morning where he worked in the fields with his men, and asked for a word with him.

Just to look at her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes he knew that it was something important, something in particular which brought her to him, and he regarded her gravely while he waited for her to speak.

"I want to tell you," she began, falteringly, "I want to tell you—that I must go. I must go back to New York and—and to the stage."

Steve drew a long breath of pain.

"I was afraid it was that!" he said.

She gave a quick little cry.

"O Steve!" she pleaded, "you won't prevent me?"

He shook his head slowly, but his voice, though gentle, was even graver than before.

"Why, of course I won't prevent you!" he said. "Your home isn't a prison. There's the road to the station, you're free to go when you like." He pointed to the straight, treeless drive which led away toward the ranch gate.

A little bewildered by his self-control and calm acceptance of her announcement, she walked away, slowly.

Before she had gone far, he called her back.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that whenever you want me, I'll come, but I won't



She Threw Herself into Her Work with More Ardor Than Ever

come unless you send for me," and she never saw how his face looked as she turned away.

Dolly's return to the stage was an unqualified triumph, and Frank Canby did everything possible to give the play in which she was to star a brilliant production. His attentions and kindnesses were so profuse, indeed, that Dolly was bewildered and did not know quite how to thank him. And that was exactly the way Frank Canby wanted her to feel. A woman without a husband to protect her, was always fair game for him, and already he thought he saw the end of it all.

As for Dolly, for a brief week or so after her triumph she was satisfied with the step she had taken. The excitement, the attention she received, more than repaid her for the wrench it had cost her to leave Steve, and then, just as suddenly, as quickly, as the fever to go, had seized her, it left her, and she found that success without Steve to share it with her, was nothing. She

longed to go back, to hear his voice again, even if it were only shouting to his men in the fields.

A telegram would have summoned him to her, she knew,—had he not said he would come if she sent for him?—but her pride kept her from it.

Two months passed, apparently filled with all that she had thought made life worth living, yet daily and hourly her loneliness increased. So poignant was it at times, that often it led her as far as the telegraph office, though she never actually gave way to the impulse to go in.

Out in Idaho, things were not going much better for Steve. It is one thing to let your wife leave you to take up her career, rather than to coerce her to stay with you, but another thing to try to live through the long days without her. Steve redoubled his interest in his work and toiled unceasingly from dawn to dark, but still the vision of a little figure with dancing brown curls and dimpled smile, haunted the old ranch house and

somehow, the wheatfields seemed emptied of sunlight.

When a woman arrives at the point when she feels she can "no longer endure it," she goes right on enduring, but when a man arrives at that conclusion, he acts!

And that was what Steve did. With superb disregard of the wounded pride which had made him say that he would come only when she sent for him, one day he packed his grip, and departed for the east. His first thought had been to go right to Dolly, but on arriving in New York, he changed his mind, and telephoned Teddy Harrington to go with him to see the musical extravaganza in which she was starring. After the performance was over he thought he would go behind the scenes and surprise her.

As it happened there was in the theatre that night, another man who was counting on a private interview with Dolly after the others had gone; and that was the producer, Frank Canby. He had been drinking more than was good for him or he would probably

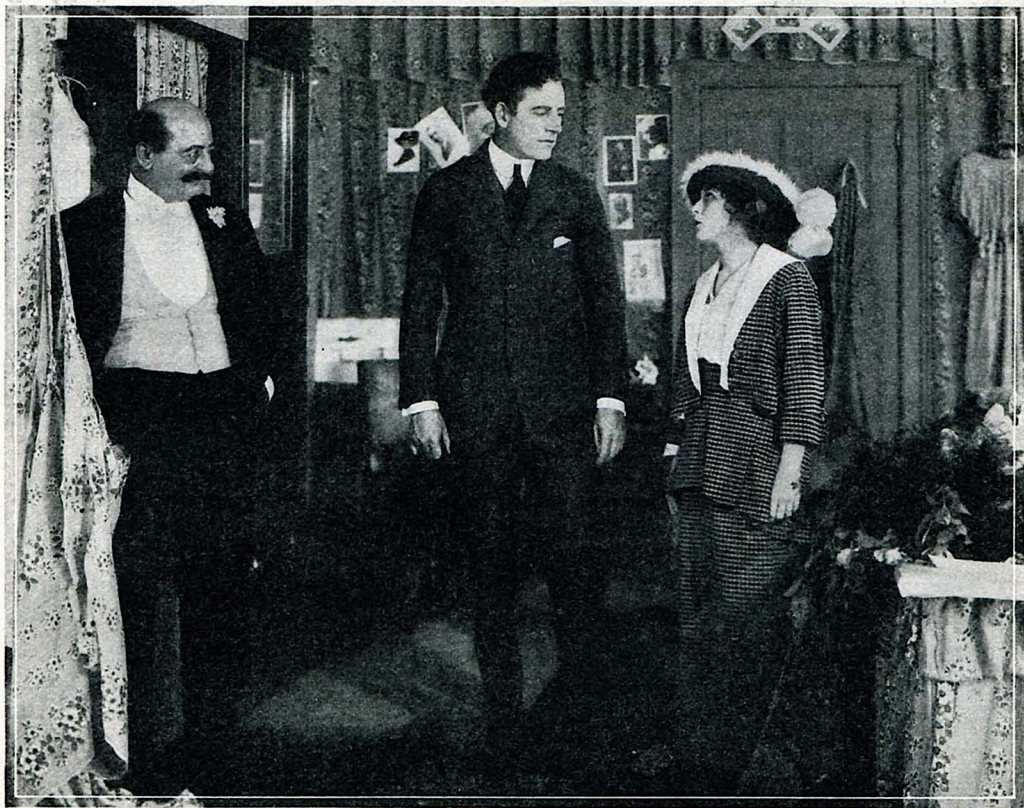
not have had the courage to count on any such thing, for there was something about Dolly's very innocence which kept men of his type at bay. But he had made her the success she was,—no one could deny that, and time for a reckoning had come. Why not to-night? Bolstered up by these thoughts, and one last drink,—he made his stumbling way to the star's dressing-room and knocked.

The maid admitted him when he had given his name, and went out on some errand, leaving the door open. But Canby closed it, even before he greeted Dolly. Then he turned his dark face with the blood-shot eyes toward her, and there was a smile upon it, as he took a step in her direction,—which told the girl the whole tale.

"At last, Dolly-girl, at last!" he said.

She retreated before his greedy arms, her face aghast and shocked.

"I don't understand," she said. "Surely, Mr. Canby, you can't mean—" Then, as she saw the drunken look in his eyes, she broke



A Wave of Soul-Sickness Came over Dolly. The Fear That Steve Would Misunderstand the Situation Seized upon Her

off, wringing her hands. "O, go!" she said, "please go!"

"Go?" he repeated, "well hardly! You haven't thanked me yet for all I've done for you. You haven't thanked me at all!" And with that he seized her around the waist and bent her head back for a kiss.

Fortunately for the struggling girl, it was at that precise instant that Steve and Teddy Harrington arrived at the door. She could hardly believe her ears but that was surely Steve's voice! By some magical intervention of Providence her husband had appeared upon the scene, just when she needed him the most!

The knock at the door, the sound of the men's voices, sobered Canby for a moment. He turned to her beseechingly—

"You won't give me away?" he whispered, and putting aside the curtains of a cupboard where some costumes were hanging, concealed himself behind them.

Mechanically, and without waiting to consider the compromising situation she would be in if Canby were discovered in hiding, Dolly said "come in," and her husband and his friend entered.

"Why Steve!" was all she could manage to say.

He eyed her white face and drawn lips a moment in silence, then stepped forward in concern.

"My dear girl!" he said, "how badly you look. You're quite done up!"

"Yes," she said, "I'm quite done up!" But she spoke faintly and her gaze never left the cupboard. Involuntarily he turned to look where she looked and saw a man's foot protruding below the edge of one of the curtains. In two strides he had reached the cupboard, and in another instant had

jerked out the trembling producer by his collar.

A wave of soul-sickness passed over Dolly. The fear that Steve would misunderstand the situation seized upon her, yet she made no effort to defend herself. Speech seemed beyond her power just then, she could only stand and gap.

But she need not have been afraid. Steve was incapable of thinking there was anything to his wife's discredit in finding this man in the room. As well as if he had been there all the time, he knew just how the thing had happened, so now he turned only to Harrington for comment.

"What animal is this do you suppose?" he said, and even as Harrington's horrified accents murmured the name he went on:

"Whatever it is, it's drunk. Would you mind taking it out with you, Teddy, and putting it some place where it belongs, some place out of the way?"

Only when Harrington, obediently complying with this request, left the room, dragging the producer with him, did Steve turn to his wife.

"This is no place for you," he said simply, "that's what I came to tell you."

And at the words, the excitement and horror, the anguish and suspense of the past few moments, left Dolly, as a wave recedes from the shore. A vision came to her of the wheatfields of Idaho with the wind blowing over them, and a ranch house with a man and a woman in it, who loved each other.

The tears rushed into her eyes but she smiled as she put her arm around her husband.

"Oh, Stevie, darling," she said, "let's go home!"

DESPERATE

THEY are telling this one on William Shay of the Imp Company, who while in London was goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity of tips. Finally he entered a washroom in his hotel, only to be faced by a large sign which read, "Please tip the basin after using."

"Never!" exclaimed Shay, turning on his heels, "I'll go dirty first."

Propaganda Picture Plays

By C. W. Garrison

THERE is no limit to the possibilities of moving picture production and the people who are interested in advancing an idea or pointing a moral to the public are finding it out. The screen is already used for innumerable purposes besides those of straight entertainment. Real estate dealers, schools, government bureaus, manufacturers, and political parties are putting the things they want to tell in moving pictures.

As these lines are being written, "Damaged Goods," a play written for the sole purpose of teaching the necessity of combating the diseases of vice, is being given its first film production. The women suffragists, headed by Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chicago, are producing a play called "Your Girl and Mine," which tells in many a startling scene why women ought to have the vote. And down south they are putting on a film play entitled, "Buy-a-Bale," which, it is hoped, will prevent the bottom from falling out of a cotton market that is hard hit by the war in Europe.

It would seem, of course, that plays written to present an argument or teach a lesson would hardly be as interesting in the theatre as those intended merely to raise a laugh or start a tear; but if this is the rule there are some exceptions to it. "Your Girl and Mine" is an exciting melodrama

in spite of its woman suffrage idea and "Damaged Goods" is a heartrending play in spite of its moral.

"Your Girl and Mine"

NOW comes a picture play of an entirely different sort—one designed to promote the interest in woman suffrage. "Your Girl and Mine," written by Mr. Gilson Willets, is an intensely interesting portrayal of the life of Rosiland Fairie, a wealthy young girl who has married Ben Austin, the good-for-nothing son of the idle rich.

Ben is in such financial straits that bill collectors follow him to the church door on his wedding day. Upon the bridal couple's return to their home, the bride—still in her wedding clothes—is compelled to settle some of her husband's accounts. Things continue to go along in this way for years. The wife struggles along as best she can, doing her utmost to give her two children proper bringing-up—until finally the limit of her endurance is reached and she refuses to give her husband any more money. This leads him to try a new scheme in which he plans to let Rosiland know something of his past. He goes to the home of Kate Price, a woman whom he has discarded, and leaves word for Rosiland to follow. Kate refuses to permit Rosiland's



"The Man of the Hour" is not So Overwhelming That All Photoplays That Follow It must Seem Unsatisfying



These Pictures Show the Bewilderment of Wildflower in the World of Fashion

ignorance to be disturbed, and when Ben tries to open the door to admit his wife, she kills him and then leaves the place and takes poison.

Rosiland—free from her incumbrance—goes into suffrage work and thus comes to know Richard Burbank, Lieutenant Governor of the state. Their romance develops into a happy marriage and some scenes follow showing, rather didactically, the improvement in conditions under woman suffrage.

Throughout the film, the story of the two women—Rosiland, Austin's wife, and Kate Price, the "other" woman—is carried in a most interesting way and no chance is lost to show the unfairness of granting woman her proper rights. The play was written to entertain and, at the same time, show in every way possible the good that can be effected by woman suffrage. That the author and directors have accomplished their task is without question. The story is a melodrama of the type to which Mr. Willets has given long study and practice, and he has combined the story plot and the advocacy of woman suffrage in such a way

that the audience must be most unresponsive whose deep interest is not aroused by this motion picture play.

The play was produced by William N. Selig for Mrs. Medill McCormick and the National American Woman Suffrage Association. The cast includes such notables as Olive Wyndham, Katherine Kaelred and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.

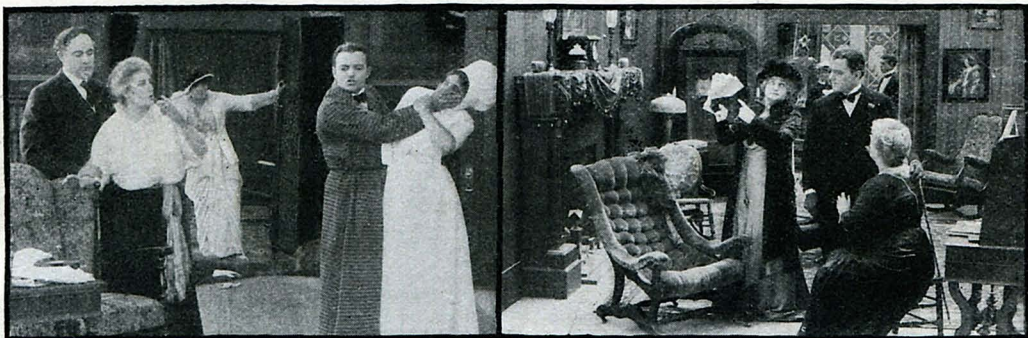
The expenditure of time, money and skill necessary to produce such a feature is worthy of notice. And the fact that the moving picture is thus made the means of conveying a message to thousands upon thousands of people, makes our conviction all the more firm—the usefulness of the moving picture is practically limitless, and we await expectantly its next new use.

"Damaged Goods"

"DAMAGED GOODS" is a shocking play—but, then, it was intended to shock. Brieux, the Frenchman who wrote the original version of it, wanted to teach his fellow-countrymen a lesson. He wanted to make them realize that sexual disease is so wide-



It Is Entirely Fitting that Tom Terris Should First Appear on the Screen in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"



"Damaged Goods" Is, First of All, a Sermon and There Is No Titillating in It

spread and so terrible a menace that something must be done about it. The play would hardly have been produced in America if it had not been for the aid given young Richard Bennett by a medical journal. And Mr. Bennett would never have been asked to appear in it on the screen if ministers and mothers, fathers and physicians the country over had not given the stage play their enthusiastic approval. For though "Damaged Goods" is possibly the most plain-spoken drama ever presented to an American audience, it is first of all a sermon, and there is nothing titillating in it.

Richard Bennett—and let it be said at once that he has proved himself as fine an actor before the camera as he is behind the foot-lights—is so young, so good-looking, and so debonair that his tragic experience in the character of George Dupont is all the more terrible to contemplate. It was all so cruel and all so unnecessary!

George Dupont was engaged to Henriette. He had not been an especially wild young man; at least he had been very discreet about his indiscretions. But he had gone

to a bachelor dinner which ended where so many gatherings of fun-loving young men have ended. When he consulted the family doctor, that honest and wise man told him that it would be a crime for him to marry until he was certain that his blood was clean again. George Dupont knew that he would have to marry Henriette within a brief time, or not at all. He listened to a quack who promised to cure him in weeks instead of years. His marriage promised happily at first; he and Henriette were very much in love. But when their child was born, George Dupont learned the awful penalty that he and his wife and his son would have to pay for his evening of irresponsibility.

The good doctor argues all through the play that knowledge is the preventative of such desperate predicaments as that of the Duponts. The story hardly bears him out. George knew the dangers he was running from beginning to end—but he went ahead just the same. Brioux has failed to prove that knowledge will do what he claims for it; rather he has shown us that it won't.



"Damaged Goods" Is a Shocking Play Written with the Intention of Teaching a Lesson



The Volcano Action in "The Wrath of the Gods" Makes It Well Worth Seeing

The American Film Company has given the piece a splendid production. The settings are nothing less than stunning; the

cast is an excellent one; and the stage management is far above that of the average moving picture play.

The Stars of Stageland on the Screen

By Vanderheyden Fyles

NOW is the time when the movie fan has the advantage of the theatre-goer. For this season many of the most prominent stars of the legitimate stage have chosen to make their first bow in their pictures rather than in their own persons. Those who go to the film dramas will have a chance this month to see such a galaxy as never was before in the same time. Ethel Barrymore will appear in "The Nightingale." Macklyn Arbuckle will do "The County Chairman." May Irwin will give us "Mrs. Black is Back." Tyrone Power will lend his distinguished personality to "Aristocracy." Dainty Marguerite Clark will show herself in "Wildflower." Bertha Kalich, Richard Bennett, the Farnums, Julian L'Estrange,

Charles Richman, and many others will appear on the screen before they act any speaking parts.

Mary Germaine, named as author of "Wildflower" (in four parts and produced by the Famous Players Film Company), has been altogether successful in fitting Marguerite Clark with a part that gives full play to every aspect of her daintiness and youth and charm. The ingredients are chiefly saintly Little Emily and daredevil but immaculate M'liss; the combination that—long, long before the photoplay was thought of—made reigning pets of Lotta and Maggie Mitchell, now wealthy old ladies living in retirement, and that never fails to win the hearts of unsophisticated audiences.



And the Romantic Nature of the Story Increases the Interest in the Bewildering Upheavals

Miss Clark, looking nothing more nor less than just an elfish child, is Wildflower, quite the most innocent creature heard of since Lotta was a girl. She lives on a farm on the edge of a forest, far (if Mr. Hardy can spare a few words) from the maddening crowd. Into this retreat, a stranger penetrates. He is a New Yorker, bored with the exactions and the "shallowness" of that high society that flourishes in the yellow Sunday supplements. He seeks only seclusion and simplicity and rest. Wildflower's eerie gaiety and fragile beauty interest him and they become friends—oh, very, very innocently, you understand. But Arnold has a brother, Gerald. Whether Gerald also has become fatigued with the arduous exactions of the Fox Trot is not clear, nor is it to the point; the fact that matters is that he, too, penetrates the forests, sees Wildflower and is fascinated. Gerald is a bad 'un; and after a brief, tempestuous wooing, Wildflower capitulates and elopes with him. Arnold pursues them and catches up with them just after some sort of marriage ceremony is over. There is a scrap between the brothers, Gerald doubles up to the forceful argument of Arnold's upper-cut, and Arnold carries off the frightened and dismayed bride. Happily, he carries her a long way, for the pictures of the flight—by motor-car and train—are among the best and liveliest of the play.

Arnold does not stop fleeing with his precious burden until they have reached the home of the ancient Boyd family, which, you will be impressed and comforted to know, is on Fifth Avenue. He introduces Wildflower as his wife, not his brother's, telling her the lie is necessary for the protection of her reputation. Exactly why is not made clear; but every one will admit the play has to go on somehow. Instances of the rural, juvenile bewilderment of Wildflower in the world of fashion, follow. The hauteur of the men-servants is beyond description; Wildflower's surprise and ignorance of the most ordinary urban customs and appliances would do credit to Josh Whitcomb in his palmiest days; and her treatment of the fashionable modistes would make Madame Sans Gene appear to the manner born. Of course, it is all too cute for words! Then, for serious balance, there is the dawning of love between Wildflower and her protector. I venture to say that you will not be entirely surprised when I tell you

that in the end all obstacles are cleared away for them, the wicked Gerald having all the time had a lawful wife waiting to bring about this denouement. "Wildflower," in fact, is not revolutionary in theme or characters or expedients; but it tells a simple story well, its earlier scenes are picturesque, its comedy and sentiment are within the comprehension of the youngest auditor, and it serves with complete success its primal purpose—to give Marguerite Clark the opportunity to display all her engaging and popular qualities.

* * *

Fist fights, angels come to earth, bucking bronchoes, gold-mining, and dead hands that reach from the grave, clawing for the villain, are some things that George Broadhurst forgot to put into "The Man of the Hour," which merely made a fortune for him. But The William A. Brady Picture Plays, Inc., has rectified these oversights. They are all in the five-reel photoplay, not excepting the hands from the grave. Think what the W. A. B. P. P. Inc. could do with "Hamlet!"

"The Man of the Hour" in its spoken form is too recent in general memory to justify a minute rehearsal of its plot. Its story is, after all, nothing more nor less than "Hamlet," expressed in up-to-date and very American terms. Instead of a king sleeping in his orchard, the hero's father is a financier sleeping on the job; and the villain ruins him and takes away his stocks and bonds, instead of murdering him and appropriating his crown and queen. Substantially, it is the same case. Then, too, instead of rising from his grave at the hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead and prowling the ramparts on cold nights until his son appears to hear his message, the father in this case remembers to attend to such matters before expiring. Having shot himself, he sends his butler posthaste to bring Hamlet to his side, that he may instruct him on the matter of revenge and then be laid in his grave with some sense of permanency. That being the case, he might have kept his hands buried thereafter, instead of invariably poking them out of the ground whenever he spied the villain lurking near.

The screen version of "The Man of the Hour" resembles Mr. Broadhurst's play in

only its essential points. The story has been very freely adapted, with the result that an entirely effective, though conventional, photoplay is achieved. Much has been made of the young hero's experiences in the West—his mining, his training of horses, his fights, the murder. All those things were only mentioned in Mr. Broadhurst's drama, mentioned casually; but in the screen version they make for a success that would have been entirely out of the question in the four office walls of the original. Then there are street scenes in New York, City Hall Park seen from the steps and balcony and windows of the City Hall; and there is an excellent realization of an exciting session in a vast and impressive aldermanic chamber. Finally, there is Robert Warwick as the ideal Matinee Idol. He is starred in the title-role and undoubtedly is an attraction to the female of the species. In short, "The Man of the Hour" has something in it to please everyone—and nothing so overwhelming that all photoplays that follow it must seem empty and unsatisfying.

* * *

Tom Terriss, the English actor of distinguished lineage, has made a specialty of Dickens throughout his stage career, so it is entirely fitting that he should make the first photoplay of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." It has been filmed by the World Film Corporation and Mr. Terriss appears as John Jasper. Of course, "Edwin Drood" is the one story in the world that everyone knows everything and nothing about. It would be strange to find anyone who had not read the fascinating mystery tale as far as Dickens had gone when death cut short his work; and it would be nothing less than miraculous, at this late day, to discover anyone who could convince us that he knew how the master proposed clearing up his mystery. But what an irreparable blow to rural debating societies if anyone should clear up the mystery of Edwin Drood! Mr. Terriss solves it by having the elusive character of Datchery turn out to be actually the faithful Helena Landless in disguise. John Jasper had plotted to kill Drood, but Drood escaped him with the aid of Helena, cloaked in her factitious sex.

Dickens photoplays, produced as intelligently and sympathetically as this "Mystery of Edwin Drood," are of value educationally as well as about the best form of entertainment.

* * *

"The Wrath of the Gods" is a splendid spectacle; and a simple, adequate, romantic, mystic and easily-followed story has been interwoven with the fearsome sights. They suggest some of the bewildering upheavals of nature that made "Cabiria" extraordinary. Yakami, the last male descendant of an ancient Samuri family, and his daughter, Toya San, live alone on a beach, far from other humans, not unlike our old friends Prospero and Miranda. And a shipwreck brings a lover for the Japanese Miranda. But first you must know that only a stranger would have the temerity to woo the fair Toya San. There is a legend that should any man marry Yakami's daughter, the volcano Sakurajima, which has been inactive for more than twenty years, would burst forth in wrath. And lest any ardent swain should overlook this devastating consequence, an old prophet (fussy busybody!) never stops spreading the tale.

Now, the man who is washed upon Yakami's beach is an American and is skeptical of volcanos exerting themselves to keep nice young maids perpetual spinsters. He asks Toya San to marry him. The prophet, always active where he isn't wanted, tries to stop the ceremony; but he is too late. However—would you believe it?—the volcano is as good as its word and throws out flames and smoke and lava by way of a wedding present. The village and the country all about are shaken. Yakami is killed (it might have been the prophet!); but Toya San and her husband escape on an American ship. That is all very well for them—to go off on a wedding trip serene and safe and happy and to leave the bride's home a total wreck. But that is a way brides have, as anyone can testify who has had a home-wedding in the family.

The volcano scenes make "The Wrath of the Gods" worth seeing, and the scenario—written by William H. Clifford and Thomas H. Ince and ably produced by the New York Motion Picture Corporation—fills its purpose admirably.

Watch each issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the biggest news of the more elaborate picture productions.

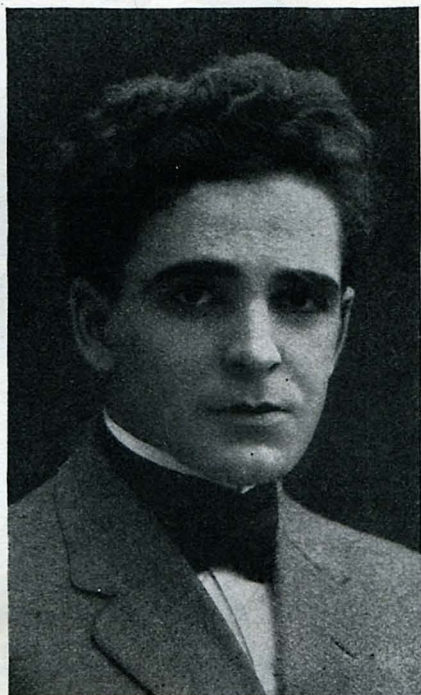


Crane Wilbur Can Talk Dispassionately — Even Disinterestedly of His Stage Successes

Why Famous Film Favorites Forsook Footlights for the Screen

By Johnson Briscoe

CRANE WILBUR AND BLISS MILFORD



He Emphatically Asserts that He is in Favor of the One Reel Play

HOW did I get into the picture game?

What do you want, the truth, or some sob stuff?" asked Crane, of the house of Wilbur. "Now no one has greater respect for that 'sob stuff' business than I, but it has its place in the world and that place is not within these pages. I intimated as much to my interviewee. The gay twinkle in his eye should have put me upon my guard, but it did not.

"Well," he began, "it was about three years ago and I was literally down and out, hadn't a penny, been without a square meal for three days, was sleeping upon park benches, my clothes were a sight, I was even contemplating either gas or the river—"

"See here, young man," I interrupted, "I told you I wanted the truth, not that sob stuff."

"Oh, so you did," he blandly replied. "I had forgotten. But really the facts are not nearly so exhilarating."

"No matter—let us have them," said I. "Facts, literal facts, are what I am after."

"Oh, very well then. The facts of the case are these. I had

just closed a summer stock engagement in Rochester, and had come on to New York to look for an engagement. I don't suppose you know that I began my motion picture career with Vitagraph, did you?" he inquired, suddenly, and somewhat irrelevantly, I thought. I was bound to admit that I did not.

"Well, they don't know it, either," he said, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "I only acted



for them once and they, apparently, thought I was so bad that that once was enough. I was buried in the background of a mob picture! It's fun to recall it now. A friend of mine and I went over to the Brooklyn studio one day, just to try our hand at the game and see what it was like. But they wouldn't even let us into the place! We hung around all morning, and finally Maurice Costello came driving along. Fortunately we knew him, and when we stated our grievance he invited us to go in with him. Once inside it wasn't so very difficult, for Van Dyke Brooke spied us—probably because we were wearing light suits! and said he could use us in the mob that afternoon. But I didn't even get a show at the front of that crowd! At the end of the day's work I was paid two dollars and a half, the easiest money I had ever earned, and I knew it was all up with me. I was going to become a picture player.

"But, as I tell you, I wasn't quite the hit I had expected to be and

"While I was in Athens that summer—it was in 1911—I received a letter from Harry Handworth, with whom I had appeared upon the stage, telling me that he had an opening for me with Pathe. He



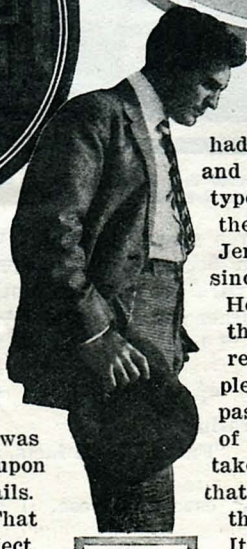
Crane Wilbur is a Handsome HARRY MARVIN of the "Perils of Pauline"



the Vitagraph people did not clamor for my services. So I went back to my home town of Athens, N. Y., and, determined to keep in the game, I opened a picture theatre."

A business man! This was interesting, a new sidelight upon him and I pressed him for details.

"Oh, it wasn't a success!" That opened and closed the subject.



had showed them my photograph, it seems, and had declared to them that I was just the type of man they needed. I closed up my theatre, reported at the Pathe studio in Jersey City—and there I've been ever since."

He related all this with humor, in much the same way that many successful men refer to their early struggles, and it was a pleasure to observe that he could talk dispassionately, nay, almost disinterestedly, of his screen success. Many camera stars take themselves and their work so seriously that it is difficult for them to realize that there can be any other work in the world. It is not so with Crane Wilbur, however.

"Would I go back to the stage, if I had the opportunity?" he asked, repeating my own question. His voice had a genuinely wistful sound, as he said, "Of course, the stage is my first love and it means everything to me, but I don't think I shall take it up again, not for some time, at any rate. I am constantly in receipt of offers from dramatic producers, but am still free."

Knowing that he had had an uncommonly successful stage career for so young a man (and, mind you, he is still comfortably under thirty) I lead him on to talk of that.

"As you know, my aunt, the late Edith Crane, married Tyrone Power, and it was through the latter that I got my first stage chance, making my debut December 19, 1902, at the Manhattan Theatre, among the extras in 'Mary of Magdala,' in which Mrs. Fiske starred. The very next season I was advanced to speaking parts in 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' 'Divorcons,' 'A bit of Old Chelsea,' and 'Mary of Magdala.' Gee, what a kid I was in those days! After that came a long stretch of Blaney and Woods melodrama, in such pieces as 'A Desperate Chance,' 'How Hearts Are Broken,' 'Across the Pacific,' 'Lottie, the Poor Saleslady,' and 'Jack Sheppard, the Bandit King.' What times they were, to be sure! Did you know I once played Romeo?"

"Only once?" I shot back, for it seemed too good a chance to miss.

He witheringly ignored my facetiousness and continued serenely: "Yes, it came after 'A Desperate Chance.' Juliet was a girl named Pauline Pauli, and we toured about the one-night stands for half a season." At this point he gave vent to a low chuckle, as he said, "And don't overlook my burlesque past!"

Here was news, indeed, our own handsome Harry Marvin, who always turns up at just the proper moment in order to rescue Pauline from her perils—he a burlesque actor!

"You see, it was like this," and his eyes fairly danced. "I dabble quite a little in a literary way. For instance, I stand sponsor for the sketch, 'Captain Barry,' which Fiske O'Hara played in vaudeville, and several years ago I wrote the book and lyrics of a musical comedy, called 'The Queen of Bohemia.' It was accepted for production by Max Spiegel, with the understanding that it was to be played in the Shubert houses. But something went wrong, as usual, and Spiegel, who had several burlesque com-

panies, suggested that we produce it on the Columbia Circuit. And not only that, when the piece went into rehearsal we could not get a satisfactory man to play the part of a drug fiend, so Spiegel merely said, 'It's up to you, Wilbur.' So, for eighteen weeks I was a burlesque actor, and, not only that, I had the temerity to introduce into a slap-stick performance a perfectly serious, straight dramatic recitation, known as 'The Golden Olden Days.' What's more, I made such a go of this that my one recitation was lengthened into three; it was daring but I got away with it."

As it would seem that, come what may, our venturesome friend, Pauline will forever be falling into new perils, I asked the flesh and blood original of Harry Marvin which he preferred, the big, continued pictures or the short one- and two-reelers. Most emphatically he declared himself in favor of the one reel film. "In pictures of that sort you get a chance to display your versatility, to do some real acting. Of course, 'The Perils of Pauline' is all very well in its way—but it isn't acting, its acrobatics!"

Being familiar with the hair-breadth escapes of Pauline and her friends, I ventured, "And the risks—?"

"Oh, of course, there is considerable risk and danger in pictures of that kind; when you drive an automobile to the edge of a cliff, a foot further, and you would go over, you know. But you get rather hardened to it and don't think about it, after a while," he said, taking an added gulp of White Rock. Honest Injun, that's what he was drinking! "It's a funny thing, but the picture which I enjoyed most was the very first one I ever did for Pathe, entitled 'Memories of the West.' Working in that picture was a genuine delight."

But all things must come to an end. Our talk was somewhat abruptly concluded, for, in much the manner as though he had suddenly sprung out of the ground, I was conscious that something was standing by our table, something about four feet in height, in a light blue uniform and many brass buttons. It touched its cap and said, "Mr. Wilbur? A lady is waiting to see you, sir, in the White Room." There was nothing else to do. Crane Wilbur and I arose, shook hands (he saying, "Have I talked enough?") and parted. I wanted him to talk more.

A plague upon these perennially popular picture players, persistently pursued!

AND NOW WE HEAR FROM BLISS MILFORD

EVERY one attached to the motion picture game, most especially the picture players, of course, seems imbued with the very spirit of youth, of enthusiasm, of gaiety and of happiness. They all seem fairly to radiate the joy of living. Our two friends of fact and fancy, Ponce de Leon and Peter Pan, must, I am sure, have been in some way attached to the picture industry at some stage or other in their respective careers.

All this came home to me with poignant force during my chat with Bliss Milford, whom we have long known and loved as "The Edison Comedy Girl." It was well for me that we had arranged by 'phone, most carefully the details of our meeting, which had the reception promenade of the



Bliss Milford Is a 'Bewilderingly Attractive Young Creature with a Twinkle All Her Own Playing Around the Corners of Her Mouth and Eyes



Hotel Astor for its background. "And you will know me," said a clear, firm young voice at the other end of my line, "because I shall feature a large photograph folder which I am carrying." As I say, it was fortunate for me that this specific detail was agreed upon, for had I not espied that blessed photograph folder I know that I should have passed on, believing her to be some school girl, keeping a "date" with some high school boy. But the mark of identification reassured me and

three minutes later we were chatting, *vis a vis*, across the luncheon table.

Bliss Milford, let me set it down here at once, is a bewilderingly attractive young creature. She looks at you with frank, engaging, wide-eyed innocence, but with a twinkle all her own playing around the corners of her mouth and eyes, so that you get at the same time the impression that she is a poised, well-balanced young person, one thoroughly able to look after herself.

As soon as we were seated, I blurted out, "Bless my soul, but you are young looking!" (Sounds like a grandfather, doesn't it?)

Miss Milford looked up at me, with a frankly pleased smile upon her face, and said, quite artlessly, "I am glad to hear you say that. Now, as a matter of fact my actual age is —" (No, indeed, I am not going to put it down—simply because no one would believe me.) "The funny thing is," she went on, "that I have been on the stage and in pictures so long that people figure



audience, I can't get used to the lack of applause. But, at that, the two professions are so entirely different that they can hardly be compared."

"If you feel this way about it, how did you ever happen to take up picture work?" I put to her, rather ruthlessly.

Miss Milford hesitated for a moment, and then she said, with considerable tenderness and feeling, "It was because of my sister's ill health. She had been an invalid for several years, and it was perfectly apparent that she would never recover. I hated the idea of taking a theatrical engagement, which would have necessitated my traveling all season, for I was devotedly attached to my sister and wished to be with her as much as possible. She died about two years ago.

"It was the summer



Bliss Milford and Mary Fuller as They Appeared in "Mary of Stageland"

on my being much older than I really am. That's one thing about picture work, you can't deceive your audience about your appearance, as you can upon the stage. On the screen when you are supposed to be sixteen, you are sixteen, there's no fake about it, whereas you can always fool a theatre audience."

"Then you prefer pictures to the stage?"

"No, indeed, I do not," came back the frank, rather surprising reply. "I like pictures tremendously, but they don't quite take the place of the stage. I miss playing before an



of 1911. We were living in the Bronx at the time, right in the neighborhood of the Edison studio. One day sister said to me, 'Bliss, why don't you go into motion pictures? Lots of actors are doing it, and it would mean that you could stay at home.'

"I didn't like the idea at all. Pictures, indeed! But after a while, especially with the Edison place almost upon our door-step, I thought I would see what I could do, just for the sake of an experience. I applied at the studio, and was given a trial—I remember I played the lead in a strenuous farce-

comedy. I had a hard time learning how to do things; to do everything more slowly, to act with greater deliberation than on the stage, in order to register your points—and after that I was given a guarantee, with a regular position in the stock company following shortly afterward. And there I've remained since."

"Yet you mean to return to the stage some day?" I interrogated.

"Yes, both my husband and I—you know I am married to Harry Beaumont, of the Edison forces—mean to resume our stage work some day. Harry made a big hit in the lead in 'Checkers,' you may remember. But it won't be for some time yet, especially with things theatrical in the state that they are in to-day. Thank goodness, we are both young enough and can easily afford to wait for several years." Fortunate, happy young people, with congenial work to-day and the prospect of equally felicitous labor in the years to come! "My Edison associations have been so very pleasant," she added, "that I should really like to do occasional picture work for them, even after I have returned to the stage."

It was during the season of 1905-06 that Miss Milford first appeared upon the stage horizon, playing the ingenue role of Alicia in "His Last Dollar," with David K. Higgins, in whose support she remained five years. She also created the role of Charlotte Ross in "Captain Clay of Missouri," a part written specially for her.

"I owe a great deal to that part," said Miss Milford, "for it brought me my Broadway chance. We were playing the piece in Toledo, Ohio, and on our opening Sunday night Elsie Janis and her mother occupied a box. Wholly unknown to me, she wrote to her manager, Charles Dillingham, that I

was a girl worth watching. A few weeks later, when playing in Washington, Mr. Dillingham, accompanied by Bruce Edwards, George Hobart and John L. Golden, made a special trip there in order to see me. And the result was an offer from Mr. Dillingham to create the role of Sally Ann in the Hobart-Golden musical comedy, 'The Candy Shop,' in which I appeared at the Knickerbocker Theatre, during the summer of 1909." (And though she didn't say so, Miss Milford made a great success in the part, showing us an entirely new type of eccentric comedienne.)

"Wasn't that a splendid thing for Miss Janis to do," she exclaimed, impulsively, "to give an unknown girl a chance like that." There was a perceptible tremor in her voice, as she added, "If the day ever comes that I am in a position to do as much for any one, to lend a helping hand to those below me, I shall be more than delighted to do it."

"My last stage work was in the title role of 'Sentimental Sally,' at the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago, the season of 1910-11, again under Mr. Dillingham's direction. I am still on the happiest terms with Mr. Dillingham, and I am sure I can return to the stage any time I like under his management."

By this time our luncheon was about at a close, when Miss Milford suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, dear me, Harry is waiting for me at the Screen Club, and I promised him I'd be there at 2:00. I hate to stop talking about myself; but . . ."

"One of these days Harry and I may go into vaudeville as a team—'Beaumont and Milford.' I think that would be heaps of fun, don't you?"

Heaps of fun? There you are! I told you in the beginning that they were all imbued with the spirit of gaiety!

SERVICE

MUCH has been done to induce people to patronize the moving picture shows at times when business is slack. The newest and most novel "stunt" is that of an exhibitor who advertised a "mothers' matinee" and arranged to check the babies (as you would your coat and hat), thereby leaving the mothers free to enjoy the show.

"The Fatal Note"

Proving That It Is Sometimes Dangerous to Employ an Amanuensis

By Lloyd Kenyon Jones

Illustrations from the Selig Film

BEFORE the quaking of senility steals upon my hand and age destroys my memory, I must confess. Ever since 1870, I have held my counsel, with the aid of Marion, my good wife. They say—these witty gossips—that women can not keep a secret. Marion, I think, shatters the rule. Even as I pen these lines, she sits across the table from me, knitting industriously, and glancing over her spectacles betimes to smile upon me benignly. She has mothered me with almost foolish affection, for she understands me—and few men truly wish to be understood. I have been a terrible blunderer in my time. Most men are. They

are simply boys grown a trifle older, and perhaps a little wiser. I reserve judgment on the latter claim, because women are the wiser ones—usually.

But let me start at beginnings. Old men are wont to live in the past, and incidentally to glorify themselves in their memories. I can do all except the glorification part. There I balk—mulishly. I shy at that noun—mule. It is a common noun—fearfully so! I never cared much for the long-eared, mournful-eyed critters. They have such a beastly way about them—ugh! I am pained even to permit myself to associate their kind with my memories. But, as Marion



That Bright Spring Morning I Was Late in Leaving for Town

says, I am honest—for a lawyer.

That bright spring morning, I was late in leaving for town, but I needs must draw Marion to me and imprint a kiss on her brow. Marion was always pretty—indeed, I am warranted in saying she was beautiful but I prefer pretty. She was pretty then; she is pretty now—just a little girl in my estimation, always. I was fat. I am fat. Most obese men are funny. Catch the fine distinction of the word, please. I refer not to wit or humor—but to the ludicrous. When a fat man waxes angry, he is uproariously funny. He pendulates—vacillates—wobbles, physically and mentally. Who ever heard of a fat hero? They can't fight—they can't run—these corpulent men!

My mirror provoked me often, and in covert fear, I wondered if Marion really loved me. Sometimes the thought of it obsessed me like a creeping jaundice—whatever that may be. Beautiful women are always admired. Marion had been singularly blessed with beaux. Didn't I know it? Hadn't I eaten my heart out over thought of it? What torments I suffered during those long, hopeless days of the civil strife when the Yankees came into our fair Dixie without so much as asking our pleasure. True, Marion had remained faithful to me during the bitterness of that struggle—bless her. But I fancied that it was her motherly instincts. I looked so miserably fat and helpless, I ventured she hadn't the heart to desert me—not even for Jim Condon. How I hated Jim! Because of any grudge? Bless us, no! Simply because James had the rare good sense to love the same girl I adored. That is a brand of judgment we can never forgive in a rival! What was worse, Condon was back in town, as hard as a nut and as brown as a berry. I had met him the day before, but I dared not breathe a word of it to Marion.

"Hello, Fatty!" he had bellowed as we both walked up the courthouse steps. "How in blazes did pretty little Marion Gregg ever—in all this great wide world—select you—you lucky dog?"

There was a green glint in his eyes that chilled me. And this morning, as I hastened from the cottage, with the fragrance of Marion's caress following me and haunting me, I couldn't shake the thought of Condon from my mind. There was something disagreeably insolent about the fellow. For a penny, I would have fought him.

"Five years ago tomorrow, dear!" Marion had cried in great glee. Five years? Indeed it was all that time since we had wed, and our honeymoon was scarcely begun. And now Condon was in town. Marion had jilted him, I knew. It was agreed between us that his name should never be spoken. For all that, Jimmie would have been deucedly decent had he never loved Marion! There is a merry meed of jealousy in the Tisdales—a sort of sickly green streak that purges the soul betimes. We have all had that weakness, and it is most abhorrent. It is a—well, a mulish trait, I may as well admit.

To begin with, the sky was overcast—the day foreboding—and, secondly, Condon passed me at noon with a leering side-glance. It stung me. It aroused me, and the green serpent began climbing up my spine. He had designs on Marion—the monster. I knew it. How did I know? Ah, a jealous man knows all things. His mind moves up to the very frontier of the omnipotent. Give a man jealousy and he can interpret the eyelashes of the woman he loves. I tell you, it is a most painful malady—especially when you know! As an attorney, I admitted quite frankly that I lacked tangible evidence—but, then, there is that sixth sense—that prescience. Besides, as a third portent, hadn't Jed Gaylord's hounds bayed dismally as I rode past his plantation? Do hounds ever give tongue unless one man plots against another?

Marion was false. I knew it beyond the redeeming shadow of question. I felt it in my bones and muscles and nerves as I swung astride my dapple-grey and started home. The drab sky began to weep a dreary accompaniment before I was half way back, and I congratulated myself that I had brought my top-coat. Leastwise, if Condon were making a call on Marion, he would have to stalk out in the pelting shower without my protecting apparel. I hoped he contracted ague—and died of pneumonia as an example of retributive justice. I was in this sweet frame of mind when old Mose rushed out to greet me. I was sure he was about to warn me of Marion's perfidy, but the black beggar never said a thing about it—yet I had given him a home when the emancipation proclamation had changed him from a possession to a free man. I could have choked him for his silence, and grinning servility.



"There—There—Dear," Marion Cooed in that Soothing Motherly Way of Hers. "Just Keep Quiet"

I dashed into the house and hastened to find Marion, but she was cuddled snugly in an arm-chair before the fire, reading a letter! She had not heard me, so I paused, half screened by the portieres. My hands twitched. I knew who had penned those lines! What was my horror when my beautiful little wife pressed the cursed epistle to her lips and then folded it to her heart! Gaylord's hounds were baying again—they were probably baying at Condon as he sloshed along the muddy road.

I determined on strategy. Stepping back in the folds of the curtains, I steeled myself for the ordeal and stamped heavily into the room. It was a trifle theatrical, perhaps, but it served my purpose admirably. Marion, startled at my abrupt appearance, seemed strangely agitated.

"John," she gasped—and did her best to hide the telltale note. I pretended reckless indifference—a role against which I warn all fat men. It is not a fat man's game. We play it clumsily. Marion was hurt at the colorless manner of my greeting, and I half relented. Still, do not fools dawdle with victory in sight? Had not the house of Tisdale a sense of honor? I coaxed

Marion to the library, and she appeared to be bewildered. It is part of woman's perfidious plot to play at the art of innocence! The green snake was coiling 'round my heart now, and I must act with decision—and promptly.

I offered some flimsy excuse (any pretext would do now) and hastened to the dining room. The note was there. I was blind with rage when I read it:

"Sweetheart—

Meet me at ten tonight under the old elm, so that I may again hold you in my arms.

As ever,

Your Lover."

So? Well, it had reached its climax. I could see that lover in his death throes, with his life-blood trickling into the sodden soil. But—I was obese and he was lean. Even a revengeful husband need take no unnecessary chances. I had my life to live. It would be a blasted, dismal life—but it was my own. No one else cared about it; I had to. I took down a brace of pistols and loaded and primed them carefully. I was accounted a good shot in my time, and that might help in a pinch. I avoided Marion

during the early evening, and scrawled a note just before I departed on my mission of slaughter. I stooped and tied it to her ankle as she slept! This was my message:

"I am going to meet your lover beneath the old elm. One of us dies tonight."

I sobbed a little as I dusted the powder on the wet ink to blot it. Suppose I should be the unfortunate? 'Twould be as well. A man who is a man should as leave be party of the first part at a funeral as a live husband, deceived and despised. The rain was beating straight down, as it usually does in the Southland. If anything could cool a madman's unhallowed ardor, a southern rainstorm should prove the antidote, but my will was adamant, and the hour of ten was drawing tragically near. Only one thing I missed—the baying of Gaylord's hounds. Likely Jim Condon had poisoned them!

I approached the old elm cautiously. I fought back its surging memories. I wondered why lightning had not shattered it long ago, to save it the ignominy of such a tryst. Something was moving about in the undergrowth, and it retreated at my approach. I could contain my anger no longer.

"Halt!" I cried hoarsely. "Jim Condon, as a man, pause in your cowardly flight and fight!" He was still retreating. Now, it has never been said that a Tisdale took undue advantage of even his bitterest enemy, but the emerald monster was tearing at my heart. I would finish the job then and there.

"Halt!" I bellowed again in demoniacal tones. I could see the dark mass of a figure now. He was crouching. I leveled a pistol and fired. There was a hissing, snorting squeal in response, and my arch-enemy was upon me. He did not fire. Indeed, no! He struck out! What a massive arm! What an iron fist! He struck me squarely in the stomach. And all sounds ceased. All apprehension quieted down. I slept—beneath the old elm.

When I opened my eyes, Marion was bending over me, pressing a cold towel to my brow. I was confused. I glanced around me. It was our home, right enough. And the big-eyed darky near me was old Mose; and Martha, his wife, was near Marion. Had it been naught but a nightmare? But I soon disabused my mind of that doubt. There was a stabbing at my



That Was a Never-to-be-Forgotten Tryst



For a Long Time I Was Silent. Then I Risked a Question

middle, as though my stomach were digesting a pin-cushion. Hot flashes raced after cold darts up my spine and down again.

"Did I—kill him?" I ventured bravely, but my voice rasped and my inner hurt was intensified.

"There—there—dear," Marion cooed in that soothing motherly way of hers. "Just keep quiet, and all will be well!"

"Indeed!" I snapped testily, "I dare say your lover escaped. Well, I will say this for him. He has a powerful right arm. I suppose his manly vigor appealed to you after five years of fat content with me."

Poor girl—how the thrust did hurt! She held her kerchief to her eyes—and sobbed. It must have been a very arid sob, though, because I fancied I detected more mirth than tears. I was stamping my feet vigorously by this time, as much to get that pin-cushion effect out of my stomach as to vent my feelings. But I must out with my wrath.

"Do you remember," Marion began, ever so sweetly, and with a delicious little catch in her voice, "when you were with the Seventh Tennessee—and how awfully lonesome it was for both of us despite the

terrors of the war? And, keep quiet, dear, a moment. You were in camp at Marble Ridge, with a saber-cut in your arm, and the Yankees harassing your regiment?"

"Yes," I blurted, half forgetting my grievous hurt and my bruised feelings, "and it was old Mose here who risked his pesky skin to be a messenger between us."

"Indeed it was, Marse John!" Mose interposed. "Them Yankee boys were swarmin' 'round about, and I jest come up outer the river when dey rushed me hard. I throwed one in, though, and a'most got past when re-fo'cements come up, and in I dives. Dey peppered at me with their carbines. Mah, goodness, what miserable shots them no'thern gemmen was! They was a box a'floatin' in the water, and I hides my fool haid inside till they was gone. Then up I comes and off I goes, right up to you' lines, and they let me git apassed! And den—"

"Yes, yes," Marion cried gleefully, "and then?"

"There was Marse John with one arm all bundled up, looking kinda homesickish—an'—an' fat—and I handed him Miss Marion's note. An' den—"

"Go on, Mose," I urged weakly and with sore misgivings.

"An' den," he continued, "you wanted to write an answer, but you' hand was hurted an' you couldn't. But Marse Condon, he was real obligin', he was, an' he wrote it for you—"

The words of that fatal note floated before me:

"Sweetheart:

"Meet me at ten tonight under the old elm—"

A mist was beating into my eyes, and I confess that I hung my head in shame.

"Did I come in response, John?" Marion asked, as she toyed with her wedding ring.

I nodded speechless. That was a never-to-be forgotten tryst.

For a long time I was silent. Then I risked a question.

"Then at whom did I fire to-night, and who has such a mighty right arm?" I asked.

Marion turned to Mose.

"Mah goodness, Marse John," he responded chokingly, "that-all was my ol' mule, Kitty. It wa'n't nobody's right hand. It was Kitty's left foot! Mah sakes, she has the sourest, evilest disposition—"

And now, thirty-four years afterwards, for the first time, I can laugh!

That's where Marion has thirty-four years the best of me!

CONCERNING ONE JOHN HUSKINS OF THREE CORNERS

JOHAN HUSKINS was a Fine Young Man—as young men go. He was the Shining Light of the Cheese Circle of Three Corners grocery store. In debate upon any subject, he made the Town Fathers look like a Great Monument of Silence and Ignorance. John would probably have gone on peacefully living the Life of His Forefathers without interruption had not some Traveling Salesman—after the way of salesmen—kidded him into believing that he was destined to be the World's Greatest Something or Other. John made the mistake of thinking that his life work was to be found in the field offered by the Moving Picture Game.

He could tell any of the screen actors a mile off and knew just why Mary Pickford, Maurice Costello, Francis Bushman and some more of the World's Greatest were not worth half their salaries. You see, John was getting ready to set a match to the world and make the Fire himself.

In Great Pomp and with the whole Bunch to say good-by, our Young Hero did leave his native town. He did not let the Film Managers know of his coming, Therefore they were unprepared.

* * * * *

His return was not of the commonplace sort. He came in a car by himself—that is, he was the only passenger in the part of the car that he chose to occupy. After sneaking down Alleys and dodging across lots, he finally reached Home. And the next day, having cleaned the dirt of the road from his clothes, for truly the brake rods on cattle cars are not conducive to fresh appearance, he suddenly appeared at the World's Greatest Source of Knowledge—the town store.

And then he did tell of the Trust the film magnates had formed to keep their stars from being thrust into Oblivion by the supreme acting of the Three Corner Idol.

And so, having tried to do the only thing he thought possible for him to do to help along the uplift of the world, John settled down in his Own Little Burg and sold Harness Soap and Axle Grease, as his Dad had done before him.

And any of us who think we are destined to be World Beaters had best do as John did—Find out the truth—and then be satisfied. Verily it is better to be the Whole Thing in a Small Place than Nothing any place else.

An Interview With Miss Blanche Lasky

By Augusta Cary

PERHAPS the most astounding thing about Miss Blanche Lasky is that one should have to explain who she is. For while Miss Lasky is one of the most remarkable women in America, she has managed to do her work so quietly that she is almost unknown outside a small, if important, circle of the theatrical business. Her name tells something, of course, since the Jesse Lasky Company is known throughout the world of the stage and the screen. But it tells nothing of her place in that company.

That place is without any official title and yet it is so important that it is difficult to see how the Jesse Lasky Company could have achieved its present prestige without her. She is not a silent partner; she is, on the contrary, an immensely active partner of whom next to nothing is known. I was lucky enough to find out in advance that Miss Lasky passes the final decision on every important matter that comes up in the multifarious business of the company, from the question of which novel or what play is to be made into moving pictures to the way in which the leading lady out on the coast shall do her

hair. And so it was with the keenest curiosity that I kept my appointment to interview Miss Lasky at her offices in the Longacre Theatre building, in New York.



If I had been addressing a man whose success had been as unusual as is Miss Lasky's—only of course the same success wouldn't have been so unusual in the case of a man—I should have asked how he did it. But Miss Lasky is a woman, and so I asked, "Why?"

"Why did I go into the theatrical business?" Miss Lasky asked, with a little laugh. "I never thought why. I just took working for granted, and the theatre offered the most interesting work I knew about."

"But most women don't take it for granted," I insisted. "Not unless they simply have to work to keep from starving."

"My brother and I had always done things together," Miss Lasky explained. "My father gave us practically the same education. We went to the same schools, although I wasn't in my brother's classes. He is a few years older than I am. And when we both seemed to have a talent for

music, we got the same sort of musical training. My brother had a little more freedom than I had as he grew older. When he went prospecting in the Klondike I couldn't go with him. But staying at home gave me a chance to catch up with him in my studies.

"Then when my father died and my brother had to do something about earning a living there wasn't any question of my being left out of his projects. It was just as I said: We took it for granted that I would help, since I had had the same preparation that he had had.

"Often we had taken part in amateur theatricals, and I can remember some one's saying, after one of our 'stunts' 'Why, that's just as good as any act at the Orpheum'—this was in San Francisco, you know—'this week.' It was this amateur success of ours that inspired us with the idea of putting on a vaudeville act."

"Did you do it at the Orpheum?" I asked.

"No, indeed," Miss Lasky answered. "We decided that we'd get just as far away from San Francisco as we could: so we went to New York, where nobody knew us. We made such a success of that first act that we never acted in another. We went right into staging acts for other people. You see at that time it was very unusual for a vaudeville act to carry its own scenery. That was what we did with our act—designed a special set for it and carried it with us. We did the same thing with every act we staged, and it paid."

It would take too long to detail the Lasky successes and besides, it is a well known story. It was the Laskys who put out the first one-act musical comedies, with cast and costumes, scenery and songs as good as those of full-length musical comedies. It was the Laskys who played such an important part in the Folies Bergeres. And of the Folies Bergeres it ought to be said that while it was a magnificent failure financially it was a success artistically of a kind new to America. Miss Lasky looks back on that experiment with pride. For she planned the interior of that combined restaurant and theatre herself, and did the decorating according to a scheme she had worked out to harmonize with the light and gay character of the entertainment.

The point is one Miss Lasky makes a good deal of. She objects to most theatres because they are not designed for the plays

that are produced in them. Harmony seems to be lacking.

"Musical comedy should never be produced in a severe theatre," Miss Lasky says. "And serious drama is out of place where the scheme of decoration is irresponsibly elaborate. In either case the performance on the stage must overcome the effect of the auditorium on the audience before it is effective. I hope the time will come when we shall have theatres designed for one type of dramatic entertainment, and confined to that type. I never enjoyed anything more in my life than making the Folies Bergeres that kind of a theatre.

"And I have enjoyed all the work that we have done with our vaudeville acts," she went on, "but that has become almost an old story now. It is the possibilities in motion pictures that capture my imagination. You know that we have been producing pictures barely a year. We have just begun to realize how many opportunities there are to do things that we want to do. We are still experimenting, but I think we succeed in making every picture better than the one that precedes it."

"But, Miss Lasky," I objected, "you have been telling me about the Jesse Lasky Company, rather than about yourself. Won't you tell me just what your work is?"

"Well," Miss Lasky smiled, "my work is just a little part of the whole. I give my opinion on almost anything I am asked about, of course."

"But there are many things for which you take the whole responsibility, Miss Lasky," I said.

"There is one thing I am responsible for," Miss Lasky admitted. "That is the selection of novels which we wish to turn into moving pictures. We decided that we couldn't do better than to begin with successful fiction and so it became my duty to go through the novels to find those that were suitable for our moving picture plays."

Miss Lasky had started off with "I" right enough, but she could not get through her first sentence without changing to "We." And so I gave up the attempt to find out from her the nature of all her duties. It isn't in the nature of high talent like Miss Lasky's to have "duties." High talent sees the thing that must be done and does it. That is all there is to it. And that is all there is to Miss Lasky's job—just the highest kind of talent.

The Case of Taki-San

Laura Leonard— Heart Specialist

By Vivian Barrington

BY THIS time, if you've been reading these yarns I've been spinning about Laura Leonard and her little ways of fixing up love affairs that didn't have a clear track, you must know that in the Ventnor Company we were a good deal like a happy family. We stuck together in that brand, you see. For one thing, we had the biggest star in the whole movie game, as I'll always believe—perhaps, by this time, you may have guessed her real name. And then we had Billy Crandall. Billy, as a director, had his little ways. He could curl his tongue around more different sorts of language when he was trying to tell you he didn't like the way you did something than anyone I ever knew. But, for all that, he was some hombre.

A star like Laura helps a whole lot in keeping things nice and smooth in a company, let me tell you. She makes a lot of jealousy absolutely impossible. She is *it*, you see; the other women know that when they start in, and they don't get jealous of her. It would be silly, and they can see that. Then there's another thing. A star who's human, the way Laura always is, can fix a whole lot of little things that are likely to come up between a director and a company.

Billy Crandall, just as I said, was a real man. He was all right. But—he was a director, and we were actors. And I don't care how much of a real man a director may be, there are bound to be times when he looks at things in one way and the company in another. Sometimes Billy would be right; sometimes we'd be on the right side. And Laura could swing things, whenever she wanted to take the trouble. She was neutral, in a way. But when she wanted

something, or thought the rest of us ought to have something we wanted, she had her own ways of asserting herself.

It was just because she didn't interfere much that she had such a cinch when she did raise a roar. Laura wasn't one of your fussy stars. She had an artistic temperament, all right, but, as I've said before, she had it mighty well trained. It never came out unless she wanted it to. And, believe me, an artistic temperament like that is a mighty handy thing to have around. It's like a lot of other things—a fine servant, but a bum master. And when Laura whistled hers up and put it through its paces Billy Crandall would just curl up and ask what she would let him do for her—though, other times, he was just as dictatorial as any director you ever saw.

Well, this hasn't got much to do with the yarn I've got on my mind now. And yet, in a way, it has. I'm thinking about the first trip we took to Japan. That was back in the early days, when Ventnor was just sort of emerging out of the ruck, thanks to Laura and the way the "Big Boss" played her up. You've got to hand it to the big boss for that—he saw, way ahead of the rest of them, the way Laura and other good stars could pull the people. He was exploiting her all over the country when other manufacturers were still trying to keep the public from getting actors' names, for fear that if people got popular they'd want more money on the strength of it.

In those days it was considered the height of enterprise to take a company out into New Jersey for an outdoor location instead of making a set in the studio. It was before the time of long trips for special locations—though there was some talk of real

water stuff, even then. Anyhow, maybe you can figure what happened when Laura sprung the idea of the Japanese trip. The way it came about was that Laura had a tame author making love to her just then. People were always doing that, you know—he was just one of a crowd. Anyhow, he had spent a lot of time in Japan, and he happened to tell Laura some stories he'd thought of. He was going to try to make a book or so out of them, but Laura jumped at an idea she saw in them.

"They're just what we ought to have!" she told him—I was there when this happened. And she explained to him, right then and there, how movie scenarios had to be written, and, within a fortnight, the two of them had doped out a series of Japanese plays that were wonders. When she took them to Billy Crandall he went up in the air about them, too, and he and Laura went to the big boss right away.

"Fine!" said Norton—he was the big boss, you know. "I'll give you a free hand, Billy. Get them to work on the settings and the costumes right away. It oughtn't to cost so much—we can probably get a lot of Jap stuff in the warehouses. And—"

"Mr. Norton!" says Laura, looking surprised and pained. "Do you mean to say that you don't see the chance here?"

"Certainly I do," says he, a little sharply. "I'm just giving orders to go ahead!"

"But—you can't do those pictures here!" she said. "You've got to send the whole company to Japan!"

Norton and Billy Crandall were both quiet for a moment. Then Norton laughed.

"That's a good one!" he said. "By George, Laura, you had me going for a second—I thought you were serious!"

"I am!" said Laura, her eyes snapping. "Good heavens! Can't you see the chance? You've got the finest photoplays that were ever written—it's the first time there's ever been any real art in them. Send a company to Japan, and you'll have first page spreads in every newspaper in the country! You'll have cable stuff from Japan coming back about us! Why, you'll get more than enough free publicity and advertising out of this to pay all the expenses of the trip—and the pictures will be the most sensational features that were ever released!"

The big boss howled like a wolf then, and Billy Crandall joined him. They might have stuck to their guns, too, I guess, if

Mary Norton hadn't butted in. She heard the row and came over from her own office to find out what it was all about. And when they told her, expecting that she'd take their side, of course, she was perfectly still for a moment.

"Oh!" she said, then, slowly. "Oh—I wish I'd thought of that! Of course we've got to do it! Laura—you're a genius!"

It was all over but the shouting then, though I guess the big boss didn't know it. But as soon as Billy Crandall found that those two women agreed about the idea he went home and started packing his trunks—that's what he told me, afterward. And even then he figured it was a waste of money.

At that, it was a pretty nervy thing for the big boss to do. It meant taking all the money he had made and putting it right into this trip—and he hadn't been making big money long enough to feel very familiar with it, either. And it meant not being able to release any Laura Leonard features for quite a while. But Laura helped out there. She got us all enthusiastic, and we worked night and day, really, for a spell, so that there would be a lot of features made ahead before we started.

"We'll break the trip at Honolulu, too," she said, "and send back some stuff from there—Billy and I will work out some scenarios on the steamer. And, while we're over there, we'll get a lot of topical stuff, too, and we'll go to China and the Philippines, on the side, and make a lot of pictures with that sort of local color in them, too."

So that was how the first movie company went to Japan. When the trip was announced we could hear a laugh from St. Augustine to Los Angeles. It was a new thing, you see, and that was enough to damn it with most of the people who heard about it. But, once the big boss agreed to go through with it, it took more than a laugh to discourage him. He jumped in and worked just as hard to make it go as Laura herself, and it wasn't long before he was just as enthusiastic as she was, too.

Believe me, we did some hustling in those last weeks, too! We worked up to the last minute in the East; then we went to California and put in a month there. And when we finally sailed from Vancouver we were just about all in. All except young Wallace. He was wished on to us when

Tommy Hayden got cold feet and refused to make the trip because he was afraid of being seasick. Tommy Hayden was our juvenile lead, and he was all right. They're apt to be flighty and foolish at times, and swell headed—specially swell headed. But Tommy was a good scout, and we missed him.

Wallace was just as good an actor—I guess he was a better one, when it comes down to that. But he was one of those irrepressible people that gets on your nerves. All the rest of us had been working hard, and we were dead to the world. All we wanted was to get in our steamer chairs and curl up, and most of us were praying that the engines would break down and make it a slow trip. But not Wallace. He was one of those "life-of-the-party" boys. His idea of being funny was to saw the legs of your deck chair, or something like that. He qualified as a shuffleboard expert before dinner the first night, and by breakfast next day he was running the ship.

I'd banked on one thing about him—I didn't think he'd make love to Laura. There'd been a girl at the dock to see him off, a pretty, fluffy little thing, who'd been crying her eyes out, and had made her mother bring her up from Los Angeles to see him off. I certainly thought they were engaged. But when I'd talked to him a little, meaning to sympathize, I wasn't so sure. And before we'd been out two days he was showing Laura things about making love that she'd never heard of—which was going some, believe me!

Laura was too tired to bother with him, and he got discouraged about her pretty soon. And after that he flirted outrageously with every girl on board. He didn't play any favorites—I'll say that for him. He gave them each part of his time, and he divided it very fairly. At first it looked as if there might be some trouble—the sort of trouble that would have led to hair pulling if we'd been in the steerage instead of the first cabin. But that phase didn't last and after a few days, just before we got to Honolulu, Laura tried to explain it to me.

"He'll never make any trouble," she said, rather wearily. "A very young girl might think he was breaking her heart—but she'd soon find out she was wrong, and she'd forgive him, and make her husband invite him for week ends when she got married, and make a friend out of him for ever after.

I know his sort. He doesn't make any serious impression."

"H'm," I said, not being very sure she was right. "How about the girl back on the dock?"

"She might be different, of course," said Laura. "I'll admit that some girl will care for him—and marry him, too. Very likely she's the one. Well, don't worry about her. He'll go back to her. And he'll keep right on philandering. But she won't mind, because he'll always go back to her in the long run."

I'm not handing out bouquets to gentlemen candidates in beauty shows—not as a general thing. But this Wallace boy was sure a good looking tyke. Black hair, with a little bit of a curl to it; big, deep set, brown eyes, and the sort of features that Greek chap—Prak—Praxiteles?—used to chip off a bit of stone. I could see why women might be dippy about him, which is something I can't always do with these matinee idols.

Well, nothing much of anything happened on the voyage. We stopped off at Honolulu and made our pictures between boats, and had a pretty good time. I'm not writing a guide book about the Pacific—if you want to know about Hawaii, read what Mark Twain wrote about it. He did it pretty nearly as well as I could, and well enough to save me the trouble, anyhow! Finishing the trip, to Yokohama it was just about as it had been on the way to Honolulu, except that Wallace, of course, had a lot of new girls to flirt with, which he did. The only funny thing was when he got gay with an old maid, and she scared him half to death by taking him seriously!

Japan was—well, it's a great place! That's about all I can say. I never saw such locations for pictures—and the air! Billy Crandall was wild about it. We didn't stay in Yokohama, but went right back into the country, where we got the real atmosphere. The Japs seemed to be tickled to death with us. They were tremendously curious, but they were willing to supe just for the fun of it, and they seemed to be natural born actors. If we showed them how to do what we wanted once, that was enough. So the work of making the pictures went along swimmingly, and there was so much to see, and so much to do, all of it new to us, that it didn't seem as if we were working at all.

Laura was happy, of course. The trip had been her idea; she could see now, like all the rest of us, that it was going to be a big success. But would she have a peaceful, happy time? She could not! Not with young Wallace around.

Little Taki San was the disturbing factor. Japanese people have their own ways and ideas, naturally. And one of their customs makes something pretty nearly honorable and dignified out of what Mr. Kipling, if you remember, called the oldest profession in the world. Here, in America, or in other countries more or less like it, if a woman goes in for that, it's the end of her, of course. In Japan, she may, if she's a poor girl, spend a little time in it, save money, and then marry, respectably, and live happily ever after. And that was what Taki San's parents planned for her.

I suppose everyone has read *Madame Butterfly*, or seen the play or the opera. We'd all read it, naturally, when we found we were going to Japan. Young Wallace could quote the play by the yard. But that story, while it's pretty, and pathetic, and all that, isn't the real thing. In Japan women don't stand the way they do with us. They are inferior creatures. And the real reason that *Madame Butterfly* was so crazy about Pinkerton was that he was just plain decent to her. Ask any Englishman or American who has lived in Japan, not just stopped off in Nagasaki for a day, and he will tell you the same thing. A Japanese woman will fall in love with any man who treats her decently—as any occidental instinctively treats any woman.

That was what made the trouble when young Wallace found out about Taki San. Her people were wretchedly poor, and she was intended for that profession I spoke of. I suppose, as they looked at things, it was all right. But—well, it made me get sort of hot inside. She was the cutest thing you ever saw. Nothing but a child, really, you know. Of all the little Japs who hung about and watched us at work and asked questions and got in the way, she was the one we all liked the best. But she was rather in awe of us, of course.

Of all of us except Wallace, that is. She worshipped him, and I mean it literally, too. That was because of something that had happened in the first week of our stay. Some big bully had been abusing her for something; one of those village big men.

They have them in Japan, just as we do. Men who are big toads in small puddles. Anyhow, Taki San didn't get out of his way, or didn't bow properly, or something, and he was just starting to box her ears for her when Wallace saw him. I hope I haven't given any wrong impression of Wallace. He did just what any other man in the company would have done, Billy Crandall, or me, or any of us. He walked right in and booted Mr. Jap about four city blocks. And Taki San got down and kissed his feet!

It was a good deal of an accident, you see. She might have had just as much reason to worship me or Billy Crandall, if we'd happened to be the ones to see what Wallace saw. And if she had there wouldn't have been any harm done. But Wallace—well, it went to his head. And the first thing I knew he was telling me about how Taki San's parents were perfectly willing to let her marry a white man, for a little while, for a little money. And, while he didn't say so in so many words, I could see what he meant.

"I'm in love with this country, Fred!" he told me. "I've a good mind to stay out here a year or two, and dream among the blossoms, and—write!"

I've forgotten, I guess, to say that that was his particular bug. He would admit, if you pressed him, that he was a pretty good actor. But the idea was that literature was his real job—that he ought to be turning out stuff that would start Kipling and George Barr McCutcheon and the big stars like that worrying.

Well, I was on to him all right. And I didn't like the idea a little bit, either. I didn't care so much about him, or about Taki San, because I had talked a good deal with the American consul, who was one of the wisest men in the world, and he had told me a lot of things. But I couldn't forget that little girl who'd come all the way to Vancouver to see Wallace off. And, feeling that I was pretty well out of my depth, I naturally put it up to Laura.

She'd been so busy that she hadn't noticed what was in the wind at all. And she just stared at me.

"That's got to stop!" she said, then, shutting her mouth in a way she has.

"That's what I thought," I said. "Seems to me it's pretty hard on the little girl we saw in Vancouver, don't you?"

"Oh—that girl!" she answered. "I don't

know, Fred. That kind gets over things quickly. I'm thinking about him. Have you seen any of the men, Englishmen and Americans, who have stayed here—like—like that?"

I hadn't, particularly, and said so.

"No, I suppose not," she said. "Well—this boy is too good for that. He's young, and he's reckless, and he hasn't got sense enough to keep from making a fool of himself. So I suppose I'll have to help—and you'll have to help me, too, Fred."

I said I was willing, which she knew without my telling her, of course. And then I sat back and waited for my orders. And when I got them—well, I came nearer to refusing to do something Laura wanted than I ever did before or since. She—But I guess I'll have to tell the rest of this story the way Sir Walter Scott used to tell his. You know? "It was on a dark and stormy evening, as the angry sun, a red ball of fire, was dropping through the clouds, and our hero—"

Our hero, which is Wallace, had fixed up everything with Taki San's parents, anyhow. And he'd notified Billy Crandall that he was going to stay behind, which took more nerve than running for something on the Republican ticket in Texas just after the war. He had stuck to his guns, too, in spite of all that Billy had to say, which was considerable. And the night before we were all to sail was the night that had been fixed, originally, for the ceremony that he and Taki San were to go through—a sort of betrothal, with the real marriage, such as it was, set for the next evening. It meant a lot to her, of course, and rather less than nothing to Wallace, who wasn't bound by it in any way.

He'd taken a little bit of a house, in a lovely garden, and he sat there, waiting for the procession to come along. But when it came it was a little ahead of time, and it wasn't the procession he had been expecting, either. It consisted of about ten men, and they carried a stuffed out kimona with a head on it that looked a little like Taki San's. Then there was another stuffed figure, and that was dressed in European clothes. The leader of the procession looked at Wallace; then he pointed, first to him, and then at the doll in a white man's clothes.

"I see," said Wallace. "Supposed to be me, eh? And this is Taki San?"

He thought it was part of the show that he hadn't heard about, and was interested and rather pleased. He told me later it had looked to him like good local color! The leader nodded when he said that, but he didn't say a word. Instead he clapped his hands, and two of the gang got hold of those dolls and made them go through the motions of the Japanese wedding ceremony—the tea drinking, and the bowing and bobbing, and all the rest of it. And then the leader bowed very politely to Wallace, and took out his sword, and slashed the head right off the doll that was supposed to be Wallace! When he had done that he kicked the rest of the doll, and spat on it, and then he stuck his sword in the ground, and made the doll that looked like Taki San fall on it, so that the sawdust came out, spurting just like blood! Then he picked up the Taki San doll, and held it in his arms, sort of crooning over it. It was all pantomime, but it was mighty realistic, according to Wallace, and it was so plain that it didn't need any words. And finally the leader took Wallace's arm, and pointed toward the sea and the white clouds over it, and held out a picture of a steamship, and gave him a tiny push in that direction.

"I say!" said Wallace. "Surely you don't mean that that's what will happen if I stay here and marry Taki San?"

The leader bowed all over again, in his polite Japanese way, and nodded, explaining that the idea was just that! And then the drums of the other little procession, the one Wallace had really been expecting, sounded in the distance. And the Japanese all got very eager, and pushed Wallace toward the sea. He understood.

"CHANGED my mind," he told me, when

I told him how surprised I was to find he was coming with us, after all. "It—well—it isn't quite the right thing, you know. These people are different—they have their own ways."

It was a long time after that before he told me the story of that pantomime. And it was a whole lot longer before I told him I had played the leader and that Laura had written the scenario and rehearsed us all in it!

That was the way Laura did things, you see. I've told you enough to give you an idea of her methods, I guess—as much as you want to hear, probably. But I can

hear you asking something else—why she never had a love affair of her own! She did—but they were one sided ones. Everyone made love to her, but she wouldn't have them. Everyone, that is, except the married men, and me. I knew I didn't have a chance, and I had an idea she might like to know, sometimes, that she had a friend around, a plain, ordinary, every day sort of friend.

But one time I put it up to her just this way.

"Laura," I said. "You've fixed up love affairs for everyone but yourself. How about that?"

"I've never fixed up one for you, Fred, either," she said, sort of pensively. I guess that's the word.

"I guess I can do all of that for myself,"

I said, bristling up. "I don't need any help—"

"Don't you?" she said. "Do you know, Fred, I've thought you did, sometimes. More than any of the others! I've wanted to But Well it might not have seemed just right, as long as I—"

She broke off, and I saw that she was blushing. And crying, too, just a little bit.

"Laura!" I said. "Don't kid me! You—oh, don't you know I'm dippy about you? I've kept quiet—"

"You needn't tell me that," she said, beginning to laugh. "Oh, Fred—you great big, stupid—dear!"

I'd told her I didn't need any help in *my* love affairs. And I proved it, right then. I just grabbed her and But the rest is strictly personal!

THOSE SERIAL PICTURES

By Elizabeth Wilson

KIND heavens have mercy! What's this that I hear?
Another new series about to appear?

"This famous film favorite, fetching and fair,
Performs thrilling new stunts that no mortal would dare—"
Thus raves the press notices, fluent and glib,
But if you'll believe me, the whole thing's a fib!
I've sat through six thousand and seven or so
Of these serial pictures, and so I should know.
There simply is no new "stunt" left to be "did"
Save to cause this old earth in its orbit to skid.
These serial tales are of such wondrous trend
That our hair is too tired to stand upon end
Any more. You remember "The Pains of Pearline"
With a hairbreadth escape at the end of each scene!
That wasn't so bad, having just sixty reels,—
Imagine, if possible, though, how it feels
To sit through six hundred and seventy-two
"Adventures of Alice"—and still she's not through!
"Fair Flossie of Filmdom" has spared us as yet,
But before this week passes she'll be here, I bet!
We've had fifty doses of "Pol of the Papers,"
And seventy-one of "Cornelia's Capers"—
Oh tell us, dear editors over the land,
Where all this will stop if we don't take a stand?
Great Censors, pray loose your omnipotent tongue
And smite this new "photoplague" while it is young,
Ere 'cross the Atlantic there comes in full blast
"Wild Winnie of Wardom" to crush us at last.

New England, the Merry Widow, and a Spanish Beauty

MERRY widows and Spanish beauties seem to fit into New England about as well as spinsters, schoolmarms, and hard cider would combine with a plaza in the City of Mexico. But the unexpected sometimes happens, like actresses in the best families, and fate, the jade, laughed when she shuffled the cards that put Reina Valdez in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Springfield, Massachusetts, is one of the towns that every good New Englander brags of with the same awed reverence he gives to the Puritan Fathers and pumpkin pie. It is a quiet town, a serene town, a proper town, rigidly American, rigorously domesticated. Most of the people who go out of Springfield bear the banners of apostleship in the higher education of women, or else prayerfully represent the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the Halls of Congress. Reina Valdez is the exception.

Reina Valdez was born in Springfield. She started to live on the day she went to New York. She knew Springfield upside down and inside out, as girls with ambition are likely to know their home towns after they have explored the limits of their opportunities there. She had looked over the ground carefully, and decided that,

even if her native city had exceptional civic features of interest to good government disciples,

it didn't have a chance for a girl who wanted to go on the stage. Therefore she sought Broadway.

Broadway didn't welcome her cordially but it did give her a chance. It put her in the chorus of "The Merry Widow," and gave the folks back home something to gasp about for a week. Then Broadway, or its agent, the stage director, took Reina out of the chorus. Because she could sing gaily and dance lightly, she won the part of Fifi. For fifty weeks she danced and sang through the country with Frances Cameron and George Damerel. Then she danced and sang in the shows of Richard Carle, and Ralph Herz, and Louise Dresser, while Springfield wondered what "that Valdez girl" was doing these days.

One night some one in Springfield, going to the motion pictures, discovered Reina Valdez playing the role of a Mexican heroine in a drama of the Mexican war. The next night every one in town who had known Reina Valdez went to see the films and Springfield

is still going to see her and telling the occasional stranger of "our own little Reina."

Moral—If you'd be famous at home, move out.



Reina Valdez Plays Mexican Heroines and Looks the Part, for All Her Auburn Hair and Blue Eyes



AN ORIGINAL STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA REDWOODS
AND THREE KISSES IN THE DAYS OF THE VIGILANTES

Beatrix Comes to Hangtown

By PHILIP MOORE

Illustrated from the California Motion Picture Company's Film of Bret Harte's Story, "Salomy Jane"

BEATRIX WARING was tremendously pretty and most inexperienced in the ways of men. A combination so improbable requires explanation. In the first place, Beatrix was just eighteen years old. In the second, she had been brought up in a small New England town in the days when every man who could walk had joined the rush to the California gold-fields. In the third, there was Aunt Sabina.

Aunt Sabina did not approve of men. If she had lived, Beatrix would either have run away from home or grown up an old maid like her aunt. It is hard to tell which would have happened. On the one hand, Beatrix had so far accepted her aunt's view of the world as to become as prim a young woman as any in New England. On the other hand, Beatrix had great dark eyes, lips as red as any cherry, and curls with brown lights in them. Perhaps the odds were about even. But Aunt Sabina died and Beatrix was glad of the opportunity to make the journey to San Francisco in the company of a young minister of the neighborhood and his family. Beatrix hoped to gain some trace of her father, of whom nothing had been heard for more than two years and whom she had not seen since she was a child.

So it was that in late August, a strange young woman came to Hangtown, deep in the redwood forest of California, to teach the first school that wild, new community had ever known. Beatrix had failed to secure any word of her father. And if she was still as innocent of kisses as ever, she no longer regarded men as an alien feature of the landscape. Indeed, she admitted to

herself that these Californians, booted and spurred and broad-hatted, were picturesque; they might, on closer acquaintance, prove to be interesting.

After a week, broken only by the arrival of the overland stage which stopped three times a week at Hangtown, Beatrix was ready to talk to anybody, even a man. She deeply regretted the chivalrous politeness which made every citizen of the camp a speaking acquaintance but not one of them a possible friend. She did not understand it. The truth was, of course, that a beautiful young woman was a new phenomenon in Hangtown and one which excited even more interest than the efforts of the Vigilantes to round up a peculiarly bold and aggressive horse thief whose depredations had annoyed the community beyond its endurance. But with one exception the men of Hangtown were not of the sort to force themselves on any woman's attention and since Beatrix had not yet lost the quaint prim New England manner she had learned from her aunt she still gave the impression of desiring everybody to keep his distance and speak no unnecessary word.

The one exception was Buck Simmons. All women were alike to him and he had no respect for any of them. He did not say so. The sentiment would not have been popular in Hangtown. But he had long acted on the assumption, and now he only awaited a convenient opportunity to make an impression upon this young girl from the East.

Beatrix had closed her school for the day and gone aimlessly to wander in the forest of great trees which was its setting. It was

Buck Simmons' opportunity, or so he thought when he perceived her light dress among the giant trunks.

He bowed low as she approached, removing his hat with a flourish as he did so.

"Miss Waring," he said, "it is indeed a pleasure to meet you in this beautiful place."

"It is a beautiful place, isn't it?" Beatrix answered, in matter of fact tones.

"It is the most beautiful place in the world," Buck said. "It is so beautiful that no man not a giant and no woman less lovely than yourself should feel at home in it."

Beatrix felt herself strangely alert. No man had ever paid her a direct compliment before. She did not know whether to take this bold speech she had just heard seriously or not. But she did not pause a moment.

"I am glad," she said, in her most demure manner, "that you are able to feel so much at home in it, Mr. —"

"Simmons, Miss Waring, Simmons."

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Simmons," Beatrix responded, holding out her hand in the friendliest fashion. "I have seen you often enough but I had not heard your name." Buck took the hand in his own but he did not release it. Many easy conquests had made him reckless. He knew enough of the world and women to recognize this young girl's lack of sophistication. In such cases he believed in the bold bandit method of love-making. And so he drew the girl to him, in spite of her startled resistance, and put his free arm around her waist.

"This is the most beautiful place in the world," he continued, "and you are the loveliest creature who has ever stood in it."

And with that Buck bent his head to kiss the lips that had tempted him. Beatrix, taken so unawares, was frightened. She twisted her face away as his approached hers but she felt herself held in an iron grip. The man's breath was on her cheek.



The Overland Stage Stopped at Hangtown Three Times a Week



"Buck" Simmons was a Man Whom Many Easy Conquests Had Made Reckless

She was beside herself with terror. Instinctively, and without volition, she screamed.

Instantly there was a rush, a blow, and she felt herself suddenly free. Buck Simmons had turned to face an angry young man, a bright red patch at one side of his mouth growing larger and redder with every instant. Beatrix whirled and ran as she had never run before.

"I'll have your blood for this, Jim Brown," Buck said, in as deadly a tone as he could command.

"All right," the young man answered. "But that kind of thing doesn't go in this country, and you ought to know it." And he turned on his heel and walked off.

Beatrix had hardly so much as seen her rescuer. For the moment she thought nothing about him. She was filled with loathing of all men. She was so disgusted, now that her fright had left her, that she would have packed her trunk and left California for good and all if that had been possible and she was so hurt that she would have given anything she possessed for the privacy in which to cry. The curious result was that when she reached the friendly house at which she boarded, she was unusually responsive to Mrs. Fisher's cheery greeting. And after supper she sat down in front of the fire to make friends with her landlady.

Mrs. Fisher had early decided that her

paying guest was a stuckup little nincompoop but she was glad to revise her opinion. Beatrix praised the beauty of California until Mrs. Fisher was quite won over.

"You must take the gray horse and ride after school," Mrs. Fisher said, as Beatrix bade her good-night. "You'll find some wonderful places."

Beatrix accepted with alacrity. Perhaps she would be safe from such as Mr. Simmons on horseback. As she went off to sleep she wished she had slapped that eloquent beast and wondered dimly who the young man was, who had.

That person did not go to bed at all this night. He had received the friendly, though ominous warning, that the Vigilantes were after him. He had been accused of being a horse-thief. And with the Vigilantes, punishment preceded trial. He should have no opportunity to prove himself innocent if they seized him. His only hope was to disappear. That might have been difficult if he had owned a horse himself. But he had none and he did not dare borrow. And so, his rifle cradled in his arms, he started out on foot, as if he were going hunting.

Beatrix arose betimes the next morning. She was able by then to smile at Buck Simmons and the bold bandit method of love-making and her curiosity as to the young man who had responded so quickly to her scream was already a lively one.

The next afternoon, far up the mountain, Jimmy Brown turned at a sound—he knew not what—and there astride a gray horse sat the girl with the brown curls and the great dark eyes whom he had seen in Buck Simmons' arms.

"For God's sake give me your horse," he cried. "I've walked all night in a circle and I'm too tired to walk any more. I've got to get out of this country or be hung."

Beatrix guided her horse back to the bank and dismounted.

"What's the trouble, have you had anything to eat?" she asked in one breath.

"Have you got anything to eat?" asked Jimmy, his eyes eager.

"Two sandwiches," Beatrix answered, as she undid a saddle-pocket. Last night she had promised herself she would never speak to a man again; and now she was as friendly as if she had never met Buck Simmons. She watched the young man with tender solicitude as he gulped down the sandwiches.

"What have you done? You don't look like a murderer."

"I'm not," Jimmy said briefly. "It's all a mistake. But until I am cleared I've got to vamoose. I hate to think of your walking way back to Hangtown but I need a horse worse than you do and so I've got to have this one. You tell Mrs. Fisher you stopped to eat your lunch and the horse ran away. I'll turn him loose and he'll be back in a couple of days." And he seized the bridle.

"But," Beatrix began.

Jimmy stopped.

"I won't take the horse unless you say I can have him. Won't you take my word?"

The young man looked so anxious that Beatrix involuntarily took a step toward him. With a quick movement he kissed her. She started back with a little cry.

"There," he said. "That's my reward and good-by until we meet again."

Beatrix had plenty of time in which to reflect over that second kiss as she walked back toward Hangtown. Why had it not offended her as the other had? It had been given in much the same way.

Beatrix heard enough gossip in the next two weeks to convince her, if she was not already convinced, that there might be something in Jimmy Brown's plea of innocence. And when that reflection crossed her mind she realized that she had never doubted him, even though the horse had not come back in two days as he had promised. Strangely, she counted a great deal on his coming back. What did it matter. She did not know, except that it did matter.

But confidently as she had expected Jimmy Brown's return, she was startled when, as she closed the school-house door one afternoon, she saw him coming toward her on the gray horse he had borrowed.

He dismounted lightly at her feet.

"He got so lame I had to keep him," he explained, with reference to the horse. "But I have brought him back now."

"Why did you come back?" Beatrix asked. "Do you think it safe?"

"I couldn't stay away," Jimmy Brown answered, looking into her eyes. And Beatrix realized, with a strange panic, that he was going to kiss her again. But this time she did not scream, she did not even give a little cry. Instead she suffered Jimmy Brown's arms, and even put both of her own around his neck, while she received the third kiss of her life—and gave her first.

THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS' DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY A. W. THOMAS

What Rejection Means

THERE is, perhaps, no greater difference between the amateur and the professional attitude toward writing than in the reception of rejection. The professional takes a rejection slip to mean that his scenario is not wanted at this particular time by the company to which he sent it. He may be annoyed or disappointed at his failure to make a sale, but he takes the incident for just what it is worth and hastens to send his script off to another company. He knows that the rejection slip means nothing whatever as to the merits of his work. He knows that merit is only one factor in the scenario editor's decision, and no one scenario editor is an infallible judge even of that one factor. Scripts are rejected in spite of their merit because the company is not equipped for the moment to use them; or because the company is already overstocked in that particular variety. Circumstances alter these cases immensely, but the amateur does not realize this. Nine times out of ten, he takes the first rejection slip as proof that his work is no good. Half the time he thinks it is no use to write another. He gives up the game in disgust. Or, having enough persistence to go on, he is too discouraged to go on. The way to find out whether your finished scenario is of value or not, is to send it out until it is accepted or until there is no company which has not rejected it—in the meantime, writing another to go the same round.

Action and Business

THE difference between *action* and *business* should be clearly understood. The action of a play is its essential part. The things the characters do to tell the story constitute the action. The business of a character is something added on. Business includes all the devices of scenario writer, director, and actor which go to

elaborate the emotion demanded by the action. Often, the business makes all the difference in the world—the difference between success and failure. Especially is this true of the actor. But always a good scenario can exist without any business at all; it would still be a story if the actors went through it like a lot of wooden men. For instance, if a plot demands that a young woman, alone in her home at night, shall shoot a burglar, the shooting will be action. But if the young woman who defends herself so effectively is really badly frightened and this is shown by the nervous clasp and unclasp of one hand while the other holds the pistol, that is business! It is well in planning scenarios, to bear this in mind and to construct action that will stand on its own feet. The business can be worked out to enhance and enrich the story.

The Point of Attack

IT IS often said that there are no new plots, just as "there is nothing new under the sun." This is true in a way. No one is likely to invent a story utterly unlike any story that has ever been told before. But an old story can be made new by a shift, or twist, or change in its development. Many a good plot seems at first to involve a familiar situation only to branch off into one that seems quite new. The point at which this occurs is called in the studios the *Point of Attack*. It is here that a story grips the attention of its audience and arouses that curiosity which is so large an element of interest. And it is here that a scenario writer fails or succeeds.

In "The One Who Loved Him Best," we reach the point of attack in scene 12, because it is here the interest and curiosity have been brought to a point where *something is expected*. Up to this time, the scenes have been laid as a path to scene 12—to the place where the love of the two

daughters begins to dawn, where the old seaman *hides* his money, and then shows his fear that Julia, the girl who proves to be the "one who loves him best," has discovered its hiding place. Later, the point of attack is strengthened when the father is found dying and Florence, the flatterer, is heard to say, "Now I shall have all his money." Other attacks are made throughout the story, but it is the first *crisis* that gives the play a new "twist."

In "The Fire Jugglers," the old, old story of the woman who falls in love with the artist who paints her portrait, is told a theme that has been worked countless times. But the *point of attack* is made so effective that all the similarity is forgotten. Passing by the introductory scenes, we will take, as an example of the *point of attack*, scene 29.

Scene 29—ALBERTI'S STUDIO, CLOSE TO EASEL WITH COVERED PICTURE.

Alberti, smiling craftily, hears knock—Brings wondering and rather grim Leavitt who looks at covered canvas and steps toward it—Alberti, showing teeth in malicious smile, *stops him*. (Here is a point of intense expectancy on the part of the audience; *something* is expected, but *what?*) Alberti laughs—Leavitt jerks off the covering—In amazement he beholds nude painting of his wife.

The *point of attack* has passed, but the *attack continues*—the interest increases. The dramatic plan that shapes all events or episodes toward a strong denouement, and the "epic" which means the arranging of all the episodes in the order which the development of the action demands, will lead up to the *height or point of attack*, but it rests with the creator of the story to grasp and utilize this artificially created element at the *proper time*. This may be considered as a crisis or as an anti-climax, and if properly handled the necessary denouement will develop itself. The *point of attack* stands forth in every dramatic subject; it is quickly discernible on the screen, and for the author who is unable to see it and take advantage of it in his own writing, it is urged that he look for it; that he study it in the plays of others whenever he has an opportunity and that he try to profit by this observation and study.

Serial Photoplays

WHATEVER you do, don't attempt to write a serial photoplay. In the first place, the studios are not looking for serials at this particular time, and in the second place, your chances of writing a good one are almost nil. It takes skill of the highest order to turn out multiple reel plays as opposed to single reel or two reel plays; and, as for the serials, they are written by the veterans of the profession. It is difficult, of course, for the amateur to realize what an immensely complicated thing a multiple reel play is. He is too apt to think that a story which the scenario editor recognizes at once as having sufficient action to cover, say, two thousand feet of film and no more, is a seven reeler simply because he has padded the action with enough business to fill that much space. In reality, it takes an immensely complicated and elaborate plot to make anything longer than a two reel film—the longer the film, the more complicated the plot, of course—and the amateur is bound to get lost in the mazes if he makes the attempt. Single reel and two reel plays are in such great demand, and the professional because of his superior skill is so likely to confine his efforts to longer plays, that it is here that the amateur's chance lies—and he can do no better than to stick to this sort of writing.

The Demand For Comedy

THIS department has been flooded with inquiries of, "do film companies want comedies?" Yes, film companies *do want comedies*, but they must be *comedy*. New writers get the notion that all that is required to write a comedy is to have one character steal another's umbrella, run away with it, fall over a step, upset a tub of water, meet a policeman, shove him into a stream; hide the umbrella in an old bake oven and then be captured by the out-winded pursuer. That may be farce but it is not comedy—not the kind the producers want. There must be *plot* in comedy as in drama, unless one is writing a regular "chase" picture, and even there plot can be woven in. Comedy, to sell, must contain all the elements of comedy, just as drama, to be dramatic, must possess an emotional climax, and sympathetic or heart-interest touches. Classes of comedy differ. Edison puts out a certain kind of comedy, purely high comedy, while Biograph runs to farce; Sterling



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BEVERLY BAYNE

and Keystone release burlesque plays and Kalem uses some romantic comedy. A comedy suitable for Edison would not appeal to Keystone and vice versa. Yes, there is a demand for comedy, but it must be the kind that has plot interest and the humor of human nature woven into it. Comedies, good ones, are worth writing, for the prices paid are commensurate with the value of the story. Good comedies command good prices, just as unique dramatic plays, with a "punch" command good prices.

Henry Has An Assistant

TAKING advice is one of the most difficult things amateur scenario writers have to do. They seem to think there is only one week left in which to write or sell a story. But next year there will be more stories wanted than this, and next year is a time that hasn't been touched yet. Henry Higgins, while he has taken advice at times, is prone to follow the lines of least resistance and "jump into the ring," as he puts it, "because I'm afraid some one else will 'beat' me to it." Read what Henry says:

Wampum, Pa., Nov. 30th.

Dear Editor:

I stayed home since you told me to, but I am through staying, because I'm afraid some one else will beat me to it in finding and selling plots. I have an assistant, a young woman who is just full of ideas, but she can't put them together—I can. We have 47 plots ready to typewrite, but we have no typewriter. I fear the studios may be all bought up, so we're going to write night and day. What do you think of it?

HENRY HIGGINS.

The opening paragraph answers your letter, Henry, but it may not be amiss to add that the studios will not be "bought up"—at least not for a few years. We don't know whether you need the assistant any more than she needs you—but team work *does* pay. You're on the right track, there.

Recent Prizes Awarded

ONE of the most interesting items of the month to amateur photoplaywrights is the announcement of the awarding of the prizes in the Comedy Scenario Prize Contest conducted by the New York Morning Telegraph and Chartered The-

atres Corporation. You will remember that three prizes were offered of \$1,000, \$500, and \$250 respectively. The three prizes were awarded as follows:

First prize—Roy L. McCardell of New Rochelle, N. Y., for three-reel comedy, entitled "A Jay in Peacock Alley."

Second prize—Miss Elaine Sterne of New York City, for three-reel comedy, entitled "Without Hope."

Third prize—Miss Caroline Benbrooke Wells of St. Louis, Mo., for three-reel comedy, entitled "A Puritan's Conscience."

Mr. McCardell is a well-known newspaper and magazine humorist, and Miss Elaine Sterne is the astonishing young woman who has been writing scenarios for less than a year and who won a short time ago, Vitagraph's \$1,000 prize for a drama called "The Sins of the Mothers," which is now nearing completion at the Vitagraph studio.

The Scenario Market

THERE is probably no more valuable aid to the amateur photoplay writer than the photoplay market lists published in some of the periodicals that have to do with motion pictures and with writers. They furnish the amateur with just the sort of information that the professional has acquired through endless submitting of manuscripts—that is, an accurate account of the demands of the different motion picture companies. Without this information, the amateur would have no guide in submitting his script other than the knowledge of the requirements of the various studios which he could glean by attending the motion picture theatres. As it is, he is guided by the information contained in these lists all too little and many a rejection could probably be laid to such carelessness. If you want to sell your scripts, study one of these lists. Learn that companies in New York and Chicago will be putting on interior plays for the most part through the winter, while to the companies in the south and west, the winter will make little difference; learn where to send romantic comedy and slapstick comedy and farce; learn what companies are watching for plays in which their stars may be featured. Supplement this information with a close study of the releases and your chances for making a sale will be increased tenfold. A complete list of the purchasing companies is printed in this issue.

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A Chronicle of Yester-Year

By Monte M. Katterjohn

This article should be of especial interest to all who contemplate taking up the fascinating new profession of writing for the movies, for it is a successful photoplaywright's own story of his early efforts, his set-backs, and his final success.—Ed.

JUST a little while ago—six years, to be exact—I decided to try my hand at scenario writing, or rather, at writing moving picture stories. I had watched the picture plays of that period and came to the conclusion that I could invent hundreds of plots better than those being employed by the manufacturers. So I started to write my first moving picture plot, or scenario, as we term it today.

"Scenario form" was unknown to me. I just wrote out my story following the rule I had learned in school regarding compositions—get to the plot immediately without superfluous and introductory paragraphs. The first draft was in long-hand, and recorded just as the thoughts came to me. Then this was boiled down into a briefer story, though following the same plan. A third draft was made, this time exactly as I intended to submit it, but written in long-hand. I was a pupil in the second grade of high school and worked on the story when I should have been studying algebra, or probably it was the physical geography hour that I usurped. The story once in the exact words I desired, I went to a friend's office after school hours and typed it, using the back side of a piece of his office stationery. The entire story did not require a single sheet of paper, though double spaced.

This first story was called "A Policeman's Dream," and to produce it as it was written, demanded trick photography. I felt pretty proud of it, and securing the address of the Vitagraph Company of America from the local theatre proprietor,



forwarded my story to the president of the company, telling him I thought it would make a better picture than some others he had been making.

I had hardly mailed my first story when I thought of another plot. I had been glancing through my little brother's second reader and I found in that old favorite, "A Leak in the Dike," what I considered a wonderful situation. I wrote a second picture story immediately and gave it the same title, "A Leak in the Dike," though

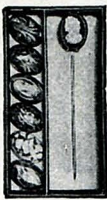
it was quite different in plot from the poem. I prepared it exactly as I had prepared the previous story, using a single sheet of paper, and double spacing. No letter was enclosed with my second effort, as I figured that the company would know me by my other story. This was sent to the Vitagraph Company, also.

The day after the second story had been forwarded I found a poem in a daily newspaper, and which was published under the heading, "Old Favorites." The poem, the name of which I forget, was by Longfellow. It contained but the germ of a plot,—that of a girl becoming blind and being jilted by her lover. I decided that was old, so I brought in an adventuress who, with the connivance of an old hag, is responsible for the heroine's blindness and wins her lover. And then Fate takes a hand and restores the girl's sight. I called this third story, "Stricken Blind." As far as manuscript form was concerned, it was written in the same manner as the two which preceded it, although it ran two pages in length. This

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was also mailed to the Vitagraph Company.

By this time my mind was simply boiling with photoplay plots. I came to be a regular patron of the picture theatre. While studying certain Biograph pictures I noticed that sub-titles and letters were used to clarify the action. Further, I began to count the scenes, and watch the frequency with which certain sets were used. This was my first lesson in technique.

I kept on writing stories, but not mailing them, as I felt that the decision of the Vitagraph Company would determine my future course. These new photoplays were more elaborate than the others, since I began to specify scenes, and to put in the sub-titles—this after I had written a single page synopsis.

About three weeks after writing the first three stories I received a long ominous looking envelope from the Vitagraph Company, and on opening it, discovered it contained a check for \$15.00 and a letter explaining that all three of my stories had been accepted, payment being made at the rate of \$5.00 each. Also, I was asked for more stories.

Then I made a mistake. The bait was too strong. I now wrote from two to three picture stories a day, rushing them all off to my original market by the first mail. I flooded the Vitagraph Company with picture stories. They didn't sell. I continued to write, going into detail about all matters, and still my stories didn't land.

The Selig Company became my next prospective market. I decided the Vitagraph Company didn't know what good stories were, and instead of writing new plots, I spent my time thinking about the ones I had written, and trying to sell them. The Kalem Company was also victimized by my flood of stories. But they wouldn't sell. I became discouraged and quit. I had made \$15.00 and had spent most of it in postage and typewriter paper.

Almost a year later I received a letter from Mr. Albert E. Smith of the Vitagraph Company telling me that "Stricken Blind" had been produced with certain changes and was scheduled for early release. This letter fanned my ambition to a flame, and while waiting to see the child of my own brain flashed upon the screen, I began to jot down ideas and situations which I thought would make picture plots. About two weeks after receiving the letter from

Mr. Smith I received a copy of a printed circular called "The Vitagraph Bulletin," and which contained a synopsis of the comedy "A Policeman's Dream," and a reproduction of a scene from the film.

I pestered the local exhibitor continually about these two subjects, and at last he managed to secure them from a Chicago film exchange by paying a premium of five dollars above his regular rental. "A Policeman's Dream" was a five hundred foot comedy, and on the same reel with another called "The Press Gang." "Stricken Blind" was a full reel subject. Paul Panzer, now the villain in "The Perils of Pauline," was the policeman, in the comedy. Florence Turner was the heroine in the drama.

And so it came about that I had the opportunity of studying my own work. I discovered that both stories had been greatly changed and improved upon. The local exhibitor advertised these two films heavily, and on a thousand or more bills, announced as follows:

"Tonight's show is a very special attraction—Two extraordinary Vitagraph films written by our own Monte M. Katterjohn."

That ruined me for a while. People looked upon me as some sort of a potentate. I couldn't write for talking about what I had written. People came to me by the dozens wanting to know how I did it. Naturally I got the swelled-head, imagined all the girls in town were "stuck" on me, and fell down miserably in my writing.

This only lasted about six months, however, and then I hit the earth again. Of course I was doing other work all the while, being local correspondent for some twenty or more big dailies. I also took subscriptions for magazines and newspapers. Another channel of revenue was the writing of jokes and anecdotes. Every time I heard someone tell a good story or anecdote I wrote it out and sent it off. I believe I have sold at least five thousand anecdotes.

As I became older I began to realize that excellence cannot be attained without great labor, that the ability to make money is not God-given. It means simply a capacity for getting right down to hard work. My newspaper work was convincing me of this, since I was writing news by the column and was paid by the column. The gathering of anecdotes also taught me that more important than the alertness to see the point of a story was the ability to write it down.

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Two years after selling my first three stories—one of which has never been produced—I tried my hand once more, but only after studying the pictures, and writing several different companies for sample scenarios. You of today, who contemplate taking up this fascinating new profession are more fortunate than I was, in being able to buy text books on scenario writing. There were none when I began. I devoted only my spare time to the work, and my scripts began to sell. Another two years rolled by and I had sold but fifteen stories. I knew there was something wrong with my work and decided to find out just what and why. With more than seventy-five manuscripts going the rounds, I took a reef in my belt, quit everything else, and declared myself a scenario writer, exclusively.

I bought a typewriter with my savings, a thousand sheets of 8½ by 11 inch paper, and all the available text-books on the subject of scenario writing. I decided that the best any person could hope to do would be to write three good scenarios each week, so I limited myself to that number, and pretty soon I had a goodly number of scenarios circulating through the mails. I subscribed to all the picture papers, magazines and trade journals and studied the markets. I posted myself on the stock players of the different companies. And then my scenarios began to sell, for I learned that there is as much in knowing the market as there is in knowing how to write a scenario.

A great many beginners make the mistake of thinking that almost any company will buy a good scenario. Never! A scenario, to be acceptable to a company, must be exactly suited to that company's requirements, which requirements, if you please, are regulated by the number of people maintained in the stock company, and their ability for certain kinds of work. Then you ask: What chance do I have? The same chance the man has who is on the ground. He knows conditions by being on the ground and hearing the director and his superiors voice their requirements. You can know these same requirements by utilizing your good common horse sense and studying. Subscribe for all

the magazines printed on the subject in which you are interested.

If a man were to begin the practice of law he would not think of so doing without a library of law books. This also applies to the scenario writer. The text books, papers, magazines and trade journals are to the photo playwright what the volumes and volumes of legal books are to the attorney.

At least that is the decision I came to some two years ago. I reasoned about as follows: If the other fellow knows something that I don't know, the only way I can find out without going to him is to buy his books and his magazines. He is a busy man, so I won't write personal letters. That looks like something for nothing. I'll get everything that is available, and study the films as well. Then if I can't make good it's my fault.

After writing and selling almost a hundred scenarios, I still feel that way about the matter. Using the slang expression, you can take it from me that successful scenario writing is more than thinking up a plot, even though it may be a better plot than the one you see acted out on the screen.

The rewards for conscientious work are becoming greater each day. If you can make good as a scenario writer it is possible to earn a salary of four figure size annually. There are many who are doing it, and who do not aspire to become staff writers.

About a year ago I assumed charge of the scenario department for the Universal Film Manufacturing Company at New York. At the time I considered myself fortunate indeed, and so I was. After four months I gave up the editorial chair to go back to free-lancing. Of course my departure from the Universal was not the result of a predecision, as we all like to hold down steady positions just as long as the men out in the front office will stand for us. But once out, I resumed free-lancing, and was on precisely the same footing as the amateur. I am now selling my stories with clock-like regularity, although, like other mortals, I suffer an occasional rejection. And I wouldn't be anything but a free-lance now, if I could.

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The Photoplay Market

There has been such a great demand for definite knowledge as to which of the film companies are in the market for scenarios that we publish the following list which consists of only the companies that will purchase scripts. This new feature will be revised each month and kept strictly up-to-date. Any company whose name does not appear here, is not in the market for scripts of any kind.

American—

American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Cal. F. A. Wall, editor. Novel subjects with big, fresh ideas running anywhere from 500 to 8,000 feet. Exceptional one and two-reel dramas and comedies especially desired. This company also reads for "Beauty" and desires small cast, heart-interest dramas and comedies in which Margarita Fischer may be featured.

Balboa—

Balboa Amusement Producing Company, Long Beach, Cal. F. Wiltermood, editor. Two-reel heart-interest and three-reel mystery plays. Very much opposed to anything which contains evil or sensationalism.

Beauty—

See American Film Mfg. Company.

Biograph—

Biograph Company, 807 East 175th street, New York City. Strong one and two-reel scenarios of their own style. Also farce comedies and burlesques of half-reel length.

Bison 101—

See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Broncho—

See New York Motion Picture Corporation.

Columbus—

Columbus Film Co., 110 West 40th street, New York City. Recently added to General Film program and producing one-reel comedies and three-reel features. (No report as to scenario needs.)

Crystal—

Crystal Film Company, 430 Wendover avenue, New York. Full and split reel comedies. (Explanatory synopsis is all that is desired.)

Domino—

See New York Motion Picture Corporation.

Eaco—

Eaco Films, 110 W. 40th street, New York City. Three-reel dramas with a "punch" which may be used to feature Edwin August. Also one-reel westerns and comedies.

Edison—

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., 2826 Decatur avenue, Bronx, New York. Takes deliberate action on all scripts, holding some eight weeks. Use both one and two-reel plays. Modern settings desired and action must embrace incidents with which the average person is familiar.

Essanay—

Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle street, Chicago, Ill. Slap-stick and straight comedies. Buying very little at present and will consider only the best efforts of writers.

Euclid—

Euclid Film Company, Toledo, O. One and two-reel comedies and dramas, original in theme and treatment. Address all scripts to the scenario editor and not to individuals.

Famous Players—

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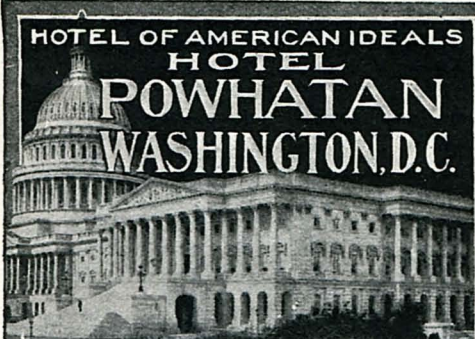
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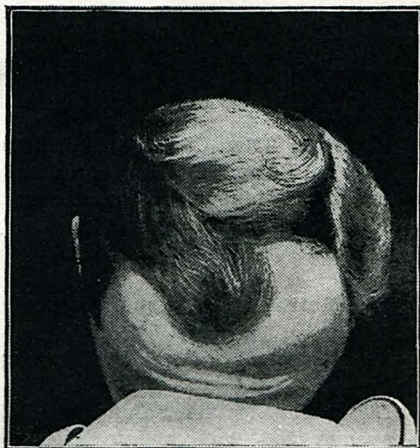
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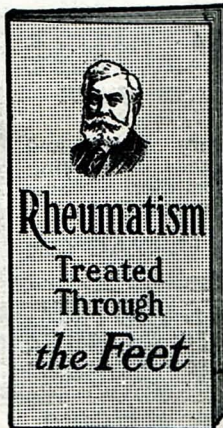
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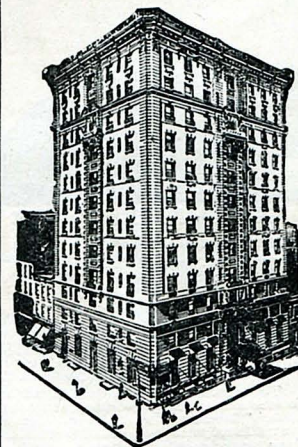
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The supply at this price is very limited, the price will probably be raised when next advertisement appears so don't delay. Tear out this ad, sign name and address on margin—mail to me—the typewriter will be shipped promptly. There is no red tape. I employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that I retain title to the machine until the full \$28.80 is paid. You cannot lose it is the greatest typewriter opportunity you will ever have. Without sending any money, write me now to ship you this typewriter for free trial.

HARRY A. SMITH, 850-231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago

Bust Developed One Ounce a Day



A New, Simple, Easy Home Method that Gives Quick, Permanent Success

Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning glory of womanhood is a figure of beautiful proportions and exquisite development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself showing the feminine lines of infinite charm and grace. It would be worth more to you than a 2c stamp, so let me tell you of what I have learned—let me show you recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—for if you will write me today

I Will Tell You How—FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh. Why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man?

Write to Me Today

I don't care how thin, or fallen, or flaccid your bust is now—I want to tell you of a new, simple, easy home method that gives quick and permanent success—I want to tell you how you can gain perfect development—one ounce a day. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of an absolutely new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty—without disappointment.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally, that's all. I will answer it by return mail—and you can have a perfect bust and figure—one ounce daily—you can be just what you want to be. You may believe me when I say that you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you, and telling you what I know. Please send your letter today to the following address:

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM
Suite 16, 408 Adams St., TOLEDO, OHIO

25 YEAR
GOLD
CASE



Would You Accept This Special Holiday Offer?

Standard of the World. Endorsed by Government and Railway Officials. Harris-Goar's enlarged Easy Credit Plan now enables you to own one of these superb Elgin Watches or a beautiful Diamond without missing the money. Write for Free Catalog.

17 Jewel Elgin

Now, during this Special Holiday Sale, is the time to buy this elegant 17 JEWEL Elgin. Thoroughly factory tested, fitted in a beautiful Gold Strata Case, Factory stamped and Guaranteed 25 years, hand engraved, plain polished or with your own monogram, and our startling offer is to send you this celebrated 1914 Model free of charge for your approval

No Money Down

Because we want to prove to you that the great volume of our business actually enables us to do better by you than any other Watch or Diamond House in the World, and that on this particular watch we save you nearly half for it sells regularly at about \$20 to \$22. Our

Special Price is Only \$12⁷⁵

We don't want you to send us one cent—not a penny. Merely give us your full name and address that we may send you this superb 17 Jewel Elgin or a Diamond on approval, and if after you receive it, and want to keep it, pay us the sum of

Only \$2 a Month

But if after you have worn it 30 days FREE and don't want to keep it, send it back at our expense. You assume no risk whatever. You do not buy or pay one cent until we have placed the watch or diamond right in your own hands for your decision. We want no security, no interest—no red tape—just common honesty among men. Write for our BIG FREE WATCH AND DIAMOND BOOK today. Do it now!

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 1406, Kansas City, Mo.

The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World.

Bank Presidents Endorse Harris-Goar Company.

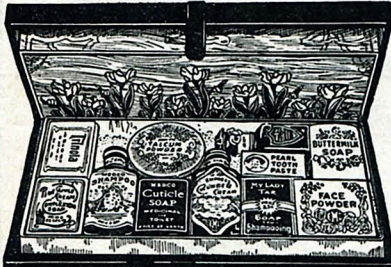
We take very great pleasure in recommending the Harris-Goar Jewelry Co., to the business public. The company has large financial resources with patrons everywhere throughout the United States. Mr. Harris and Mr. Goar are well and favorably known as men of energy and business integrity, and we believe them worthy of the fullest confidence of the public. (Signed)

J. R. DOMINICK, Pres.
Traders National Bank
W. T. KEMPEK, Pres.
Commerce Trust Co.



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TERMS

AGENTS \$1.00 THIS IS A GOLD MINE at a Throw



Only 10
Boxes a
Day
Means
\$5.00
Daily
Profit

Lucky 'Leven Combination in Display Case. Each Article Full Drug Store Size. Full Size of Box is 6 x 13 3/4 Inches.

VALUE OF CONTENTS:

Trinola Stain Remover Soap.....	\$0.10
Princess Borated Talcum.....	.15
Medco Triple Extract Perfume.....	.50
Pearl Dentifrice Tooth Soap.....	.25
Glycerine and Buttermilk Soap.....	.10
Pineapple Cream Soap.....	.25
Medco Shampoo Hair Tonic.....	.50
Medco Cuticle Soap.....	.25
Empress Cucumber Cream.....	.50
My Lady Tar for Shampooing.....	.25
Empress Face Powder.....	.50

TOTAL VALUE.....\$3.25

When you show your customer this gorgeous case the array of fine toilet goods will dazzle her eye, and when at the end of your spiel you state the low price of \$1.00 for all this, the dollar is yours. This Outfit, as shown above, cover padded with purple cloth, \$1.25, express prepaid. Only one Winner of our 37 Varieties.

Quantity price to agents, 50 cents, each.

**E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., N 98 Davis Block,
224 North Desplaines Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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OF IT!
ELEVEN
ARTICLES
FOR LESS THAN
5c Each**

Free Toilet Articles

Beautiful Women of PHOTOPLAYS Use
Cross' Theatrical Liquid Make-Up

THAT is the reason why you should use it. It can be used by non-professional women as well as those of the profession. It is a thick liquid to cover the neck, face and arms. Can be applied very easily. Blends evenly, can hardly be detected and will not rub off.

It will give that dainty, charming, pearl-white skin effect you have always wanted. There is no "made-up" look about it.

Positively covers every blemish and every pore. Makes rough skins smooth and smooth skins smoother. Renews sallow complexions to an enviable glow of health. Its use on the hands will tend to eradicate all redness and roughness, leaving them soft and smooth.

FREE Articles

With every 50c order of Liquid Make-Up we will give you free—large box of Colonial Face Powder (five shades.) A most exquisite Face Powder. Also a jar of Indian Maid Rouge Paste. Shades for blondes and brunettes. Blood color. Cannot be detected. Most wonderful rouge made. You may have one minute Hair Remover in place of Rouge if desired. Your Choice of Two Articles FREE.



For street use, dances, entertainments and for home use you can find nothing better. It has proved a blessing to many women, professional and otherwise. So—now—YOU read our big free offer and then act quickly. Send money in today. Don't put it off. Take advantage of our

BIG FREE OFFER

W. N. CROSS

4327 Grand Blvd., Chicago

WHY NOT *Write Photoplays* ?

Ever tried it? Have you any imagination? If you knew just how to construct the plot—where to put the “punches”—how to go about the details, do you think you might succeed? Photoplaywrights have seldom been authors; rarely been dramatic playwrights. The fiction story and the theatrical production are not generally adapted to the photo-drama. Very few short stories or novels—and remarkably few theatrical plays—have been good for the films.

What Do Photoplaywrights Make?

The ordinary scenario brings from \$25 to \$50; better ones bring \$100; some are bought for \$300; and big productions command high figures. Capable scenario writers receive direct orders; many become high-salaried studio directors. Travel, independence, and fame are the rewards. But—you must KNOW HOW. Don't try to guess, because guessing will bring nothing but rejection slips.

Mr. A. W. Thomas and Mr. William Lord Wright Tell You HOW

If you are going to learn anything, go to the fountainhead of knowledge. Mr. A. W. Thomas is the dean of American Photoplaywrights—successful scenario writer, formerly chief of the editorial department of the Photoplay Clearing House, now editor of “Photoplay Magazine,” organizer and head of the Photoplaywrights' Association of America. Mr. Wright is Photoplay Editor of the “Dramatic Mirror.”

The “Market” for Scenarios is Growing

It already demands THOUSANDS of new photoplays yearly. Why don't YOU try to be one of the successful writers? Today is the Morning of Photoplay Writing achievement. Get in as a pioneer. Have your name known all over the land. But, first of all, LEARN HOW!

This Book Is Yours FREE!

Mr. Thomas has written a new book, “Wanted: More Photoplays.” It is YOURS—FREE; that is, if you write for a copy NOW. SEND NO MONEY. Write a letter or postal and say, “Without cost to me, please send me Mr. Thomas' Book on Photoplays.” Sign your name and address plainly. But be sure to ASK NOW!

Photoplaywrights' Association of America

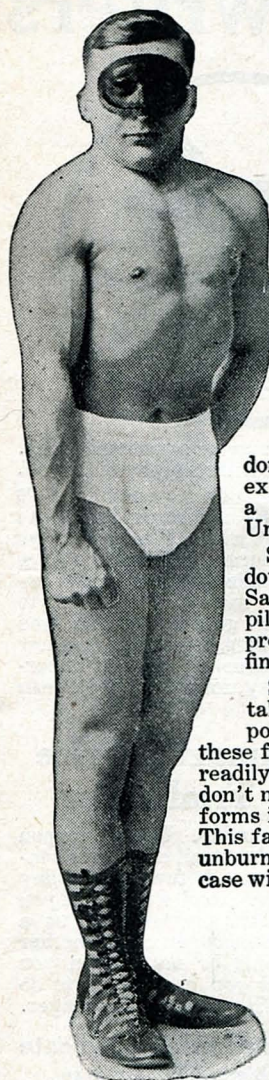
8 So. Dearborn St.

(A. W. THOMAS, Pres. and Editor)

CHICAGO, ILL.

THIN FOR YEARS

"Gains 22 Pounds in 23 Days"



"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put just 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when someone suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is absolutely harmless. It is a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

50c Box Free

To enable any thin reader, ten pounds or more under weight to easily make this test, we will give a 50c. box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't and the only way to know is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package today, enclosing 10c. in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c. package will be sent by return mail free of charge.

Mail this coupon with your letter to the **SARGOL CO., 571-A Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.**

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, if you want to gain some solid pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh, if you want to increase your weight to normal—weigh what you should weigh—accept this Free 50c. Package today.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

This coupon entitles any person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in silver in letter today, with coupon and the full 50c. package will be sent you by return post. Address:

The Sargol Company, 571-A Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

Write your name and address plainly and pin this Coupon to your letter.

Extraordinary Prices on These Oliver Typewriters

Must Sell One Thousand Machines Quick!

The great European war makes it impossible to ship typewriters to Europe. We have 1,000 No. 5 Oliver machines which we must sell quick. And we are determined to dispose of them in this country, at prices which defy competition.

These grand typewriters must be sold at once. Here is a great opportunity to secure an Oliver at bed-rock prices. You will never have another chance like this. Act now if you have been wanting a good typewriter. Investigate this offer today.

Genuine No. 5 Oliver Guaranteed a Lifetime

These machines come to us direct from the factory. Money will not buy greater typewriter value. They have all the wonderful Oliver advantages: visible writing, U-shaped type bar, built-in tabulator, marginal release, universal keyboard with 6 extra characters, etc., etc. Each full standard size, complete with every accessory and full instructions for operating.

The Oliver has the lightest touch and greatest durability of any typewriter made. Anyone can operate the Oliver successfully.

We will sell you one on the easiest terms ever known. Better still, we cover every single machine with a lifetime guarantee. Other machines are guaranteed for one year. But we have such confidence in the No. 5 Oliver that we will guarantee it for life. When you buy an Oliver you buy "for keeps."

Half the Price of Other Machines—Payments Just Like Rent

These 1,000 machines must go at once. And the price we will make is so low that we do not dare even publish it. We can quote this price only in a confidential letter. Ask for it, if you need a machine. Don't wait until they are all gone before investi-



No. 5 Oliver

gating. Mail the coupon or a postcard today. Our price and terms will surely astonish you.

And remember that this is a regular \$100 machine, with many thousands in use all over the world right now. We can always undersell manufacturers, because we have no salesmen with their big salaries and expenses. All of our machines go direct to the consumer, and he gets the saving. And right now we are going to cut our own low price clear to the bone. Seize this opportunity while you may, for we doubt if it can ever be repeated.

Get Our Amazing Price and Free Trial Offer

Send for our offer today. Use the coupon or a postcard. Find out all about our sensational cut in prices. A few cents a day will buy your Oliver. And we will let you try one free first without sending us a single cent. Mail the coupon now, whether you are ready to buy or not. Then you will know whether you can afford to do without a standard No. 5 Oliver any longer.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166-Y12 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate (233)
166-Y12 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

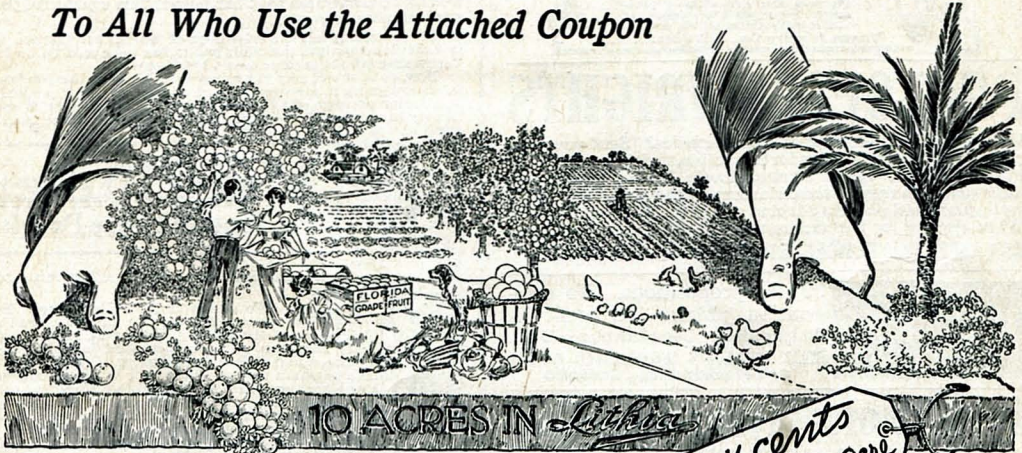
I am interested in owning a typewriter and would like to have your special offer on a No. 5 Oliver machine. I incur no obligation in asking for your proposition.

Name

Address

FREE GRAPE FRUIT and FREE ORANGE TREES

To All Who Use the Attached Coupon



10 ACRES IN *Lithia*

3 1/3 cents
per day per acre

In reserving one of these Choice Citrus Fruit and Truck Farms on Our Special Terms of Only

We are giving 100 fine, sturdy Citrus Fruit Trees FREE to each purchaser of one of these Florida farms—a full assortment of 100 fine Citrus Fruit Trees ABSOLUTELY FREE.

These trees, when delivered, will be from one and a half to two years old, budded on strong, hardy, rough lemon and sour orange stock—good, sturdy, healthy young trees that compare favorably with those sold by the reliable nurseries at 45 to 85 cents apiece.

There are no strings to this exceedingly liberal offer. Every new purchaser who mails this coupon promptly, receives 100 sturdy Citrus Fruit trees of such an assortment as he may select. During 1914 your trees will be cultivated, budded and cared for by first-class nurserymen without charge.

To Get Your FREE Fruit Trees, Mail Coupon Today

OUR NEW LITHIA TRACT is suburban to Tampa, the metropolis of South Florida, and is one of the few choice citrus fruit tracts left in Hillsboro County, the recognized center of Florida's grape fruit and orange belt.

This is the third great Hillsboro County tract subdivided by our old established, responsible, thoroughly experienced organization. Over 2,500 families are now rejoicing because they bought at opening prices in our two former tracts. Every family can tell you they got a square and generous deal.

Our New Lithia Tract now offers you the same wonderful opportunity—better still, because of the rapid growth and development on all sides within the past four years. Our surveyors have completed their work of subdividing the New Lithia tract into 10, 20 and 40-acre Citrus Fruit and Truck Farms, and it is now being thrown open to homeseekers and investors.

YOU CAN PAY FOR YOUR LAND BY WORK. We will sell you ten or more acres and make a contract with you giving you steady employment at clearing land paying you \$15 to \$25 per acre, which is the usual price paid in Florida for clearing. We will give you enough work to entirely pay for any number of acres you want. All you need is a willingness to work and enough money to pay your fare to Tampa. As clearing is hard work we can only make such contracts with those who are physically able to do this kind of work. Such an unparalleled offer to obtain a choice farm has never before been made. Write for full information regarding this special employment contract.

Hillsboro County is building ONE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF NEW BRICK COUNTRY ROADS—the first in the U. S. to vote such an appropriation. Improvements of all kinds are going rapidly forward. Already buyers are building homes on our new Lithia Tract, and values are due to rise here just as they have in our two former suburban farm tracts in this same county.

The visible supply of select Hillsboro County grape fruit land is fast melting away. Prosperous homes are scattered around the new Lithia Tract—grape fruit and orange groves are flourishing on all sides.

One judicious investment beats years of labor. If you do not wish to improve your farm, you can't cash in on it from the investment standpoint in a few years without a stroke of work on your part.

Get our big new Florida book and look at the map—four big railroads intersect our suburban farms

—all the comforts of modern life right at hand! The completion of the Panama Canal throws the spot-light on Tampa, the nearest deep water port, and now the traffic of the whole maritime world will pause at Tampa's door. Think of it—a 10-acre farm near a great city like this—a farm big enough to keep you in comfort all your lives, yet yours for just 3 1/3 cents per acre per day!

Get the facts now. The coupon brings them to you without cost or obligation—now, while prices on this newly opened tract are still low and terms easy. Today \$1.00 per acre per month buys you independence and a future. Tomorrow—who knows?

We have prepared a special bulletin and a large illustrated book which we will gladly send you free on receipt of the coupon. Tear it off and mail it NOW and we will lay before you, by return mail, full and complete information showing how you can easily become the owner of one of these beautiful suburban farms, and why it is sure to prove the shrewdest, most profitable investment you can ever make.

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO.

C. E. THOMAS, President 837 Marquette Bldg., CHICAGO

North Tampa Land Co., 837 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
Please send me FREE assortment book for 100 Sturdy Citrus Fruit Trees, also your latest and best illustrated book on choice Citrus Fruit and Truck Farms suburban to Tampa, Fla. TP 12-14
Name.....
Street No.....
City.....
State.....



SOLID GOLD SIGNET RING
 WITH YOUR INITIALS
 Hand Engraved — Sent Postpaid
 A Suitable Xmas Gift
 For Ladies, Girls, Boys
Guaranteed Solid Gold — Money Back if Not Satisfied
 Measure size with strip of paper around finger, pin it to a dollar and mail it today stating initials wanted.
Vogue Jewelry Co., 1278 Duane St., N. Y.

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ORDER TODAY, or send stamp for circular.

Practical Publishing Co., P.O. Box 21, Station "I," New York

IS HE CRAZY?

THE owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 773 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6.00 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Special Holiday Offer

We have prevailed upon America's premier motion picture actress to divulge another of her beauty secrets. For the first time it is offered to the public. The charm and sweetness of that dainty personal odor which marks women of distinction that has helped this wonderful person, can now be yours.

This perfume has the crisp odor of freshly cut flowers. It is difficult to analyze the odor, but it has been said to be the "crowning attribute of woman's loveliness."

Now, so that you may know just what Mary Fuller Perfume is, we are going to give you free of charge and sent prepaid a one dollar package of the face powder. This powder is used largely in moving picturedom, and is the result of the master mind of a private chemist.

The public at large cannot get it. The texture, smoothness, dainty odor, delicate colors are known only to a few. This powder comes in a satin lined green moire silk covered box with snap fastener.

Mary Fuller Perfume and Face Powder

This is Free. We give you this. No charge. Not even postage. To get both, send us \$1.50 for a full ounce of the dreamy, delightful, sweet smelling Mary Fuller Perfume. The perfume that has captivated thousands of women and girls of this country. A perfume that is made from a personal recipe, whose odor is not strong nor blatant, but one that possesses an undefinable lingering odor which entirely captivates. During process of making, all qualities tending to discolor or stain fabrics have been eliminated. The package and container for this perfume are simply magnificent. A beautiful box, matching exactly the powder box. The container, full cut glass, in a new and intrinsically delightful shape. One that will prove an ornament to any dressing-table. It is neatly done up and bound to win immediate favor.

What better Xmas gift could you give yourself or friends? A year's supply of face powder and perfume for \$1.50. Order to-day. Personal check, M. O., or P. O. Order accepted. Now, so that you shall be sure of getting this bargain, order your package to-day. Don't put it off. Send your order immediately and save one dollar.

BENEDICT, Perfumer 8A So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

HOTEL EARLINGTON

27th Street, West of Broadway
 NEW YORK

EUROPEAN PLAN

- ¶ A Step from Broadway.
- ¶ Absolutely Fireproof.
- ¶ Quiet as a Village at Night.
- ¶ Your Comfort Our Aim Always.

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, front of house, one person, \$2.50; two people, \$3.50.

Why pay more when our service is equalled only by the best?

SINGLE ROOMS, \$1.00

E. W. WARFIELD, Manager

Send for
Trial Bottle
20c

of Rieger's Flower Drops (Concentrated). It's new! It's different. The rarest and finest perfume ever produced. The acme of elegance and refinement—entirely different from any perfume you have ever known.

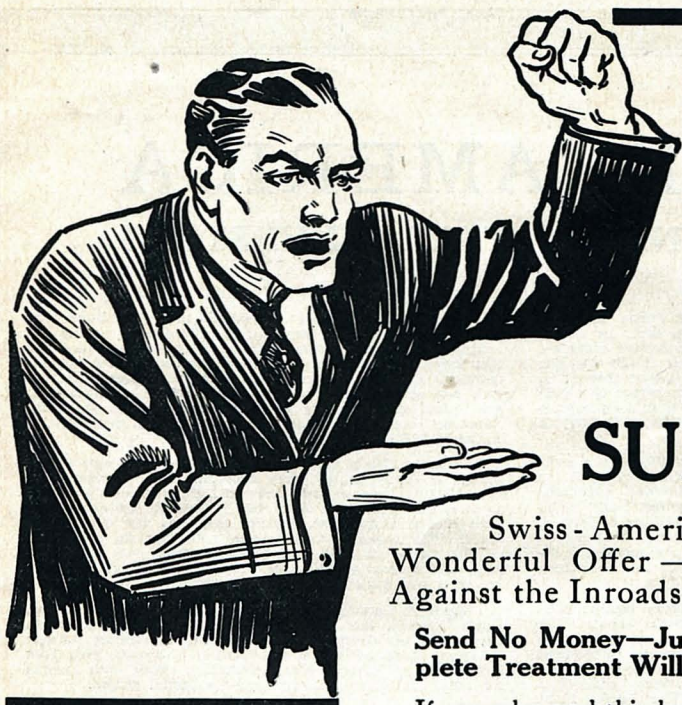
Trade Mark Registered
**Rieger's
Flower Drops**

Made without alcohol. Lasts 50 times as long as other perfumes. We make this special offer of a dainty trial bottle so that you may try Flower Drops (Concentrated) at our risk. Your money refunded if you are not delighted. Choice of odors: Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet. Flower Drops in extract form sold in bulk—any quantity desired. \$1.00 per oz.

Write Today Now—take advantage of this trial bottle offer by enclosing 20 cents, coin or stamps, with your name and address. Don't wait. Mention the name of your dealer.

Paul Rieger, 150 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.
 Paris San Francisco

Exact Size Regular
 \$1.50 Bottle



Wonderful FREE Trial Offer for Catarrh and Asthma SUFFERERS

Swiss-American Company makes
Wonderful Offer — Uses New Method
Against the Inroads of This Awful Disease

**Send No Money—Just Your Address—Com-
plete Treatment Will Be Sent You Promptly**

It makes no difference how
bad your catarrh or asthma
may be, the very first use of
this treatment will bring you
instant relief. I tell you to
depend upon it absolutely.

FREE

and surest way is to send the entire treatment to every catarrh-afflicted victim who sends me his or her name and address, **at once**. This is not just a sample, but a **full and complete treatment**. This one treatment **will last you** a life time, and assure you against the annoyance of colds and other catarrhal troubles. There will be no reorders to pay for. You do not have to buy again and again.

Don't send a cent of money. Send **nothing** but the coupon below. We will let you use this treatment five days without charge for the TRIAL. If the trial doesn't convince you, and if you are not entirely satisfied, you owe me **nothing** for the trial.

I mean this: I think I have the means you catarrh sufferers have so long looked for, and I am willing to go to this length to assure your getting its benefits. I will send the entire outfit, postpaid, to every applicant as far as I can. I **may** not be able to supply those who delay, as thousands of requests will probably be received, but I will do my best, and **you** are urged to send the coupon **at once**. You might as well mail it **now** as later, and be **sure** of being in time.

If you who read this have catarrh—if you are one of the vast army of sniffing, nose-blowing, throat-clearing victims of this disease — I have a message for you. It's a message of hope, and a fair, square offer of the means needed to conquer the trouble. It cured my catarrh of many years' standing, and I believe it will do as much for you.

I don't intend to charge you so much as a single cent for testing and **proving** this wonderful and scientific conqueror of catarrh. I want every sufferer in the world to know of its remarkable value, and the quickest

Free Trial Coupon

Manager Swiss-American Co.,
Desk 29, 102 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I have never tried the SWISS-AMERICAN
TREATMENT, and should like to do so if I
can without any cost, for the 5 day trial.

It is distinctly understood that **this trial**
places me absolutely under no obligation to
buy anything.

I suffer from catarrh or asthma.

Name.....

Address

SOUTH AMERICA

OPEN TO UNITED STATES INVESTORS

South America has opened to United States investors, manufacturers, jobbers, bankers, everyone in fact, an empire of investment opportunities. For seventy successive centuries, the "star of empire" moved westward—until finally the last West was reached, and conditions began to adjust themselves, and trade started in to find its level. A conspiracy of conditions—evolved without planning, worked out with no plot—has been forming, until the European conflict hastened the day of its realization.

This generation is fortunate. Our forefathers, by a commercial campaign which defied savage hatred, fought all the terrors of wilderness, braved death itself, invaded, conquered and have built up a trade in South America that today, in its buying and selling, aggregates around Three Billions of Dollars. The tale of how this was accomplished covers all romantic history of the South American States. Just one interesting incident will show how commerce in all other lines has been established.

A generation ago, a skipper from Boston became fond of a fruit grown in the tropics, known as the banana. He was accustomed to taking a few bunches home on each trip—and his neighbors joined his family in the feast. A demand began to manifest itself, and the sea-captain started in to import bananas in earnest—and out of this there expanded a tremendous trade that is carried on by "The United Fruit Company," with 134 ships, plying between New York and New Orleans, and most Central and South American ports.

Up to the time of the European war, these ships sailed under the British flag—but they have since been transferred to the Stars and Stripes—and the United States at last has harked back to its ideas of the early days—the possession of a genuine American merchant marine. The transfer of bottoms from foreign individuals and firms, has been going on rapidly, with all objections on the part of Europe removed, because the sale of vessels has included German, British, French and many others.

Coincident with the titanic struggle across the Atlantic, is the demoralization of South American business, which has been "clearing" through London, Paris, Vienna and other European banking cities. Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, the Guianas, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela, have been buying and selling almost exclusively from and to Europe. The total annual import trade alone has been about One Billion Dollars, of which the United States has received \$155,000,000 annually. Manifestly, South America must act promptly with regard to both importing and exporting, or its trade conditions will sink into a state of continental panic.

A third factor has been set into operation, and manifested its completion with the safe passage of the Steamer Ancon through the Panama Canal. The length of time necessary to walk up the steps of three locks and down the steps of three others, and travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or vice versa, is ten hours. The time required for the "Oregon" to make its record trip from San Francisco to Key West was seventy-three days.

The belief that the Panama Canal operates only in opening a waterway between the two oceans, is a cramped view of a very broad subject. There have been completed at Colon recently enormous warehouses—bonded and free—constructed of reinforced concrete, and with dockage for a great many ships. On the Pacific side of the canal, at Balboa, other similar warehouses have been completed—or are nearing completion. These storage houses give to American shippers bases of distribution. Goods from the States may

be stored in anticipation of orders, and ship lines that formerly operated from Mexican ports, are now making the Isthmus of Panama their objective point. Numerous lines that never reach New York or New Orleans, operate between the ports of Panama and South America. These, together with the new warehouses, solve the problems of economical and logical distribution of American-made goods to the South American countries—and of their wares to the various ports of the United States.

There is also a fourth consideration—and it may be regarded as fundamentally more important than the three that have already been named: American capital and American business aggression have done more toward the actual development of South American industry than has any other single cause. The Argentine has become noted for its production of live-stock—but this was made possible only when the American packers took charge of distribution and gave the natives a real incentive for cattle culture.

Trade is largely a matter of habit. For generations, South America has been accustomed to handling European paper—and of clearing its own warehouse receipts through European banks and exchanges. And all this while, New York has become a financial giant, competing closely with London for world control of monetary and commercial affairs.

The recent banking law has come into the offing as a fifth factor, creating bank reserve centers in various parts of this country, and making possible the financing of enterprises, and the movement of crops, dependent not on New York conditions, but upon the conditions obtaining in various industrial centers.

The mechanism for securing South American trade has thus been worked out. Individually, many of the larger corporations are taking advantage of these helpful conditions—and smaller manufacturers have been held in restraint only because of the tremendous initial cost—and particularly of the excessive license fees charged by our sister republics to the South.

It was apparent that some central organization must come into existence for the avowed purpose of overcoming the few minor stumbling blocks that remain. And with the opportunity came the formation of the SOUTH AMERICAN SALES CORPORATION—known by its trade name "Soamsaco." This company acts as a clearing house for various well-known brands of American goods, and will maintain a central sales organization, composed of salesmen familiar with South American requirements.

The SOUTH AMERICAN SALES CORPORATION, which has its executive offices at 226 South LaSalle Street, and its general offices and foreign department at 220-224 North Desplaines Street, Chicago, will transact this vast volume of business on a commission basis, and will, at the same time, act as an importing house for all classes of South American goods—caring for trade requirements in this country, and supplying manufacturers and wholesalers direct.

The SOUTH AMERICAN SALES CORPORATION is composed of investors, banded together as shareholders, who have seen the inscription on the wall, and who realize that long before devastated Europe can mend its hurts and once more assume the avocations of peace, the United States will be so strongly fortified in her South American trade, the desire to send this business to Europe will have vanished. Citizens of this country can profit by this new order of things—they are offered an opportunity through acquiring an interest in "Soamsaco."

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226 South LaSalle Street
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Below the Equator Three Billion Dollars Beckon!

Yankee ships, American insured, with Yankee skippers and Yankee crews—are plowing the blue waters of Gulf, Sea and Ocean, grasping the trade invitations of all of South America—the innocent victim of its trade sponsors, locked in the throes of Europe's devastating war! The new, vast warehouses at either entrance to the Panama Canal are calling to American manufacturers, whose goods *must* save the day for our sister republics of the South. American capital and American courage have been called upon by a continent—and they have never been called in vain!

Join "Soamsaco" in Its Southern March of Trade Conquest!

American rolling stock is traveling over American rails in the republics beneath the Southern Cross. American men of brains and brawn are bringing mineral and agricultural wealth out of South America's mighty domains. And now an American company is grasping Opportunity by the hand, and is taking charge of the sales affairs of many American companies in the new and growing export and import business opened from the Straits of Yucatan to the Horn—down both coasts of the continent of South America. Experienced salesmen will soon be drumming up enormous trade for all classes of American manufacturers—and will be securing the articles of import so much needed in this country. This organization will become a mighty trade clearing house—and it will distribute its profits fairly and promptly to its family of shareholders, who will include manufacturers, wholesalers, and men and women in all walks of life.

Send for the Facts—Then Judge!

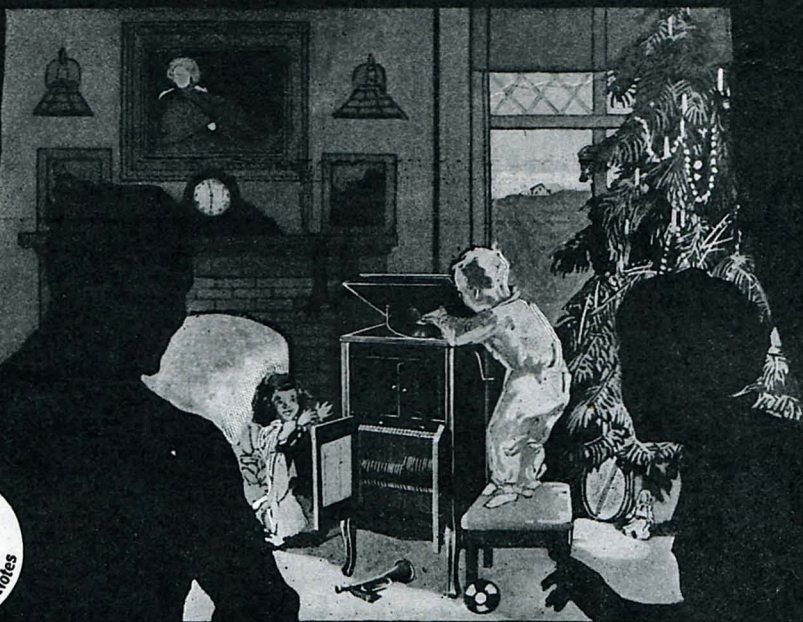
The story cannot be told in this announcement. It is a tale that harks back to the earliest struggles of the nations of South America—and of the marvelous commercial conquests of the United States. If you believe in Opportunity—if you feel that the present hour offers to you what you have never dreamed could come to pass—if you have ambitions to lift yourself out of the dull trenches of ordinary things—if you want a chance to get \$10.00 shares of an Eight Per Cent., Preferred, Cumulative, Participating, Voting stock at less than par—*write without delay* for our printed matter. Don't decide until you have read the facts—but send for those facts—and *send NOW*. Address:

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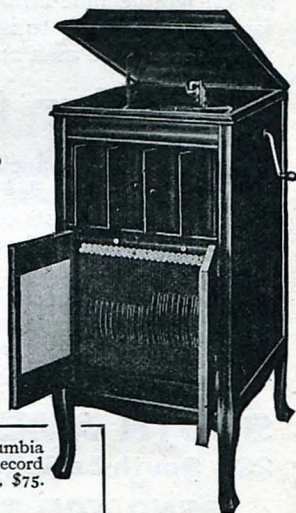
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Yes, mail this coupon right now and learn the inside story of an industry that *has* made 30 millionaires and *is* making good-sized fortunes for many investors every day. Learn what becomes of the \$1,000,000 that is paid in every day at the ticket offices of the country's movie theaters. Get the cold facts of the most amazingly profitable industry ever known. Learn how *you* can share in these tremendous profits.

600% Profit

Did you know that film exchanges have earned as much as 600% profit? Did you know that the General Film Company has cleared \$65,000 in one week? Did you know that the man who is now Vice-President of the largest film producing company in the world invested only a few hundred dollars just a few years ago? And that the President of the same concern was recently a poor emigrant and is now *many times a millionaire*? Did you know that the motion picture industry has grown in ten years to be the fourth largest industry in the United States? Did you know that 8 reels of pictures earned their owners over \$2,000,000?

Public Kept In The Dark

No, you probably have never heard these facts before. Only *insiders* have known them and they are careful to keep their knowledge to themselves. No wonder, when they are reaping such *tremendous profits*. The men who started in the moving picture business a few years ago are today nearly all possessed of comfortable fortunes. They started with no special fitness—more by accident than anything else—yet the money poured in upon them in a golden flood.

Three Profits Instead of One

There is a tremendous profit in manufacturing films—another one as large in distributing them through film exchanges—and a third in showing them in theaters.

Think what vast earnings can be made by a company which makes films in its *own* plant—distributes them through its *own* exchange and shows them in its *own* chain of selected theaters.

As a matter of fact, there *is* such a company—the United Photoplays Company, organized by men of long experience in conducting other big enterprises and by experts in all branches of the motion picture industry. The booklet will give you full particulars regarding the company and its methods. What the United Cigar Stores crowd has done for the Cigar business and is now doing for the Drug business through the Riker-Hegeman Syndicate of Drug Stores—what Woolworth has done for the 5 and 10 cent store—the United Photoplays Company is doing for the Motion Picture business.

United Photoplays Company

Dept. 11, 29 S. La Salle St., CHICAGO

A Proven Success

The United Photoplays Company already has a chain of theaters which are *very profitable*. This chain will be extended from city to city and from state to state as favorable opportunities for the acquisition of new theaters arise. United Photoplays will be shown in these theaters and distributed to thousands of others through the United Film Exchange. An extensive publicity campaign soon to be started will make United Photoplays the *best known brand* in the United States.

War Stimulates Demand

The European War has absolutely shut off the importation of films from abroad and vastly increased the demand for films of American manufacture. The United Photoplays Company will take full advantage of this situation.

Why This Offer Is Made

The business of the United Photoplays Company is growing at a tremendous rate. But its opportunities for expansion are growing *even faster*. It is for that reason only that this chance to share in the profits is offered you.

A limited amount of the treasury stock of the United Photoplays Company has been set aside for distribution among small investors. This stock can now be purchased on unusually favorable terms. You are invited to investigate as thoroughly and rigidly as you wish—but don't delay getting this booklet. It is entirely free—entails no obligation whatsoever—and it will open your eyes to a wonderful opportunity for making your money earn big dividends.

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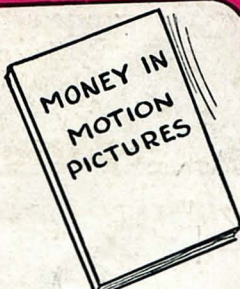
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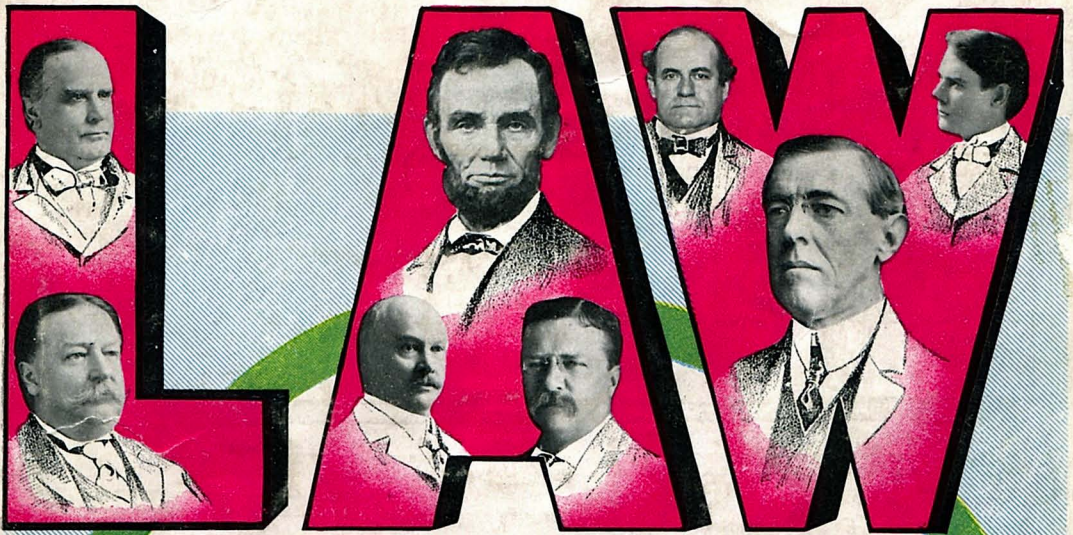
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